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## WORKS

BY

THE HON. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

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*WITH SOME OPINIONS OF THE  
PRESS, ETC.*

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LONDON : WILLIAM RICE, 86 FLEET STREET, E.C.

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# ESSAYS, RECOLLECTIONS, AND CAUSERIES

BY THE HON. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

[*Collected in their original form at MARK PATTISON'S request.*]

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before us with all their human charm and weakness, the charm the more real for the supplementary weakness, and the weakness itself winning our attachment in the light of the charm. His truly marvellous memory for details of speech and character may yet keep for us many a little trait, or passing word, which will hereafter be precious."—*SPEAKER*.

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"Mr. Tollemache has at last overcome his dislike to publicity, and has given the world at large a series of delightful studies which might otherwise have been well-nigh lost in the sombre and dissipated retirement of a bound periodical. . . . An atmosphere of soft melancholy envelops his treatment; and this melancholy is perhaps the cause of yet another charm. His studies are not only full of 'unfamiliar quotations from familiar authors,' but abound in pleasant and witty digressions."—*NATIONAL OBSERVER*.

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"Both these volumes have been previously printed for private circulation, and in this form have found their way to the British Museum and other great libraries. They have now been reprinted and published 'at cost price,' and may almost be said to mark an epoch in the history of cheap books. . . . In all these essays Mr. Tollemache shows himself to be a worthy follower of Boswell, and is content for the most part to allow his characters to reveal themselves by the anecdotes and fragments of conversation which he is able to report. These are mostly

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well told and to the point, and make the essays very pleasant reading.”—*GUARDIAN*.

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“Many years ago the Hon. Lionel Tollemache printed two volumes of essays, entitled ‘Safe Studies’ and ‘Stones of Stumbling,’ which he gave away to his friends. When it was known that these volumes contained pleasant recollections of Mark Pattison, Dean Stanley, George Grote, and other well-known men, to say nothing of singularly felicitous criticisms upon Tennyson, &c., it was natural that even those who were not personal friends should inquire about the books, and to each and all of the inquirers, I believe, Mr. Tollemache presented the pair of handsome volumes. The result was that almost every newspaper reviewed the books, although they boasted no publisher and were not on sale in the bookshops. Now, therefore, when the time seems to have come for publication, Mr. William Rice, of Fleet Street, who has the task in hand, is able to lead off with quite a chorus of acclamations from the daily and weekly press, beginning with the *Times*, which refers to the ‘literary merit of a rare and high order’ which is to be found in these essays, and ending with the *New York Nation*, which tells us that the ‘Recollections of Pattison’ are ‘thoroughly delightful’—as indeed they are. Mark Pattison has received rather brutal treatment lately at the hands of Mr. Swinburne; but it is pleasant to turn to him here as a scholar in an age of superficiality, as a genuinely learned bookman at a time when so many of us are merely veritable butterflies, sipping a smattering of knowledge from every passing volume. Then Mr. Tollemache’s anecdotes are so good. One can never forget the dying Pattison asking for some of his favourite volumes, stroking them lovingly, and pondering whether he will have his books in heaven. And then there is the story of the young lady who, having spoken enthusiastically of a certain clergyman, and being asked if she referred to any sermon of his, said: ‘No; oh, no. But he hates *mayonnaise*, and so do I.’ Truly these are delightful tomes.”—*THE QUEEN*.

“Two admirable volumes . . . Mr. Tollemache is a most accomplished and attractive writer. He is a man of philosophic insight and

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culture, his information is large and various, and his imaginative and humorous powers are considerable, and are frequently displayed with effect. . . . It is a misfortune for English literature in its higher and more serious departments that bad health should have prevented Mr. Tollemache from contributing to it with greater constancy and copiousness than he has been able to do. The opinion which was evidently entertained of him by many men of extraordinary mental power and consummate learning would then undoubtedly have been more generally shared."—*THE WORLD*.

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"I find your article [*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1892] charming, and your Whiggism mild. Neither epithet is, I think, exaggerated."—*Letter from Mr. GLADSTONE*.

SAFE STUDIES.



165+3

# SAFE STUDIES.

BY THE

HON. MR. AND MRS. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

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“ Il est une région supérieure des âmes élevées dans laquelle se rencontrent souvent sans s'en douter ceux qui s'anathématisent ; cité idéale que contempla le Voyant de l'Apocalypse où se pressait une foule que nul ne pouvait compter de toute tribu, de toute nation, de toute langue proclamant d'une seule voix le symbole dans lequel tous se réunissent : ' Saint, Saint, Saint est celui qui est, qui a été, et qui sera. ' ” —RENAN.

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FOURTH EDITION.

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TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
LORD TOLLEMACHE,

WE DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

December 9th, 1890.

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"*Requiescunt a laboribus suis: opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.*"  
—APOC. xiv. 13.

Ignoscas, si quis priscæ pietatis amorem  
Spreverit, heu, Genitor ter venerande, tuum.  
Quæ paupertatis fuerit tua cura levandæ,  
Testantur nitidæ læta per arva casæ.  
Exemplum dominis dederas, et certa colonis  
Rura tuis. Quis non, te moriente, dolet?  
L. A. T.

See VIRGIL *Ecl.* iv. 46–49.

Since lusty youth led on to honoured age  
So full of kindly deeds and thoughtful care,  
We say the Fates, as sung the Mantuan sage,  
Then wove long happy days that might prepare  
For pastures new and wider labour-fields;  
Thy country now to heaven thy spirit yields.  
B. L. T.

θάνατος δέ τοι αὐτῷ  
ἀβληχρὸς μάλα τοῖος ἐλεύσεται, ὅς κέ σε πέφυγ  
γῆραι ὑπο λιπαρῷ ἄρημένον· ὁμῶς δὲ λαοί  
ἄλβιοι ἔσσονται.

HOMER: *Odyssey*, xi., 134–137.

"And thou shalt fall in a serene old age,  
Painless and ripe, with nothing left to do,  
While a blest people at thy gates engage  
Thy [fostering] care."

WORSLEY'S Translation.





## PREFACE TO PUBLISHED EDITION.

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Περὶ πρηγμάτων πάντων.—HERODOTUS.

“Concerning *all* things.”

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DURING the last seven years, the propriety of publishing my two volumes has been urged upon me, both by writers in the press and by friends. Some of the reasons which, in 1883, induced me to print privately no longer exist; and, though I still prefer *claves et grata sigilla pudico*, I have decided to make arrangements by which the volumes may be obtained at cost price.\*

As the books have been stereotyped, and as my eyesight makes it hard for me to bring out new editions, I have left unaltered the few references which the volumes contain to their private circulation; those references, therefore, must henceforward be regarded as *Errata*.

I must beg the indulgence of my readers for coming, so to say, *in formâ invalidi* into the open market. Not that I would ignore the responsibility attached to giving a privately printed book, and indeed to giving anything. The donor is all the more bound because the receiver is forbidden to look a gift horse in the mouth. Still, there are minute revisions which the author of a privately printed book would wish to make before exposing it to what Renan calls “les jugements rogues qui font partie du droit qu’on acquiert sur un livre en l’achetant.”

The last time that Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote to me was after his perusal of my *Mr. Romanes’s Catechism*. His letter contains these words:—“I consider myself, to adopt your very good expression, a Liberal Anglican; and I think the times are in

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\* *Safe Studies* (5s.); *Stones of Stumbling*, including *Recollections of Pattison* (2s. 6d.); and also *Recollections of Pattison* separate (1s.), are published by Mr. William Rice, 86 Fleet Street, London, E.C. Separate copies of the Preface may be obtained on application to the Publisher.

favour of our being allowed so to call ourselves." On the other hand, Mr. Hamerton, in his *French and English*, has expressed some friendly surprise at my calling myself an Anglican of any sort. His surprise will doubtless be shared by many readers of *Stones of Stumbling*. Let me, therefore, explain that my *Divine Economy of Truth* was written before the reaction from my Evangelical education had subsided, and before the Anglican Gospel had suddenly and, as it were, unwittingly changed from tidings of unspeakable sadness to tidings of unspeakable joy, inasmuch as that ghastly nightmare, the belief in unending torments, then weighed on the English Church, as it still weighs on the Roman Church. The result is that this Essay contains several expressions which I should not use now, and is marked by a combativeness and even a bitterness which are, I hope, laid aside in my somewhat similar Essay written ten years later under the title of *Neochristianity and Neocatholicism*. It should, however, be noted that the main contention of those articles has now been practically admitted by Canon Cheyne in his *Bampton Lectures*, and by the Principal of Pusey House in *Lux Mundi*. To me certainly it seems that one who accepts and assimilates the results of criticism is more and more disposed to say, *Rogate quæ ad pacem sunt Jerusalem, et abundantia diligentibus te* (Psa. cxxii. 6). Before leaving this subject, I am tempted to quote a singular rebuke which was addressed to me many years ago by Lord Houghton, when, in a fit of youthful impetuosity, I hinted that the Liberals ought to disestablish the Church. "Don't," said he, "suggest anything so dreadful. The philosophers would never be able to do it; it could only be done through an outburst of Protestant fanaticism, which would be a calamity indeed!"

A lady lamented before Charles Austin that the race of martyrs is dying out. "The reason," he said, "is plain. The modern spirit affects everybody. The strongest believer nowadays cannot conceive the assurance with which the Martyrs expected, after a brief interval of suffering, to enter at once into the joy of their Lord." In general, his attitude towards religion was the result of his conviction that Christianity is nothing if not

ascetic, and that the teaching of Christ is hopelessly at variance with the modes of thought and action, with the ceaseless struggles for pre-eminence, which are sanctioned, if not required, in modern life :

“The crown He wore was of the pointed thorn;  
In purple He was crucified, not born :  
They who contend for place and high degree  
Are not His sons, but those of Zebedee.”\*

Did Austin, did the foremost thinkers of his time, rightly estimate either the importance of maintaining Ideals, or the capacity of the Christian Ideal to adapt itself to new social conditions ?

I have been taken to task for saying that Professor Drummond has sought “to found on the wholesale immorality of natural forces analogies such as might more consistently be used to defend the religion of Juggernaut than the religion of Jesus.”† Professor Drummond’s modes of thought closely resemble those of Butler and Mansell; and I will here add little to what I have already said, when treating of those eminent divines.‡ Briefly, then, a Brahminical Mansell might state his case thus : “Many innocent persons are accidentally crushed to death, and many more are drowned. Such crushing and drowning could not occur save by divine permission and ordinance. Is it, then, incredible that for some inscrutable reason the gods should command innocent persons to be drowned in the Ganges, or crushed under the sacred car?” Nor is this all. The higher religions more or less clearly adopt the rule, *De Diis nil nisi bonum*.§ This rule a heathen disowns. He has, therefore, a freer arm with which to hurl the deadly weapon drawn from the analogy of Nature

\* Dryden.

† Stones, p. 187.

‡ Stones, pp. 77-81. This polemical passage should be supplemented by the plea for Theism, pp. 193, 194.

§ An eminent politician and orator said, in conversation : “I utterly refuse to believe in a God who is worse than I am”—worse, that is, according to the human standard of morality. An enlightened dignitary of the Church lately said to me : “Bradlaugh has been overruled for good ; for he has drawn attention to the defects of the popular theology. Atheism is less dangerous than Kakothetism.”

than, thank God, a narrowly orthodox Christian has. I remember hearing Dr. Mansell uphold the belief in eternal punishment. He plausibly contended that the difficulty lies in the existence of evil, not in its perpetuity, and that, if the Divine attributes are compatible with the infliction of a moment's pain, they are compatible with the infliction of endless pain. In arguing thus, however, he was hampered by his affirmation of the Fatherhood of God. On the other hand, a judicious Thug, being able to buttress his unholy creed with any number of analogies from Nature, would forbear to pull the buttress down by illogically asserting that *Carior est divis homo quam sibi*, or that *Blessed are the merciful*. In short, the prodigious moral superiority of Christianity is in this respect a source of logical weakness; and the argument drawn from the analogy of Nature can always be used in support of the lower forms of religion against the higher.\*

If I stopped here, I might perchance be thought a disciple of Schopenhauer; to whose pessimism, in fact, I feel each year a stronger aversion. My views on this matter may be least egotistically shown by means of a literary criticism, or rather, conjecture. An eminent writer has lately suggested that Lucretius may have written the by-no-means Lucretian exordium of his poem before he meditated his attack on the Roman Pantheon. It may be so; but at any rate, after adopting his

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\* A curious instance of the argument from analogy is furnished by Horace (Carm. III., 2. 26-30: "Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum, &c."). Whether he is here speaking wholly in jest or half in earnest, he is clearly representing the modes of thought of his time. His argument, paraphrased and expanded, amounts to this: "A good and a bad man are often involved in the same catastrophe, are wrecked in the same boat. It may be presumed that the gods ordain this. It may also be presumed that the gods would seek to drown a bad man. Therefore, a good man should beware of entering the same boat with a bad man, or he too will run a great risk of being drowned." It is the fusion of the supernatural with the natural, the attempt to make God in the image of Nature, and to discover deliberate acts of Divine retribution in the mysterious and, let us hope, *educative* anomalies of human life—it is this which makes the passage under consideration so instructive, so modern, and (if the expression may be allowed) so redolent of Butler.

later opinions, he published that seemingly devout Address to Venus, who is there represented as the source of all life, virtue, and happiness. Can some religious need in the poet, some craving for the ideal, have found satisfaction in those verses? Can their publication have arisen from the undefined and unacknowledged hope which lurks often in the minds even of the most sceptical, the hope that, though Nature is red in tooth and claw with ravin (*tantâ stat prædita culpâ*), yet Supreme Goodness directs and sustains the Cosmos, and (in the language of theology) God is Love?

Hurrying on from my views on speculative, to my views on practical matters, I will confess that my Essay on the Poet-Laureate's Social Philosophy now and then warms up into a democratic fervour, which fails to commend itself to my mature or decrepit understanding. I sometimes think that the enfeebling effect of advancing years, and haply the, not indeed demoralizing, but *de-intellectualizing* and *de-idealizing* effect of what may be called ex-Anglian life (the life of the English abroad)—these are invisible wires pulling one towards Conservatism! Pattison once said that these Essays contain "unfamiliar quotations from familiar authors." But on the present occasion I would fain apply to myself the hackneyed line: *Lenit albescens animos capillus*.

Having now brought the theology and the politics of my volume up to date, I will add a few random explanations on points of detail. In "Stones of Stumbling," p. 42, I quote an unexhilarating passage from a sermon attributed to Jeremy Taylor. The sermon is included in his works, but I am assured that it, or, at any rate, this part of it, is now discovered to have been written (seemingly in Portuguese) before his time.

I am told that the expression, "He has not even a redeeming vice," was applied, not by Disraeli to his distinguished rival, but by Bethell to Page Wood. Mr. Bright was the orator whom Charles Austin quoted as having said that "the House of Lords was not made for perpetuity." The bishop whom Pattison singled out for approval was the late Dr. Fraser, of Manchester.\*

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\* *Stones*, p. 188.



A friendly critic in the *Academy* (January 10th, 1885), says, in regard to *The Cure for Incurables*: "Mr. Tollemache fathers the doctrine of Euthanasia on More. Why does he not refer to Bacon? In the *Advancement of Learning*, ii., 10, 7, he will find a more convincing argument *de euthanasia exteriore* than any derived from the imaginary *Utopia*." I was not ignorant of this forecast of euthanasia, but I then was, and still am, less clear as to the exact purport of Bacon's words than my critic seems to be. Still, the passage is worth quoting. It is as follows:—

"Nay, further, I esteem it the office of a physician not only to restore health, but to mitigate pain and dolors; and not only when such mitigation may conduce to recovery, but when it may serve to make a fair and easy passage. For it is no small felicity which Augustus Cæsar was wont to wish to himself, that same *Euthanasia*. . . . So it is written of Epicurus, that after his disease was judged desperate, he drowned his stomach and senses with a large draught and ingurgitation of wine. . . . But the physicians contrariwise do make a kind of scruple and religion to stay with the patient after the disease is deplored; whereas, in my judgment, they ought both to inquire the skill and to give the attendances, for the facilitating and assuaging of the pains and agonies of death."

In my Essay on Charles Austin I mention that he was much attracted by the wit of Lucian. Under his guidance, I became a student and an admirer of *The Dialogues of the Dead*. So much so, indeed, that I once inquired of Mr. Matthew Arnold why he himself had not included the author of those *Dialogues* in his list of the foremost prose-writers of the world—had not classed him with Plato, Cicero, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, and Voltaire. "Do you not," I asked, "rank Voltaire below Lucian?" "No," he replied in his melodious voice; "Lucian is very charming, but Lucian is not Voltaire." He went on to observe that Lucian was under a disadvantage, inasmuch as the Attic Greek in which he wrote was not his native dialect, and as classical Attic had ceased to be a living dialect.\*

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\* In a lecture given at Oxford, the great critic exclaimed with resonant emphasis that the keynote of Buddhism was struck in these words: "Delivered deliver, consoled console." Professor Henry Smith, being somewhat deaf, or mischievous, or both, said to a friend after the lecture, that nothing had seemed to him more impressive than this utterance: "*From liver to liver, from soul to soul!*"

At the risk of being thought desultory (προσθήκας γὰρ δὴ μοι ὁ λόγος ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἐδίξητο\*) I cannot resist quoting a compliment which Mr. Arnold generously paid to a rival poet. "I was glad," he wrote to me, "to find you quoting Clough; some very little thing more in him, and he would have had all the public quoting him." In the same letter he referred to my *Neo-Christianity and Neo-Catholicism*, and used the characteristic phrase, "Mivart was stupendous." One could fancy him pronouncing such a verdict as this in the same tone and manner in which he is reported to have said: "They call me an enemy of the Church; but I am not. Bishops ask me to dinner, *and the Archbishop of Canterbury shakes hands with me.*" When asked my opinion of this quaint man of genius, I have described him as a *Hebrew prophet in white kid-gloves*. Had he indeed no kinship with the prophets? Rather let us hope that, if we regard as "prophets" all who have more or less successfully adapted old creeds to new needs, he will one day by common consent be included in their number. At present he is, as it were, a *probationer* among the Immortals.

"Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,  
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera."

The most philosophical of our Judges has done me the honour of requesting me to publish more facts about Charles Austin. Alas! I am tempted to echo the well-known exclamation of Napoleon when asked by Ney to send him more cavalry at Waterloo: *D'où veut-t-il que je les prenne? veut-t-il que j'en fasse?* One incident, however, which Austin related, occurs to me. His brother, John, spoke to Victor Cousin in strong condemnation of the morality of Voltaire's *La Pucelle*. *Ah! mon cher*, replied the Frenchman, *c'est un chef-d'œuvre*. This may recall the judgment passed by Diderot to this effect: Better Racine a bad son, husband and friend, who wrote five tragedies, than Racine a good son, husband and friend, who wrote nothing. The orthodox critic, Paul Bourget, after asserting that La Fontaine "sacrificed to his art all duties, great and small," goes

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\* Herodotus iv., 30: "My book has from the first sought after digressions."

on to ask : *Y a-t-il un fanatique assez barbare pour le regretter ?* Without inquiring whether there is a single Saint in the Calendar who would not have been "barbarous enough to regret it," I would remark that such broad propositions as that of M. Bourget sound strange to an English ear. They confirm Mr. Hamerton's statement as to the different standard which prevails among French and among English men of culture. The ideal of the former is artistic; the ideal of the latter is moral.

In my "Recollections of Pattison" I have mentioned that, according to his own statement, his intercourse with foolish people was habitually marked by a quality for which there is no English word, but which may be denoted in French by *complaisance*, and in Latin more accurately by *assentatio*;<sup>\*</sup> and he has since been much blamed on that account. I have before remarked, that much of what he said to his own discredit arose from a perverse love of jocular self-caricature. The world, Goethe tells us, is a masked ball, and no man ought to take off his mask. Not only did Pattison take off his mask, but he showed his real features wantonly disfigured. Of all men, he, when misrepresenting himself, most needed the warning which was given by Lord Tennyson in a different relation: "Every fool will think he meant it." Let me add that, even if in the present instance he spoke seriously, his confession was less startling than confessions, similar in kind, which were made by two great moralists, Addison and Johnson. It is Johnson who tells the tale†:—

JOHNSON: "We have been told, by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddo: it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down-hill as in helping him up-hill."

BOSWELL: "I don't think there is as much charity."

JOHNSON: "Yes, sir, if his *tendency* be downwards. Till he is at the bottom he flounders: get him once there and he is quiet. Swift tells that Stella had a trick, which she learned from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him."

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<sup>\*</sup> *Stones*, pp. 138–140.

† Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: Thursday, September 23, 1773. In the *Life of Addison*, Johnson again refers to this subject.



Joubert puts the case less paradoxically : “ Les esprits intraitables s'exposent à être flattés. On cherche naturellement à désarmer ceux qu'on ne peut pas convaincre, et qu'on ne veut pas combattre.”

Charles Austin, who approved of Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles by philosophers, and of other kinds of conformity, used to quote a couplet (slightly altered) from *Hudibras* :

“ He that imposes the oath breaks it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it.”

A more serious apology for “economy of truth”—for showing to the many the “broken” (or, as it were, *graduated*) lights which may best suit their vision—has been suggested by Pascal : “ Il faut avoir une pensée de derrière et juger de tout par là, en parlant cependant comme le peuple.” This aphorism is worth noting, because it would have furnished a suitable motto to Pattison, if he had written an answer to the charge which in one form or another was so often and so justly brought against him—the charge of being, in the phrase of Shelley's *Orsino*,

“ A priest who has forsworn the God he serves.”

Even more suitable mottoes would have been supplied by two of Bacon's *Antitheta*, which, however, originally had doubtless a wider sense. “ Ceremony is but a translation of virtue into the vulgar tongue.” “ Virtue and wisdom without forms are like foreign tongues, which are not understood of the people.” The late Dean Church, to whose moral beauty both Pattison and Matthew Arnold paid well-merited homage, has quoted the following advice of Montaigne as indicating “ the one point which, in discourse with common minds, educated people must never overlook ” :—“ Il faut se demettre au train de ceulx avecques qui vous êtes, et parfois affecter l'ignorance : mettez à part la force et la subtilité ; c'est assez d'y reserver l'ordre.” By approving of this passage, did not the Dean express his conviction that, in discussing speculative matters with unspeculative people, a little leaven of “economy of truth” is hardly to be avoided ?

The following anecdote may illustrate my remarks on Pattison's

cynicism, or rather on his "Stoic-Epicurean acceptance"\* of the world as it is, and his consequent incapacity for moral enthusiasm—an incapacity which is almost necessarily found in those who take a bird's-eye view of human life and character, and which Shakespeare may have partly had in his mind when he uttered his famous lament:—

"My nature is subdued

To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."†

A friend, walking with the Rector, spoke of Johnson as a representative Englishman. "Johnson" said Pattison, "is the type of an Englishman with an Englishman's defects; Selden is the type of an Englishman without those defects." "To me," objected the friend, "Selden seems anything but a typical Englishman. His moral apathy jars all my nerves, like that cab rattling over the stones." "Look at the cabman's face," said Pattison. "What jars you does not seem to jar him. One who has daily to drive over these stones should be as little sensitive as the cabman; and one who would study human nature without becoming either misanthropic or miserable, should be as little sensitive as Selden." Let me repeat that such views of life as the above belong rather to a sage than to a saint; for they show a blunted sense of sin. They recall the witty saying attributed to Carlyle: "Socrates is terribly at ease in Zion."‡

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\* Clough.

† Charles Austin used to say that two things especially struck him in regard to our great dramatist: first, that he thoroughly entered—as he was bound to enter—into the point of view of his own villains and buffoons; and, secondly, that he wrote *King John* without referring to *Magna Charta*. Could Milton have omitted such a reference? or could he have sympathised, even for a moment, with the character of Falstaff? See some admirable remarks on Shakespeare's moral colourlessness (so to call it) in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* (chapter, *Mountain Glory*).

‡ I have lately come across a shrewd observation of Goethe, which is obviously designed to represent his own seeming insensibility as an antidote to hyperæsthesia, and which will equally serve to explain that quality in Pattison: "Gewiss, nur der am empfindlichsten gewesen ist, kann der kälteste und härteste werden; denn er muss sich mit einem

It may be worth while, in conclusion, to point out a habit of mind of which few are distinctly conscious, but which gives a kind of invisible support to the ethical toleration of which I speak—the habit of subjecting Man to the Comparative Method which Sir John Lubbock applies to ants and bees, or rather of considering Man as related *morally* to the entire Animal Kingdom. A quotation from Molière will make my meaning clear. In *Le Misanthrope*, the saintly or quixotic Alceste asks Philinte whether he can endure without indignation the spectacle of human wickedness. To which the man of the world replies:—

“Où, je vois ces défauts, dont votre âme murmure,  
Comme vices unis à l'humaine nature;  
Et mon esprit enfin n'est pas plus offensé  
De voir un homme fourbe, injuste, intéressé,  
Que de voir des vautours affamés de carnage,  
Des singes malfaisants, et des loups pleins de rage.”

Is not Molière here enunciating his own philosophy of life?

Observe that he defends his Epicureanism by a sort of comparison between men and the lower animals. George Eliot regarded human nature as falling under, and forming part of, Natural History. Students of human nature can hardly help so regarding it; and, for that reason, they are all the more in danger of subsiding into *ἀταραξία*, into an apathetic toleration. La Fontaine is an extreme instance of this. I have felt some of his fables to be morally a wet blanket; for, while substituting the lower animals for men, he insensibly substitutes might for right; by implication he *naturalizes* among men the summary proceedings which are natural among the lower animals. To speak more generally: if we suffer our minds to dwell on the character and conduct of the lower animals, we are apt to look with philosophic complacency on the character and conduct even of ordinary human beings. Ordinary men and women appear little lower than the angels when it is seen how much higher they have risen than the brutes. The most shameless flirt would

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harten Panzer umgeben, um sich vor den unsanften Berührungen zu sichern; und oft wird ihm selbst dieser Panzer zur Last.”

seem bashful if compared to the large female spider which catches in her fatal grip her unpalatable (or too palatable) suitors.\*

Let us then admit that, by a strange irony, the Epicurean views here indicated are the best help towards putting in practice the aphorism which has found favour with such Stoical moralists as Jeremy Bentham and Mr. John Morley: "In order to love mankind, we must not expect too much from them" (which aphorism, however, needs a supplement to the effect that "He who would make men better should expect a good deal from them"). And let us add that those views, whatever may be their drawbacks, should teach a lesson of thankfulness and resignation:

"Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,  
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?  
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess  
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less."

I will take this opportunity of informing or reminding my readers that the poems by "B.L.T.," with their number more than doubled, are now published by Messrs. Percival & Co., 34 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C., under the title of *Engelberg, and Other Verses*.

My thanks are due to the editors and publishers by whose leave the seal of privacy is now removed from these volumes.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,  
PALM MALL, S.W.  
1891.

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\* Another aspect of this question is touched upon in *Safe Studies*, pp. 231-233. I will here only glance at the extreme, though inevitable, contrast between the rights which we accord to the most brutal savage and the power of life and death which we freely exercise over the most intelligent chimpanzee or gorilla. The wish to find fossil remains of some species intermediate between man and monkey is natural and legitimate. But, if living representatives of one or more of such species had been discovered, the moral complication resulting from the discovery would have been serious, if not calamitous. Could the non-descripts have been lawfully pent up in cages or shot and stuffed for scientific recreation? Alas! if rabbits have souls, will they not rise up in judgment against Pasteur?

## PREFACE.

Γάλα ὑμᾶς ἐπότισα, καὶ οὐ βρωῶμα.—ST. PAUL.

WHY are these *Studies* called *Safe*? Because it is needful to distinguish them from certain other articles which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and which some excellent persons thought dangerous. If any *non innoxia verba* have found their way into this volume, they have been introduced either as expressing the opinions of distinguished men, which are more or less before the world; or, at any rate, as warning my readers of that resistless current of opinion which hurries us on *nolentes volentes*, and which it is useless, if not perilous, to ignore. Let me add, that if a too fastidious critic labels any of my quotations or admonitions as *Poison*, he will find a complete antidote in the poems with which the volume concludes.

These poems of B. L. T. are in many cases reprints. The verses called Παθήματα Μαθήματα



were affixed to the fly-page of *Blue Roses* (by the author of *Véra*); and others were published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Spectator*, and that excellent repertory both of general and of technical knowledge, *The Journal of Education*.

Most of my own articles were published in the *Fortnightly Review*. It has been thought convenient to reprint them in the order of their publication. This is why *Historical Prediction* stands first—an article which (I forewarn my fair readers) is a stiff Study as well as a Safe one.

The Notes which stand at the end of some of the articles are now printed for the first time. But these are not the only additions. All the articles have been more or less retouched; and, in particular, much new matter has been engrafted on *Literary Egotism* and *Charles Austin*, while the *Upper Engadine* is pruned of a long dissertation on the efficacy of iron waters.

In conclusion, at the risk of being thought a *Literary Egotist*, I feel bound to take this opportunity of answering those kind friends who have asked me why I have lately written so seldom.

I can assure them—in words slightly altered from Cicero — “*valetudinem causam, non ignaviam fuisse.*” Weak health—disabling both in itself, and also because it forces me to spend ten months out of the twelve abroad, with little intellectual society and few books of reference,—weak health and weaker eyesight have placed me *hors de combat*; and now, when I reprint these articles, I do so with the melancholy conviction that, so far at least as moral or philosophical discussion is concerned, *cæstus artemque repono.*

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#### NOTE TO FOURTH EDITION.

As non-classical readers have often complained of being baffled by my classical quotations, I have thought it better in bringing out a new edition of my volumes to subjoin an Index, with translations, of those quotations.

L. A. T.





## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HISTORICAL PREDICTION ... ..	1
SIR G. C. LEWIS AND LONGEVITY ... ..	37
LITERARY EGOTISM ... ..	78
RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GROTE AND MR. BABBAGE ...	131
MR. TENNYSON'S SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY ... ..	159
CHARLES AUSTIN ... ..	211
PHYSICAL AND MORAL COURAGE ... ..	263
THE UPPER ENGADINE ... ..	295
NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE,	
DEAN STANLEY, AND CANON KINGSLEY ... ..	352
THE EPICURIST'S LAMENT ... ..	392
TRANSLATIONS ... ..	394
POEMS BY B. L. T.:—	
Spring in August ... ..	401
To Gabrielle von B. ... ..	402
The Child's Song ... ..	403
The Alpine Flower ... ..	404
Alpine Heights ... ..	404
Sic Donec ... ..	405
Rest and Unrest—Handel and Beethoven ...	406
Τα Παθηματα Μαθηματα ... ..	407

## CONTENTS.

### POEMS BY B. L. T. (*continued*) :—

The Poet and the Bee	...	...	...	...	407
The Magic Ride	...	...	...	...	408
Wordsworth	...	...	...	...	409
Palingenesis	...	...	...	...	410
St. Moritz in July	...	...	...	...	410
Thoughts by the Sea	...	...	...	...	412
A Sea-Change	...	...	...	...	413
Biarritz Sands	...	...	...	...	415
Gav on—Good-night	...	...	...	...	415
A Picture	...	...	...	...	417
The Legend of Rostherne Mere	...	...	...	...	419
The Wanderer	...	...	...	...	421
Only an Echo	...	...	...	...	422
The Bridge	...	...	...	...	422
The Door	...	...	...	...	423
Lines for a Diary	...	...	...	...	424
Shall Love be Changeful?	...	...	...	...	425
The Rainbow	...	...	...	...	426
Te Deum Laudant	...	...	...	...	427
Together	...	...	...	...	428

---

### TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK, LATIN, AND GERMAN QUOTATIONS

IN THE TEXT	...	...	...	...	...	430
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# SAFE STUDIES.

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## HISTORICAL PREDICTION.

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[N.B.—In the Preface, persons who dislike stiff reading are warned off this article, which is the only stiff one in the volume. As the experience derived from my first three editions convinces me that those who need this warning never by any chance read a Preface, I now repeat the admonition here.—1895.]

A GREAT and increasing interest has been awakened by writers who, protesting against the passion for mere novelty and sensation, have set themselves to the task of reviewing old books and re-enunciating old problems. One may be tempted to follow the example in respect of Sociology; and to endeavour not so much to answer as to state precisely, and, as far as may be, to clear of popular misapprehension, the great question to which sociologists address themselves, Do social phenomena admit of scientific treatment? Is historical prediction possible, or ever likely to become so? \*

\* We are following the common usage in treating these two questions as identical. "*Savoir c'est prévoir*," says M. Littré, "*le critérium de toute véritable science est la prévision*." Such a statement, however, must not be taken too literally. We cannot accurately predict the nature, and still

Or, to turn from the merely negative side of the question, are there any disturbing causes actually at work which impede and obstruct this power of foresight ; such causes, for example, as great men and great battles ? In specifying these two agencies as possible obstructions, we are of course not treating them as wholly distinct from each other. The issue of great battles mostly depends on a certain class of great men ; but on great battles a special emphasis is laid, as in no other sphere is the action of an individual, an action often either preventing or falsifying all conjectures as to the future, so distinctly brought home to us. In no other case, not even in that of great statesmen or philosophers, is the effect so immediate and palpable ; these may work with a stronger lever, but it is a hidden one, and, like most strong levers, it acts slowly. Further, discoveries in science and metaphysics, when the age is ripe for them, grow almost of themselves ; one philosopher repairs the shortcomings of his

less the thickness, of the strata that will next be formed on the surface of our globe ; yet it would be rash to infer either that geology is not a science, or that no one knows anything concerning it. In strictness, therefore, the question at issue is, not whether history is a science, but whether it is an exact science ; and, therefore, all those who answer the question in the negative cannot on that account be justly charged with a " metaphysical " or unscientific point of view.

predecessors, soon doing what they have left undone; but the omissions of generals are more serious: a lost army, what future skill can restore? These considerations may partly explain the opinion that is commonly held as to the grave issues that depend on battles. Nor is that opinion, if exaggerated, likely to be corrected by historians. In writing history, one of the chief difficulties is occasioned by the necessity—in spite of the tedious lists of numbers and proper names, of the wearying references to the inevitable atlas, and often of repulsive details—that the narratives of wars and sieges should be made readable. And this difficulty, always felt, has of late been aggravated. For of late the respect that was once paid to generals and conquerors has been waning, unless perhaps in the eyes of the military student; and, even to the military student, many of the particulars respecting ancient and comparatively modern warfare have, owing to the improvements in artillery, become obsolete. In this state of indifference, the historian is reduced to a dilemma. He may, if he pleases, give his wars in outline and epitome; and he may even go the length of Mr. Buckle and omit them altogether. But, as histories of civilisation cannot be the only histories, the exemption must not be extended to all historians; what many men want, or are

expected, to have read, some one must write. And, if some method must be discovered for giving the reader a living interest in the battles, what readier means can be devised than by marking the dependence of his fate on theirs? More shortly, is it to be expected that the annalist of campaigns should either underrate or understate their effects?

If we merely desired to show how much weight eminent writers have attached to wars and treaties, we should naturally refer to Professor Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"; just as, for the *locus classicus* on the side of the influence of great men, we should certainly select Carlyle's celebrated "Lectures on Heroes." But we think it better, on the ground of impartiality, to choose a few illustrations from historians of various subjects and shades of opinion, and not indeed from historians only.\* At the head of these illustrations we will refer to a passage, which may

\* Still, we cannot resist giving a short quotation from the first page of Carlyle's "Lectures":—"As I take it, universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." Now read Macaulay:—"Society, indeed, has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and its valleys. But the inequalities of intellect, like the inequalities of the surface of the globe, bear so small a proportion to the mass, that, in calculating its great revolutions, they may safely be neglected." (Posthumous Works, vol. i., p. 186.)



seem out of place, as it tends, not to enlarge, but to narrow, the bounds of what great men might accomplish ; but we call attention to it, both because of the answers to which it has given rise, and, still more, because it is in fact the parent of all similar speculations. We allude to the curiously modern digression in which Livy inquires whether Alexander the Great, had he turned his arms to the West, could have overcome the Romans, and in which he answers the question in the negative. As contrasted with this, and as showing how utter is the discrepancy between historians on matters of this kind, we may cite the words of Mr. Grote, who agrees "with Plutarch in considering it as one of the boons of fortune to the Romans that Alexander did not live long enough to attack them." Arnold had preceded Mr. Grote in this opinion, which he expressed at least as strongly. He, moreover, characterised the actual conquests of Macedon as destined "to exist actually for nearly 1,000 years, and" (in allusion, as he explains in a note, to the field that they opened for the spread of Christianity) "in their effects to endure for ever." Before quitting Arnold, we feel bound not to omit his well-known speculation as to what might have followed had the Athenians taken Syracuse,—in other words, had Lamachus commanded against the city, had

Gylippus *not* commanded in the city, and probably even had the latter's arrival been delayed by a few hours. Had Nicias succeeded, "Greece, and not Rome, might have conquered Carthage; Greek, instead of Latin, might have been at this day the principal element of the languages of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens rather than of Rome might be the foundation of the law of the civilised world." But we must come back to Rome. If from the Macedonians came her really greatest danger, from the Carthaginians there came at any rate a far nearer one. It is indeed now generally admitted that Hannibal would have gained nothing, and might have lost much, by marching on the capital after Cannæ; but Mommsen seems to consider that, at the beginning of the first Punic war, the two republics were not unevenly matched. His recent exposition of the resources and of the social and political condition of Carthage has given rise to some curious speculations. Had she triumphed, might we not have had, for good or for evil, throughout Europe, commercial republics in the place of feudal monarchies, and negro slavery (with the attendant drawbacks of a piebald population and its mongrel progeny) in the place of mediæval serfdom?

We now pass on to another Roman historian, though in relation to a history which



can only by courtesy be called Roman. Gibbon has fully appreciated the peril that Mahometan invaders cast on Christian Europe. In the same chapter in which he indicates the momentous results that followed the sudden and wholly accidental discovery of the Greek fire, he goes on to the battle of Tours, and delivers himself of one of his most famous sentences. Had Charles Martel (whom he calls "the Saviour of Christendom") been beaten, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet." We will next take a few illustrations from the writings of Mr. Mill, and we will do so somewhat more fully, not merely because of his great and well-merited eminence, but also because he cannot be suspected of any bias that may be incident to historians, and because he certainly has no bias against the philosophy of Comte. Speaking of the rotten condition of the Roman Empire towards its close, he adds:—"The fresh impulse given by Christianity came but just in time to save arts and letters from perishing, and the human race from sinking back into a perhaps endless night." It may, indeed, be objected to us that this quotation is irrelevant, as the "impulse" referred to was neither accidental

nor trivial; but in fact we are merely desirous to point out that this impulse is represented by Mr. Mill, not as having grown out of the necessities of the falling empire, nor as having been one on which, or the like of which, a falling empire or falling world could again count for its restoration, but as having operated as one of those causes which (whether regarded as fortuitous or providential) no human eye could have foreseen. To pass from Christianity to its most enlightened form: he writes that, in Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Austrian Empire, Protestantism was rooted out, "and most likely would have been so in England had Queen Mary lived or Queen Elizabeth died." A few pages farther on, three periods are specified "of a generally high scale of mental activity," an activity which would clearly manifest itself by giving birth to great individual thinkers,—the period of the Reformation, that of the French philosophy, and that of Goethe and Fichte in Germany. "The impulse given at these three periods has made Europe what it now is. Every single improvement which has taken place, either in the human mind or in institutions, may be traced distinctly to one or other of them." In another work, Mr. Mill has made mention of "the happy accidents which have so often decided, at a critical moment, whether some leading portion of

humanity should make a sudden start or sink back towards barbarism ; chances like the existence of Themistocles at the time of the Persian invasion, or of the first or third William of Orange." But, respecting the Persian invasion, two other of Mr. Mill's works contain passages which we could ill afford to omit. He says in his "Logic":—"It is as certain as any contingent judgment respecting historical events can be, that, if there had been no Themistocles, there would have been no victory of Salamis ; and, if there had not, where would have been all our civilisation?" And even more strongly he writes in his "Essay on Early Greek History and Legend":—"The battle of Marathon, even as an event in English history, is more important than the battle of Hastings. If the issue of that day had been different, the Britons and the Saxons might have been still wandering in the woods."\* Our next quotation shall be extracted from a history of a later epoch, and it shall be illustrative, not of the genius of a great man, but of the obstinate and capricious perverse-

\* It is but fair to add, that the philosopher who founded (or who at any rate named) the science of Sociology, has expressed himself on this subject scarcely less strongly ("Philosophie Positive," vol. v., p. 251). On the other hand, it would appear that, with respect to the security of Rome against Macedon, the views announced in the same work (vol. v., p. 270) are almost identical with those of Livy.

ness of a great woman. Mr. Froude, in his last volume, has inquired what might have resulted, had Elizabeth at length agreed to marry Alençon. In that case, "France and England, linked together by a stronger bond than words, could have freed the Netherlands from Spain. The States of Germany could have been swept into the stream of the Reformation, and Europe might have escaped the Thirty Years' War and the Revolution of '89." "Had Queen Elizabeth been a weak and timid woman," writes Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, "we might now be speaking Spanish, and have our fates dependent on the struggle between Prim and Narvaez." It is in respect of nearly the same time that Voltaire, only half in jest, has speculated on the way in which a slip of the foot of a friend of Ravailac's ancestor might have changed the fate of Europe and Asia; indeed, with Voltaire there is said to have been almost a passion for tracing great effects to minute causes. Such a charge, however, can certainly not be brought against Macaulay. From the passage that has been quoted from him, it might rather be inferred that he valued accidents at zero. Yet (in relation evidently to the Hanoverian succession) he commends Shrewsbury's conduct "on a day big with the fate of his country." Also, concerning the Prussian appropriation of Silesia, he says:—"On

the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." Our list would still be incomplete if we were to leave unnoticed the opinion of Victor Hugo concerning the great struggle of half a century ago. In order to place that opinion in relief, we will once more have recourse to the expedient of a contrast; and our contrast shall be derived from the works of another great writer of French fiction. We are, we confess, startled at M. Alexandre Dumas speaking of the Hundred Days as "*cette évocation de l'empire, dont il fut bien facile de prévoir la seconde chute.*" But Victor Hugo startles us much more:—"S'il n'avait pas plu dans la nuit du 17 au 18 Juin, 1815, l'avenir de l'Europe était changé." "Un nuage traversant le ciel à contre-sens de la saison, a suffi pour l'écroulement d'un monde." "Waterloo n'est point une bataille; c'est le changement de front de l'univers."



We have endeavoured to enumerate a series of disturbing causes,—of causes, that is, the existence and operation of which the acutest observer could never have anticipated,—which have nevertheless, in the opinion of eminent authorities, considerably affected the march of subsequent events; and we have at present abstained, for the most part, from expressing an opinion as to whether the efficacy of those causes was overrated. We have, however, probably said enough to make it evident that the question is purely a historical one, and that it is, moreover, very innocent. But, unfortunately, it has often been transferred from the jurisdiction of history to that of metaphysics and ethics; and its fate has been bound up with that of a very different question, which has before now been too often discussed, not without acrimony, — the question of Philosophical Necessity. As the confusion, if such it be, is a very serious one, and as many writers of eminence on both sides would seem to have given it their sanction, it can scarcely be irrelevant to inquire how far their opinion is well founded. The grounds of that opinion may be shortly stated as follows:—Mankind being an aggregate made up of individual men, no one could predict the future acts or condition of mankind who could not predict the future acts and condition of all individual men; and out of the

principle that the future acts of all or any individual men could ever be predicted, or rather inferred from the past,\* one could unquestionably build a system of what is called "necessity"; indeed, Mr. Mansel would add that "no more than this is needed to construct a system of fatalism as rigid as any Asiatic can desire." To reasoning of this sort it would not be easy to give an answer, if we were sure that the word "prediction" was used in the same sense throughout. But we think that, in fact, it denotes two very different things. The prediction with which the sociologist is concerned is an approximate inference from a partial knowledge of the past and present, and such an inference he maintains to lie within reach of our faculties. The prediction, on the other hand, to which the necessarian alludes, extends to a minute inference from an exact and universal knowledge of the past and present, which must always lie utterly beyond us. That prediction, in the latter sense of the word, cannot be made to

\* We add, "inferred from the past," in order to obviate any objection that might be founded on Divine prediction. Those who would reconcile Divine prediction with the freedom of the will, would probably maintain that such prediction arose, not from inference or calculation, but from some intuition, of which man, having no experience, can form no conception; they might possibly connect their view with the fact or hypothesis that, to the Deity, time has no existence.

embrace the entire future of mankind, without indicating the exact future of each individual man, is, no doubt, clear. Yet, even in this sense, the difficulty of going on from predicting the future of the individual to predict that of the race must not be exaggerated. For an intelligence that should predict the future of an individual would have to know the antecedents, not merely of that individual, but of all the circumstances which, directly or indirectly, could possibly affect him. And to proceed from such a prediction to the prediction of the future of society would involve, not more superlatively high faculties, nor even an exacter knowledge of all natural laws, but only a greater elaboration of details. It would not be a harder rule in the arithmetic, but merely a longer sum. Yet, even this increase of difficulty vanishes, when we pass on from this sort of foresight to the more practicable sort, with which the sociologist is content. To him, it is not a more complicated process to augur the probable conduct of the mass than of individuals: on the contrary, it is far simpler; or, rather, the inference becomes trustworthy in many cases in which, respecting individuals, it might not be so. And it becomes so for two reasons. In the first place, a larger body of men cannot be, to at all the same extent to which one man may be, influenced by personal



peculiarities,—those peculiarities are lost in the mass: nor will it often be suddenly or materially changed in character by changes in outward circumstances or physical conditions. But this difference between the individual and the multitude does not of itself account for the whole phenomenon. A town will generally represent all ordinary varieties of character as completely as an empire; and a town, a large one at any rate, will be almost as little liable to be acted on by any single cause, so as to be speedily improved or deteriorated in morals. And yet there are many events,—such, for instance, as the annual number of suicides,—which admit of a far more accurate prevision in the case of an empire than in the case of any town or village: and this is so, obviously for the same reason as that which enables us to calculate, with far greater proportional exactness, the frequency with which a given number will be turned up in a hundred throws of the dice than in ten. It is then, as we think, for these two causes,—both in themselves perfectly familiar, but not, perhaps, always sufficiently kept apart,—that predictions are always safest when they have reference to large masses of men: for it is in masses, first, that personal peculiarities are most thoroughly eliminated; and, secondly, that the law of averages has most room to work.

Of the facilities for prevision that are furnished by a wide area of observation, we have already given one illustration in our passing comparison between towns and empires; a second and a very simple one may be taken from the domain of physics. Suppose the contents of a cistern of known dimensions to be drained off through a pipe of known diameter: we can calculate to a nicety what volume of the water will have issued in a given time, and with what velocity; but, owing to the variety of currents, we cannot form a conception as to which particles will remain in the cistern the longest. Here it is to be remarked that our knowledge, so far as it goes, is both certain and precise; but that it is limited as to its range. It holds for the mass, but does not hold for the atom. We will draw our last illustration from a subject of greater general interest. “Une grande révolution démocratique,” in De Tocqueville’s sense of the term, has been described by him in a celebrated passage as “le fait le plus continu, le plus ancien, et plus permanent que l’on connaisse dans l’histoire.” And yet periods of five or ten years could be named even in modern Europe (as, for example, at the beginning of this century) during which there have been no signs of such a progress. Nor is this merely because the change is imperceptible, but sometimes because

it is non-existent: by some temporary or local current the tide may be not only retarded, but arrested, or even thrown back. But let us multiply the length of the periods by ten, and look at the recent history of the most advanced nations, at intervals of fifty years, or a century; and we distinctly become conscious of our approach to the shore, towards which we have been steadily drifting, and which, for better or for worse, we must one day reach.

It may perhaps be objected that, if social predictions must always be of this general character, Sociology does not merit the name of a science, but is at best a blind guide. This objection, however, would, if valid, be fatal to other sciences and their corresponding arts. Meteorology is not self-condemned, though it does not profess to foretell accurately the direction and rapidity of the course of storms. Doctors are not useless, though they often fail to cure. So, again, we have no means of measuring exactly the resistance offered by the atmosphere to projectiles; but, if we cannot with certainty throw a shell on a particular spot, it is something to be able to throw it into a particular fortress. In all cases, partial knowledge is a boon to us so long as we bear in mind that it is only partial. Twilight is better than darkness, if it is not mistaken for noon.

Having now attempted to form an estimate of the sort of prediction to which alone Sociology aspires, we can better criticise the position of those who, reasoning against the principles of the science, argue that those principles lead to fatalism. In fact, this argument proves too much ; for it has special reference, not to the exceptional instances in which genius and accident, being disturbing causes, may preclude our foresight, but to the more normal instances in which the general laws operate in peace. It will be seen that the sociologist's reasoning has a weak side and a strong one, — a weak (or, at any rate, a less palpably strong) side where he reduces to a minimum the probable effects of great men and great actions, and a very strong side where he merely formulates the facts furnished by the statistician. It is on his strong side that the argument under consideration attacks him. If fatalism follows in any way from his principles, it must follow from the uniformities which statistics prove. A similar reply may be made to the objection that his views are subversive of moral responsibility. If moral responsibility is inconsistent with any of his doctrines, it must be inconsistent with those which are merely statements of the uniformities pervading moral and immoral actions, and which are founded on the approximate regularity with which,

in a large population, amid stationary social conditions, the annual average of thefts and murders will recur. But this regularity is a plain matter of fact, rendered indubitable by statistical researches ; and, in the face of those researches, to maintain the existence of any antagonism between Sociology and moral responsibility, would be to assert, not that this or that theory is against morality, but that morality is against arithmetic.

Lastly, let us compare the necessarian and the sociologist in reference to those instances in which the general laws are more or less disturbed in their operation by genius or accident ; and, to put an extreme case, let us revert to the battle of Marathon, and to the view taken of its effects by Mr. Mill. To the most rigid necessarian such a view would present no sort of difficulty ; for fate may have decreed, and higher intelligences may have been able to prognosticate, how each of the Athenian generals would be disposed at the council of war ; how effectively Miltiades would speak ; whether he would gain over the casting vote of Callimachus ; and, as a consequence, whether the Greeks or Persians would win, and whether we should or should not even now be able

*“migrare vetusto*

*De nemore et proavis habitatas linquere silvas.”*

But, to the most sagacious of human observers,



even had he been armed with all sociological appliances now discovered or yet undiscovered, the thought of such reasoning would be simply chimerical ; nor could he (by the hypothesis) have possibly divined that we should not, at the present day, be roaming about, naked and tattooed, with no literature above the records of Druid mysteries, and with no sanctuary better than Stonehenge. Here, therefore, the necessarian and the sociologist stand on an entirely different footing ; the former may readily admit the case, but the latter must regard it as, at any rate, the rarest of the rare instances in which the whole future of civilisation can have hung from so very slender a thread.

As it is necessary for the argument that our meaning should be perfectly clear, it may be well to express it in other terms. It is often asserted, that to affirm the possibility of historical prediction, is to deny the freedom of the will, and *vice versâ*. This opinion we regard as erroneous. In the first place, the question as to historical prediction is one of degree : there may be any shade of opinion concerning it. But, on the other hand, a man (not suspending his judgment) who does not assert the freedom of the will, must deny it : no one can be a necessarian by halves. In the second place (and this is the point on which we are now laying stress), we must admit that, if the

will is not free, it is, at any rate, as if it were free. A phenomenon, of which the necessary antecedents are undiscoverable, is, for most purposes of observation, without them. Let us take a simple illustration from a case where there certainly are necessary antecedents. There is, in the neighbourhood of Plinlimmon, a stone, at which a narrow stream bifurcates into what become the Severn and the Dee. If a cork were thrown in the middle of the stream, at some distance above the stone, it is clear that perfect wisdom could at once calculate at which of two very distant places the cork would reach the sea, if it reached it at all. But it is no less clear that the highest human wisdom would be as much baffled by such a calculation as if the stream were a goddess, and could turn the cork to the right or left of the stone spontaneously and by caprice. Just so, in moral phenomena, the hiddenness of causes is almost equivalent to their non-existence. Historical prediction is not more barred by the freedom of the will than by the inscrutability of motives.

If the general uniformity of moral phenomena, under given social conditions, is a matter beyond all dispute, whence arises the extreme repugnance which many excellent persons seem to entertain against the conclusions of the sociologist, and

even, though less avowedly, against the facts of the statistician? May not that repugnance have been rightly attributed to an ill-defined impression that such conclusions would point to a sort of vicarious and supplemental relation between crimes,\*—a relation by virtue of which, if a man resolved not to commit a murder, the law of averages would require an extra murder elsewhere; and by virtue of which, if we reform one set of criminals, we are, by some mysterious process, indirectly corrupting another set? This fallacy, like many others, seems, when stated definitely, too transparent to mislead any one; and yet it bears a strong family likeness to the fallacy (which has so often been gravely propounded) that the part of a ship struck by a cannon-ball in an action is the part least likely to be again struck, or that, in tossing up, after heads have fallen several times,

\* If any such misty notion exists, it must be owned that some sociological or (to use a word which, from a wish to narrow the question at issue, we have been careful to avoid) Positivist writers have done their very best to give it coherence and permanence. It is indirectly confirmed by such a paradox as that of Mr. Buckle, who writes:—"It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and that, instead of having any connexion with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people." That their number is regulated by variations, not in the natural inclination for them, but in the price of corn, would be a perfectly harmless proposition, and would likewise be all that the argument requires.



there is more than an even chance in favour of tails ; and also to that most dangerous fallacy—the exact converse of which is the moral of the story of Polycrates and the ring—which induces gamblers to hope, after a long “run of ill-luck,” that fortune will square itself by changing sides. In each instance, the solution is a similar one : too precise an operation is ascribed to the law of averages. Thus, if the fall of heads and of tails had exactly to tally, an excess one way would have to be rectified by a subsequent excess the other way ; but in fact, as Coleridge said concerning Political Economy, things do not right themselves, they only “are righting ” themselves. And thus, too, if we were asked how the law of averages can hold respecting moral phenomena without a local preponderance of virtue involving elsewhere a local preponderance of vice, we should answer by repeating that it is only approximate uniformities that Sociology claims or statistics warrant. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the uniformities are conditional on the state of society. No one doubts that in many societies the average of crime might be very much and very suddenly reduced by (for example) improvements in police. In such cases, however, the powerful individual or individuals who should make the improvement must be regarded as constituting one of those dis-

turbing causes which partly, at any rate, elude our calculations.

Is there, then, no ground whatever for the prevalent impression that the speculations of sociologists may, in some way, affect morality? There probably is a very slight ground; for, though the principles of Sociology can never be at variance with moral responsibility, the belief in those principles may, in certain rare instances, benumb moral action. It is mostly by the hope of achieving great results that great men are prompted to do great things; while the individual, learning his insignificance, is nearly sure to lose whatever craving he may have felt to become a hero or martyr.\* But, after all, such a craving is never a very common one; and it must be remembered that what the individual loses, the masses may gain. For to the masses is taught how the most eminent man, socially or intellectually, succeeds only by being their exponent,—how they mark the groove in which he must run. Although, therefore, the present reaction against hero-worship may be unfavourable to the very highest individual excellence, surely the evil is not

\* In Tennyson's *Two Voices*, it is the sullen and depressing spirit that exclaims:—

“Who'll weep for thy deficiency?  
Or will one beam be less intense,  
When thy peculiar difference  
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?”

an unmixed one. Nowhere is there less scope for individual action than in an army, on common occasions at any rate, and throughout all ranks below the first, yet nowhere is the sense of honour more general; what is the derivation of *esprit de corps*?

The sociologist, however, has other difficulties, which may, in some degree, be of his own making. His name is somehow bound up with a comparison, not exclusively or even originally his—the celebrated comparison between mankind and a colossal man. We confess that—with all submission to the authority of Pascal, Lessing, Comte, and Dr. Temple—we have never thought the illustration a very happy one. What is the exact feature of resemblance? If it is merely meant that various races have borne their share in the product which we call civilisation, the proposition is one which is not very likely to be disputed. If, on the other hand, it is meant that all races, strong and weak, civilised and barbarous, must have the same interest—that, whenever one member suffers, all the members suffer with it,—the proposition (not literally true even of the natural body) is one that might very well be disputed. But it is not chiefly on the score of ambiguity that we find fault with the comparison. The conservative and eminently disheartening

prejudice that all civilisation tends to decay, is fostered by an attempt to force an analogy between the individual that withers, and the world which is more and more.

Another objection, not perhaps wholly unfounded, has been raised against Sociology, on the score of the associations to which its name may give rise ; why (it may be asked) was it not called Social Philosophy ? Several answers may be given to this question ; but it is difficult to deny that the great man who gave the appellation may, to some extent, have been influenced by a desire to secure for his principles too absolute an immunity from external criticism. Yet, in fact, Sociology may be a science without claiming an immunity which is scarcely accorded even to the most advanced sciences. Even in the case of the latter, one is occasionally startled to discover that the foundation, as well as the superstructure, is somewhat rudely assailed. Such assaults, whether successful or not, are seldom without advantage. Mr. Bailey's strictures on Berkeley's Theory of Vision were serviceable, if only as occasioning Mr. Mill's rejoinder ; and not a few persons seem to have derived profit even from the strange discussion which arose some years ago respecting the moon turning on its axis. Or, to put a case of a different kind, so seemingly certain and ele-

mentary a calculation as that respecting the sun's distance from the earth has lately been disputed, and apparently with reason. It must always be borne in mind that the geocentric theory was once as firmly and universally held as the heliocentric theory now is; and, even on points like this, we should be careful not to represent our conclusions as for ever exempt from discussion. Such reserve is evidently far more incumbent upon us, when dealing with a nascent science, and with the extreme complexity of social phenomena. We may lay claim to conviction, not to infallibility.

Nowhere, indeed, is dogmatism more misplaced than in speculations as to what might have been. Even in the case of the Greeks—the instance probably, of all others, in which the tendencies at work are most easily distinguished—it is difficult to pronounce on either side. A short analysis will make this clear. Had the Persians won any of the four great battles at the beginning of the fifth century B.C., it may be presumed that the Greeks, and especially the Athenians, would have been reduced to temporary subjection. Would the germs of Hellenic thought have been rooted up? It may, not unfairly, be answered that, under the Persian shadow, Philosophy flourished in Ionia. But the supposition may be carried



farther. There is every reason to believe that all the free population of Athens would have been at best removed to Persia. Is there any likelihood that the Athenians, like the Jews at Babylon, would have thriven in exile? But the severity of the conquerors might not have stopped at this point. The Persians were not always remarkable for lenity; and it is quite possible that they, being exasperated by resistance, might have dealt out to Athens the same hard measure that she, in the day of her power, dealt out to Skione and Melos. Had she perished utterly, would another Athens have sprung up elsewhere? It may be said, on the one hand, that there could have been no greater amount of cerebral matter at Athens than among any equally large body of men of similar race and education; and, on the other hand, that, actually, there was no second Athens. In her absence, then, is it likely that another set of great men would have arisen, whose growth her great men in fact stifled? \* How far can there be a "struggle for existence" among men of genius? We own that we hesitate to give an answer to such a question. To justify our hesitation, we must distinguish the question from

\* Comte, at the end of his chapter on "Polytheism," broaches a similar speculation with regard to the Jewish theocracy.

another which we have already answered unhesitatingly. We have pointed out the absurdity of imagining that statistics, or the law of averages, could possibly require that an excess of virtuous or vicious acts in one place should occasion a deficit elsewhere. We must now distinguish this absurdity from a truth which may seem to give colour to it. One criminal furnishes no safeguard against other criminals; but one philosopher or general does, to a certain extent, stand in the way of his rivals. The fact is, that in the former case the field of action is practically unlimited; in the latter, it is confined to a more or less restricted number of competitors. Certain conditions of society are, no doubt, very prolific of great men; yet, even at such times, each great man would probably have been greater if he could have stood alone. To this rule, men of science may seem to form an exception; yet it is probable that a given state of knowledge will support only a limited number of great discoveries, and, therefore, also, of great discoverers. It is true that there have been several very notable examples of two or more persons hitting on the same discovery at once. Yet, even then, the competition is apparent. Had not the true theory of Rent been discovered, or rather rediscovered, by three inquirers at the same time, would not the single discoverer

have earned a greater distinction? We need hardly adduce the extreme case on the opposite side, by again adverting to the struggle for supremacy in an army. One may almost say that in an army there is but one man who governs, who earns reputation, and who cultivates the talents for command. The chief of Napoleon's generals would surely have been far more famous, and would each individually have originated far more, without their master; they lost more by his pre-eminence than they gained by his instruction and example.\*

It is owing to this singular pre-eminence that Napoleon is so often quoted in illustration of the utmost that a single genius and will can effect. Auguste Comte has spoken of him as having done more than any other human being to retard civilisation; while in another passage he places him in a trio with Julian and Philip the Second, as having struggled against the spirit of the age, and, though armed with enormous powers, having signally failed. It is curious to compare with this, the opinion of a disciple of M. Comte, writing under the Second Empire. In his view, the

\* We are speaking of Napoleon as a great commander, not as the director of a warlike administration. Without the warlike administration, the other generals would have less to do; without the great commander, more.



Allies were those who, with the forces of Europe, fought against the necessities of their time, and achieved only a temporary success. Obviously, if success is taken as the criterion of conformity to the spirit of the age, it is easy to show that those who resist that spirit must fail. But it would be unfair upon the sociologists to charge them with such a mere tautology. Many of them are rather serenely confident that—

“There’s a *Humanity* that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.”

In other words, necessary progress is a dogma perhaps too broadly stated by the Positive Philosophy, and the spirit of the age is assumed to be a good spirit. When, therefore, it is affirmed that Napoleon, struggling in behalf of the age, laid the foundations of future success, we are meant to infer that his policy was a blessing; when it is stated that, struggling against the age, he failed, it is intimated that his policy was a curse.

In any case, however, is it not certain that, if he had not aimed at doing too much, he might have done very much, and that it would then have rested with his individual choice to do or to forbear? Would not his influence on posterity have been immense, if he had consolidated instead of trying to extend his empire, after the Peace of

l'isit, when, through the prostration of the German powers, he reached his highest greatness—

“Quum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru”?

Still, questions of this sort should never be answered without diffidence; for we must bear in mind that they in no case admit of an *experimentum crucis*, and that the solution of one of them would be of little or no service towards the solution of others.

The case of Napoleon is probably, to some extent, liable to objection, because of his very exceptional powers. With regard to the common run of great men, prediction may be carried much farther; for, not merely in their case are the consequences that turn on a single hinge far less momentous, but the very existence of such men is more nearly a matter of calculation. The time may come when philosophers will know something of the social conditions that are most favourable to the generation of genius, and when they may even roughly estimate the amount of genius to which given social conditions will probably give rise; but they can never hope to foresee whether this or that age or country will give birth to one of the few great men of the world. To revert to our illustration from games of chance, two persons, knowing each other's play, can tell, with fair

exactness, what will be the net result even of a small number of games ; but it is otherwise with respect to very rare events,—such, for example, as the holding of a *carte blanche* at piquet. It must, therefore, be conceded that, with regard to the average of great men, the social science can do far more than with such a man as Bonaparte. But the concession requires a word of explanation. Great men who spring out of a restricted class present a more uncertain, and, as it were, capricious phenomenon, even than very great men who come from the mass of the people. Cromwell was probably an abler man than Frederick of Prussia ; but it was antecedently far more unlikely—more utterly beyond calculation—that the head of the Prussian monarchy (or any given individual) would be a man like Frederick, than that the whole English nation would contain a man like Cromwell. So, again, who could have dreamt that the throne of Macedon would, at a critical time, be occupied by two such men as Philip and Alexander ? or that the most powerful family in Europe would produce, in three successive generations, such rulers as Charles Martel, and his son and grandson ? There is another reason why able men, born in high places, constitute a sort of eccentric phenomenon, concerning which speculation is almost at a standstill. A man of the people will seldom acquire much

influence, if he is either much before or much behind his age : in order to rise, he has to undergo a long training, the effects of which will very rarely quite pass off ; he must be cast in the mould of the society in which he lives. With the able prince or nobleman, this is different. He, like others, must in some degree understand the needs of his age, if his influence is to be permanent ; but he has not, in addition, as others have, to pass through a trying apprenticeship, in order to acquire such influence ; the spirit of the age may be said to control him only in one way, while it controls others in two. It is, in great measure, for this reason that kings and aristocracies are so often noted for that opposition to prevailing ideas which we censure by the name of obstinacy, or praise by that of independence. That such opposition is, in fact, often beneficial, is unquestionable. But, whether beneficial or not, it is alike a bar to prevision.

It must, doubtless, be admitted that the obstacles to confident prediction tend to diminish, as, with the progress of civilisation, individuals become more and more absorbed in the masses. We could easily picture to ourselves such an absorption carried to its utmost limit, if all nations were united under " the Parliament of Man," and lived in the Chinese monotony of a philosophical millennium.

Under such circumstances, the conditions of prediction might be realized; but what events or changes would there be to predict?

We are, then, not very sanguine as to the possibility, now or hereafter, of distant historical foresight. But we do not on that account under-rate the labours of sociologists. The very complication of social phenomena, which renders them ill adapted for prevision, and even for classification, presents all the more handles for action. From this point of view, in proportion as we can predict less, we can modify more; and the social science (that other name for the philosophy of history), though never an exact science, may one day prove a very useful guide, through determining, not what will be, but what may be.

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#### NOTE.

The great interest attaching to Mr. Grote's views on all historical questions, will, I venture to hope, excuse my inserting in this unpublished volume the following too complimentary letter:—

Wednesday, March 11.

12 Saville Row, W.

DEAR MR. TOLLEMACHE,

I received the number of the *Fortnightly Review* which you were good enough to send, and I have read your paper on Historical Prediction. I think it an able, careful,

and suggestive paper. Your remark (p. 301) about extending the sphere of prediction—"that it would not be a harder rule of arithmetic, but only a longer sum,"—embodies a very correct illustrative comparison, throwing much light on a difficult question. The view which you take both of the value and the probable future of Sociology appears to me a just one. My anticipations as to future sociological predictions are not more sanguine than yours. What you say about *great individuals* and their influence on the course of public events is also very reasonable. Macaulay's attenuation of that influence is really as absurd as Carlyle's exaggeration of it. Your quotations from Froude and Bulwer (p. 2<sup>9</sup>) are interesting; but those authors might certainly have found, in the history of the sixteenth century, far more impressive cases of enormous effects turning upon individual accident, than anything connected with the wisdom of Elizabeth. Only turn to the *regal family* of England. If Prince Arthur had lived, and Henry VIII., as younger brother, had become Archbishop of Canterbury,—if Edward VI. had lived, and had children,—if Mary had lived and had had a son by Philip,—if Mary, Queen of Scots, had had a brother or two to keep up the succession of Scotch kings,—all these events are as much in the nature of accident as an event can be, yet upon all of them the most important consequences turned.

Renewing my thanks to you for sending to me your article,

I remain,

Dear Mr. Tollemache,

Yours very sincerely,

GEO. GROTE.



## SIR G. C. LEWIS AND LONGEVITY.

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THE late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, after waging war on Early Roman history, on the interpretation of hieroglyphics, on Phœnician voyages of discovery, and apparently on the antiquity of the human race, at length announced the opinion (shared, it is said, by one of the most eminent physicians now living) that no one, or hardly any one, ever reaches the age of 100. It may not be amiss to preface the following remarks on Longevity with a few words as to the reasons which led this great thinker to accept the general proposition, and as to how far he came to admit the existence of exceptions. His researches concerning this matter were chiefly confined to the last few months of his life; hence his opinions were still in their growth, and had not yet acquired the fixity of time. Their latest phase, therefore, even if there is little to be said about it, has a special value as compared with any earlier phases; and perhaps a brief notice of a conversation with him, that occurred a day or two before he left London



for the last time, may have at any rate a biographical interest.

It may conduce to clearness, if we begin by stating the grounds of the anti-centenarian theory, repeating those grounds substantially as Sir G. Lewis expressed them, but throwing them into a fuller and more connected form than a mere report of the conversation would allow. That theory, as we need scarcely explain, rests in the main on the fact, that the alleged instances of extreme age seem, like ghost stories, to fly the light. They occur chiefly among the lower classes, where it is not always easy to examine them. Such an examination may indeed, in some instances, be made by a reference to the register; but, unfortunately, at the time when persons now very old were in their infancy—nay, at all times previous to the year 1837—the registration was on a most unsatisfactory footing. Although the Act that was in operation before that year professed in its title to provide registers of birth as well as baptism, it really contemplated registers of baptism only—that is, of baptism according to the rites of the Established Church. Thus, even respecting Churchmen of great or of middle age, our information is insufficient; respecting Catholics and Dissenters, it is zero. Further, the testimony of registration must in some cases be received

with caution; not so much through any risk of the registers having been tampered with, as through the occasional difficulty of identifying the persons, especially if the district be populous, and the name common. In inquiries respecting persons in a better condition of life, the obstacles are less serious. Such persons have generally been baptized very shortly after their birth, and can often tell in what parish; there is less chance of confusion as to their identity, in proportion as they are more likely to have either an uncommon surname, an uncommon Christian name, or a plurality of Christian names; they can, not unfrequently, appeal to documentary evidence, such as that of letters and deeds; and, if they confirm the assertions by repeating their early recollections, it is perhaps fair to give them credit for that comparative disinclination to lying which is attributed to the higher classes, even by Mr. Mill. With regard to persons who belong to what, for want of a better name, we must call the aristocratic classes, the means of verification are yet more accessible. Those persons have often a large correspondence; not a few of their letters may have been kept; and their whole life is, in a sense, before the world; in many cases, too, there is a short cut to the information required, through the Peerage or Baronetage. It might, therefore,

be expected that the fact of extreme longevity would be most readily established by instances derived from the middle, and especially from the higher classes. But it is certainly singular that, in the middle and higher classes, instances of this sort seem determined not to present themselves. There are, doubtless, occasions on which, from all classes alike, cases may seem to be adduced of undoubted authenticity, as they are said to be proved by an examination of the register. But, in fact, the register in question is often found to be the register, not of birth or baptism, but of death, and merely to contain the record of age which is derived from the friends of the deceased, and which will probably make its way unquestioned on to the tombstone. To such a record Sir George attached but little value. For experience has shown that statements as to the great antiquity of certain individuals are made with the same reckless audacity as statements respecting the great antiquity of historic families; and we might, in the phraseology of a certain school of thinkers, have inferred that this would be so, for reasons which, if not antecedent to such experience, are, in a certain sense, independent of it. Men of extreme age have their full share of the appetite for the marvellous; they have mostly, to a great extent, lost their memories, and their contempo-

raries, who might have corrected them, have either lost their memories also, or more probably have passed away; and, above all, the natural temptation of very old men is not to understate, but to exaggerate their age, as they find that they can thus furnish a better excuse for their growing infirmities and defects; and that, like old misers who never give up hoarding, they can by this means attract an interest at a time of life when, in general, to attract interest is not easy.

Having thus been compelled, with the view of exhibiting the grounds of the theory, to make a digression, and, in a manner, to enlarge on the text of Sir G. Lewis's remarks, we may, in giving some illustrations, adhere to that text more literally. Several of the familiar instances of reputed longevity, such as Thomas Parr and Lady Desmond, were brought forward; but their evidence appeared to Sir George to be wholly inconclusive. He was also asked about Lady Blakiston, whose son, being himself an octogenarian, was said to have died of a cold caught at her funeral; on this example special stress was laid, as the chances of exaggeration were less, only a few months having elapsed since the circumstance had occurred. Sir George Lewis was of opinion that Lady Blakiston had probably just reached the age of 100; but he remarked that even she seems to

have exaggerated her age by a year; for the age that was claimed for her would not tally with the statement which she was in the habit of making, that she had been born in the same month with George IV.; and it was less likely that she should have been deceived about a coincidence of this sort than about the mere number of her years. There were, however, a few cases of centenarianism which seemed to him more thoroughly made out; there were especially one or two persons (women in Scotland, if I remember rightly) whom he believed to have attained to the age of 102 or 103. A case was further mentioned of a negress named Louisa Truxo, who is stated in an old number of the "Annual Register" to have been then alive at the age of 175. The present writer added the case of another negress, whom two of his friends saw in Antigua in the year 1846, and whose age they variously report at 113 and 136; at any rate, the oldest persons in the place spoke of her then as having been old when they were children, and yet she seemed to be in good health, and, indeed, she had walked some distance on the occasion in question. Sir George said that he was aware that there were extraordinary stories about the age of negroes; but he attributed those stories to the backwardness of such persons in civilisa-



tion, and the difficulty of sifting the evidence concerning them; he thought it probable that people occasionally reached the age of 100, but that no one could possibly live to 110.

Such is a short and imperfect statement of the latest phase of Sir G. Lewis's speculations; he regarded something between 100 and 110 as the *ne plus ultra* of human life. We have heard such a calculation objected to as arbitrary, cutting short as it does man's capacity of living; if there are certainly cases of men reaching the age of 95 and 100, why (it is said) should we be so hard of belief respecting cases of 110 and 115? It is manifest, however, that such reasoning cannot be carried on *ad infinitum*, and that we cannot by insensible degrees be called upon to admit with readiness cases of (say) 130 or 140. In other words, Sir G. Lewis's limit may or may not be the right one; but a limit there must be somewhere. Indeed, the line, as ultimately drawn by him, is free from a sort of negative objection, which may be applied to the line as drawn by some others. A few persons (among whom he, as we have seen, was at one time included) have regarded 100 years as the utmost boundary of human life; while others, comprising Haller, place the boundary at 200 years. Both these extreme opinions may excite suspicion, and that not merely

on account of their being extreme. A son at a public dinner, when proposing the health of his father, expressed a hope that he might live to 100. "Why limit me there?" interrupted the parent. Such an ejaculation was no doubt mainly prompted by the sort of reluctance that many of us feel to our lives being thus hedged in by an impassable barrier. But sentiments of the kind may sometimes be further connected with a doubt as to the grounds on which the most obvious of numbers should be chosen as the exact limit of life. A member of a small exclusive class may of course be the fittest man in the commonwealth to fill an important post; but somehow one is always disposed to scrutinise with jealousy the motives of such a selection. Just so, there is no reason whatever in the numbers themselves why either 100 years or 200 years should not exactly mark the utmost limit of our age; only, one is tempted to inquire whether it is as the result of any determinate process of calculation that the preference is given, not to any ordinary number, whether a multiple of ten or not, but to what may be called a very round number. The limit, as set by Sir G. Lewis at a few years above the century, is at any rate not liable to any criticism of this sort. Before quitting his speculations altogether, we will add, or rather repeat,



a remark suggested by them as to the reputed instances of longevity to which most value is to be attached. In default of certain documentary evidence, the greatest credit, as we have seen, is due to the cases of persons who are near to us in time, space, and civilisation, who can recall, not merely dates and numbers, but events, or whose social station may have been in any sense conspicuous. Bearing this in mind, we will pass in review a few alleged cases, drawn from various sources, and differing widely from each other as to the degree of their credibility.

We need hardly include in our list alleged cases which can be shown to be the result of either error or fraud. Two curious instances of this sort have lately been made known to the public.\* One is at Chave Priory, in Worcestershire, where the truly patriarchal age of 309 is recorded on a tombstone. It is said—on what authority we cannot guess—that the chiseller, with a simplicity which, one would fear, must sometimes have brought him into trouble, imagined that 39 ( $30+9$ ) should be written 309. Various other conjectures might be made; as, that 30 was at first engraved instead of 39, and that 309 arose from the correction; or that, at a later period, some wag, espying an accidental interval in the inscrip-

\* *Quarterly Review*, No. 247, p. 181.

tion, availed himself of the blank space to make 309 out of 30 or 39. The second instance is of the last description, where someone, finding on a tombstone the great age of 107, added to the marvel by making it 207, just as, with not less ease and effect, he might have made it 1107. These examples, however, are scarcely relevant, unless it be as showing how easily error may arise in what Mr. Carlyle has called "tombstone information," and Pope has called "sepulchral lies." We will go on to other examples, where, even if the existence of exaggeration be scarcely less evident, the sources of it are less apparent. Some rather startling cases are cited on high authority.\* It is said (and the instances are not quoted as fabulous) that "Buchanan informs us that one Lawrence arrived at the great age of 140 by force of temperance and labour; and Spotswood mentions one Kentigern, afterwards called St. Mongah or Mungo, who lived to 185 by the same means." We have already referred to the case of Lady Desmond, for whose 140 years many persons think that there is evidence. It is remarkable that one hardly ever hears of Lady Eccleston, who, during a considerable portion of her life, must have been Lady Desmond's contemporary,†

\* "Encyclopædia Britannica," *sub voce* "Abstinence."

† She died in 1691; "Annual Register for 1786," Part ii., p. 62.

who was also a countess, also an inhabitant of Ireland, and who is said to have reached the yet greater age of 143. The case of the two Irish countesses may excite the same kind of suspicion as is excited by the existence of the two sets of *trigemini* of about equal age, and with names very similar to each other, in the Roman and Alban armies. We cannot expend our space on a mere detail of the names of persons with marvellous ages that occur in annual registers; such as Colonel Thomas Winslow (another Irishman), who, it is said, lived to 146; or James Bowels, who reached 152; or Margaret Forster and her daughter, who are reported to have been both alive in 1771, and of the ages respectively of 136 and 104. Agnes Milburne, it is stated, "after bringing up a numerous offspring, and being obliged, through extreme indigence, to pass the latter part of her life in St. Luke's Workhouse, yet reached her 106th year in that sordid, unfriendly situation."\* "Elizabeth Alexander, who resided many years in Hanway Street, Tottenham Court Road, in the year 1810, when past the age of 108, would, when walking in the street, if looked after, quickly turn to observe if any part of her dress was in disorder, or accidentally soiled; and frequently has

\* Page 65.

walked to Camden Town, a distance of nearly two miles, to visit some friends who resided there.”\*

More conclusive in appearance, but not more conclusive in fact, are the statistics which have been collected at various times, and which purport to show what proportion of persons, living in certain districts, have attained to extreme old age. A census, to which Lord Bacon attaches some importance, was made, under Vespasian, of the inhabitants of the part of Italy between the Apennines and the river Po. It was affirmed that there were in that district 124 persons of the age of at least 100, including 70 persons of at least 110. It need, however, hardly be pointed out that in the Roman empire there were no registers of birth, so that the age of each centenarian had to be taken on his own *ipse dixit*. The same remark will probably to the full extent apply to a Russian census, which announced that there were at one time in the empire centenarians to the number of 1,063. But one might expect it to be otherwise, with such calculations as those in the Carlisle tables; in these, at any rate, one might look for facts resting on evidence of a substantial kind. According to those tables, the age of 100 is reached by 9 persons out of every

\* Caulfield's "Remarkable Persons," vol. i., p. 148.

10,000 that are born,\* that is, by nearly 1 in 1,000. Whatever authority there may be for this calculation, it seems to have one feature in common with the others. It proves a great deal too much. In the present state of knowledge, even the most unflinching advocate of the centenarian theory would make a somewhat less liberal allowance. What one is really made to feel is the singular ease with which reports of this nature spring up; and less evidence is furnished of the extreme age of many old persons than of their extreme mendacity.

In the account† from which the above statistics of the Russian census are derived, a circumstance is mentioned significant in itself, and significant also in the feeling which it seems to excite. It is related, with something akin to surprise, that centenarians, abundant in other parts of the empire, are wanting in Moscow and St. Petersburg. In fact, the old and the new capital are probably the parts of Russia most civilised and most accessible to serious investigation; why then should we wonder

\* It is fair to point out that in this case the question is, not how many of 10,000 persons are actually 100 years old, but how many of 10,000 persons that are born will ever live to that age.

† Quoted in Flourens's "*De la Longévité Humaine*," p. 267.



at their atmosphere being unfavourable to very extreme old age? One might as well share in the *naïveté* with which Cicero comments on the prolonged silence of the oracles among his enlightened contemporaries; or in the embarrassment of certain spiritualists at the reluctance of the spirits to perform their antics in broad daylight and in courts of justice; or in the regret of certain Catholics, that the present age, so prodigal of scientific marvels, should yet be so barren of miracles.

The newspapers have lately announced that there is now on the American pension-list a single veteran of the War of Independence, and that he has voted at the election of every president from Washington to Grant; and, in contrast to this, it is added that there are on the same lists 888 widows of such veterans. Doubtless, it may be so; but we own that we wish that this congregation of elders were on our side of the Atlantic. Even in England, pensioners have been known to continue beyond death a vicarious existence, and to live on by proxy; and it is said that favourite cats, which have been supported by bequests, have sometimes had more than their nine lives. But we must explain that it was the two parts of the statement respecting the American survivors that startled us; it was not so much the contrast



between those parts. The apparent disproportion between the one man and the 888 women is, we think, little more than apparent. Fifteen or twenty years would make a great difference; and very young women will often marry elderly men, especially when allured by a uniform or a pension. Also, the women in this case would not have been, like the men, worn out by military hardships; and women, in general, are apparently more long-lived than men, and are certainly not more accurate.

It will be seen that the above instances have been taken at random from various sources, and that no special reference has been made to any collection of instances, such as that in Bailey's "Records of Longevity." In this work, there is a promiscuous assemblage of examples of longevity, extending almost in each case to centenarianism,—an assemblage which occupies 340 pages, there being sometimes more than fifteen cases in each page. We have felt some hesitation in availing ourselves much of this repertory of senile phenomena, not merely because in doing so we should only be retailing what is ready-made, and giving at second-hand what the book itself gives at first-hand; but also because there is, in parts of the collection, something concerning which we own that we feel misgivings. Very extraordinary

incidents are related by dozens, and it is only very rarely that we can detect the faintest sign of incredulity. Nor does the revision of the work seem to us to indicate such extra pains as to make up for this excess of belief. For instance, we read in the introduction a remarkable circumstance relating to Fluellyn, Prince of Glamorgan (*sic*); nor is any light thrown on the date either of the prince or of the principality. Farther on, we hear of Fluellyn Pryce, of Glamorgan, aged 101; and it is hard to avoid a suspicion that the two may have been one and the same person. Still, the compilation of which we speak, however much open to criticism in parts, is the work of a medical man, and is, on all accounts, entitled to respect; and we will endeavour to select a few of the more remarkable cases, premising always that we do not vouch for their correctness. The Rev. Peter Alley, of Dunamoni, in Ireland, died in 1763, aged 111; he did the duty of his church till within a few days of his death; and he was the father of thirty-three children. Joseph Budge lived to the age of 107; shortly before his death, he had a new set of nails and teeth. Mrs. Barrett died, aged 116; the winter before her death, she was on a ladder, mending the thatch of her cottage roof. Mr. and Mrs. Coterell died within a few hours of each other, at the ages of

120 and 115 respectively; they had been married (and without quarrelling) ninety-eight years. Owen Duffy lived to 122; at 116 he married a third wife, by whom he had a son and daughter; between his eldest and youngest son there was an interval of eighty-eight years. Francis Hongo, consul for the Venetians at Smyrna, died in 1702, aged 113. "He was five times married, and had forty-nine children born to him. It is related that when about 100 years old his white hair fell off, and was succeeded by a crop of its original colour, and that he cut two teeth at 112." Mary Jones lived to 100, being only 2 feet 8 inches in height, and much deformed. Margaret Krasiowna, a Pole, married her third husband when she was 94; Eaton says that she bore this husband two sons and a daughter, the circumstance being proved by the parish register. Philip Laroque went to bed intoxicated at least two nights every week, till he was 100 years old; at 92 he cut four new teeth. Margaret M'Dowal died aged 106; "she married and survived thirteen husbands." John Rovin, a Hungarian, in 1741 died, aged 172; and his wife in the same year, aged 164. They had been man and wife 148 years; at the time of their decease their youngest son was 116. Elspeth Watson lived to 115, being only 2 ft. 9 in. in height. Thomas Whittington, who lived to

104, was an habitual drunkard; he “never took any other liquids, as liquids, into his stomach than ardent spirit—London gin; of which compound, until within a fortnight of his death, he took from a pint to a pint and a half daily.” Zartan, a Hungarian, lived to 189; he was apparently (and no wonder) born in the same neighbourhood as Rovin.

We have set ourselves to the task of inquiring as to the evidence concerning some reputed centenarians, who are now, or have lately been, alive in the United Kingdom; and we must own that our efforts have not been very successful. We heard, for example, some rather confident assertions as to the evidence respecting an old woman at Killesher, not far from Enniskillen, who is said to be 110; but we cannot make out that her age is proved by register,—it seems to rest on her authority, and on that of other old people, her juniors. We can, however, give a case respecting which there is far better evidence, but which is instructive as showing how much uncertainty there is touching most of these inquiries. There is an old woman at Hardwicke, in Gloucestershire, who states her age [in 1869] to be 102. She thinks she was 30 when married. She is proved to have been married in 1796, so this would make her age not 102, but 103. On the other hand, she

was not baptized before 1770; and, therefore, one has to choose between the supposition of her being only 98, and the supposition of her baptism having been postponed for two or three years after birth, a delay which we understand to have been not uncommon among the lower classes in that neighbourhood. Again, we are assured that at Cheadle, near Alton Towers, there lived, some twenty or thirty years ago, a very old brother and sister, named Collis. Their cottages were a quarter of a mile apart, hers at the top and his at the bottom of a hill; and he trudged up the hill daily to pay her a visit. At last, one of them died, and the other, in grief, died shortly afterwards. According to their own account, his ultimate age was 99 and hers 103. The register being referred to, it was found that these numbers were correct, but that they had been given the wrong way, the brother being, in fact, the elder. Such an examination of the register would seem to place the narrative above suspicion. But it must be owned that the mistake was a very odd one; and there is something about the whole story which makes us wish that the incident had been somewhat more recent.

It is now time to dismiss doubtful cases, and to see whether there are not any regarding which the certainty is absolute. Some few, though very



few, such cases there probably are. We understand that there is, or was very lately, in the Chelsea or Greenwich Hospital, a pensioner who had passed the century by some years, and whose age was proved by the date of his entering the service. The well-known case of Miss Baillie (sister of the eminent Dr. Baillie) seems also to be beyond dispute. Another very well attested and satisfactory instance is that of Mr. Shuldham, of Marthesham Hall, near Eye, who took the chair at the dinner given to his tenants on his 100th birthday, and who lived a year or two subsequently. Again, there is an old woman now living at Hawarden, who is proved to have been married in March, 1790. She feels confident that she was then 28, but of this there is no written proof. If she is not mistaken in this, she must be in her 107th or 108th year. In any case, however, she is over 102, for she was baptized on the 1st of March, 1767. Her maiden name was, unfortunately, Davies, one of the commonest in Wales. We think, however, that the chance of a mistake as to the person is exceedingly small; and, barring this chance, the case is, of course, conclusive. Lastly, we will rank among the centenarians a lady now living, who is (or was when we heard) only in her 100th year, but who has made up for the deficiency by being the mother of 22 children;



also, a gamekeeper of the present writer's father, who died in his 96th year, having shot a woodcock in his 93rd. *Maturos largimur honores.*

Having now disposed of our chief examples, past and present, certain, doubtful, and fabulous, we will revert to the general question. And first we will inquire as to some of the causes, rational or fanciful, to which from time to time length of days has been assigned. We remember reading an account of a popular delusion regarding the cause of some malady. In that account it was remarked how strong is the propensity, on the part of invalids, to single out some obvious circumstance in their condition, to which, in spite of all science and experience, they persist in referring their ailments. But, with a very different class of persons, there is a propensity yet stronger. In the case of those who have attained to an unusually great age, or who have enjoyed exceptionally good health in an unhealthy occupation, nothing is more natural than that they should take to their own wisdom the credit of their happy condition, and should urge their crotchets on all the world. Such persons are sure to have ready listeners. Indeed, so common and so eager is the wish to discover some general cause—or, in Bacon's phraseology, some *form*—for longevity,

that speculations are not wanting concerning the traditional longevity of the patriarchs. Some of these speculations are curious. Lord Bacon himself seems to have thought that some art for prolonging life was known to the ancients, but has been lost, and is, therefore, recoverable. In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on the other hand, it is suggested that the antediluvians kept restoring their vital powers by occasionally partaking of the tree of life, as the Homeric gods partook of ambrosia. Without stopping to inquire how, according to this latter theory, the patriarchs ever came to die, we may compare with it a no less ingenious theory of Buffon. That eminent naturalist was of opinion that, in early times, the earth was less solid and compact than it now is, and that gravitation only partially operated; there was, therefore, not the same limit to man's increase in stature, and the consequent postponement of the period of maturity led to a postponement of the period of decay: as men were longer growing, they had also to be longer alive. One can hardly be wrong in applying to theorists of this sort the same criticism that Herodotus applies to certain theorists of his own time, who, being perplexed as to the sources and inundations of the Nile, took refuge in vague language about the unknown and distant ocean; and who thus, he

continues, "by reasoning into the invisible, became irrefutable."\*

But speculations as to the causes of the long life of ordinary men and women, if less curious than those we have mentioned, are more instructive, or are, at any rate, less manifestly un instructive. It is, for instance, worth remembering that the late Lord Combermere attributed in great measure the excellent health that he enjoyed through the whole of his life, in the heat of India and elsewhere, to his great moderation in the use, not merely of exciting drinks, but of drink of all descriptions.† Indeed, moderation of all sorts is a sound, though rather obvious lesson, which is very often inculcated by, and on the authority of, old people. We have spoken of St. Mongah, or Mungo, whose abstinence is said to have kept him alive to the age of 185. Louis Carnaro, who, being born with a sickly constitution, lived to a great age, seemed to carry his moderation very far. He succeeded in making

\* Among hypotheses of this class, we may include that of Cardan, who held that plants, as a rule, live less long than animals, simply because they take no exercise; also, the view of Hermippus, that old age is to be attained by constantly inhaling the breath of boys.

† He also laid great stress on the fact that, even when quite a young man, he followed the advice and example of the old Lord Scarsdale, in wearing a tight belt habitually round his waist.

the yolk of an egg suffice for a meal, and at last even for two meals.\* All this is interesting in its way; but one feels that it would be more valuable if there were rather fewer persons who lived to be very old while acting in a manner the very reverse. It would be easy, if it were not invidious, to name persons whose days in the land have been many, though they have been by no means moderate either in eating or in drinking. Without doing this, or going back to cases already referred to, we may quote the epitaph written on Brawn, a Cornish beggar:—

“Here Brawn the quondam beggar lies,  
 Who counted by his tale  
 Some sixscore winters and above—  
 Such virtue is in ale.  
 Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,  
 Ale did his death deprive;  
 And could he still have drunk his ale,  
 He had been still alive.”†

It should be added that the Macrobian Æthiopians, whom the Father of History represents as living half as long again as the rest of the world, were by no means despisers of wine. Their own

\* Flourens's "De la Longévit  Humaine," p. 17.

† Caulfield's "Remarkable Persons," vol. iv., p. 245. Not long ago an old smuggler, said to be above 100, was asked by a certain peer to what he attributed his great age. He replied,—“Really, my lord, I can't tell. I used to get my feet wet every day, and was drunk nearly every night.”

diet, indeed, was boiled meat and milk. They were not surprised that the Persians, eating such "filth" as bread, lived only to 80 years, instead of 120. But in wine they admitted that the Persians had the advantage: the life of the latter would, without wine, be even shorter than it was. In truth, the diversity of personal experience, like the disagreement of doctors, makes deciding difficult.\* Talleyrand, during a considerable portion of his life, made it a point never to take meat more than once a day. Macklin,† the centenarian actor, during the last sixty-seven years of his life, was careful, all medical rules notwithstanding, to eat whenever he felt the inclination, instead of taking regular meals. We further learn, from the "Records of Longevity," that, at the age of 80, in order to guard against rheumatism, he gave up the practice of sleeping in sheets, and ever after slept between blankets. The same work informs us that John Hussey, who lived to 116, took nothing for breakfast during the last half-century of his life, except balm tea

\* Doctors, who of all men should be most on their guard, are much too partial to hyperbolical forms of speech. One of the leading medical men of thirty years ago laid it down as a rule that "taking soup before dinner, and fruit after, is enough to destroy the stomach of an ostrich." Do not numbers who live to be old do this habitually? Are men with ostriches' stomachs so common?

† *Quarterly Review*, No. 247, p. 191.



sweetened with honey; also, that Judith Banister, during her last sixty years, lived on biscuit, bread, and apples; also, that the 130 years to which John de la Somet lived have been ascribed to his being an inveterate smoker; also, that John Wilson, who attained the age of 116, attached great importance to his having for forty years supped off roasted turnips; also, that Mrs. Lewson, who reached her 117th year, never washed, for fear of catching cold or some "dreadful disorder," but "besmeared her face and neck all over with hog's lard, because that was soft and lubricating." We have heard of a man who, alone amongst his colleagues, enjoyed the best possible health in an unhealthy manufacture, and who ascribed his good fortune to his daily practice of bathing in water as hot as he could bear it. It is needless to mention Parr's pills; they almost remind one of the pills which, according to Horace Walpole, when a large portion of London was in alarm at a prediction of an earthquake, a quack offered for sale as a security against it.

There is, in the general question of Longevity, another point on which we must now say a few words, namely, the distribution of long life among rich and poor. In forming a judgment with regard to the entire population, Sir G. C. Lewis,



as we have seen, took the members of the higher classes as samples and specimens. We think he would have been of opinion that they are favourable specimens, and have more than the average of long life. The causes of their advantage lie on the surface. They are not in want of necessities, nor in the anxiety to which such want gives rise; their habits, in the present state of public opinion, are, on the whole, both cleanly and temperate; they can command prompt medical attendance, so as to take their illnesses in the beginning; and many of them can avail themselves even of those most costly remedies—traveling, and permanent change of residence; they have abundance of fresh air, and are rarely constrained to follow any very unhealthy occupation; perhaps, too, wealth, so far as it brings education and self-restraint, may be in some degree a safeguard against the more glaring forms of imprudence. Against this must doubtless be set the evils that may accrue from unseasonable hours, from neglect of diet—whether in respect of quantity or quality,—from excitement, and, in some cases, from want of physical and excess of mental labour. Still, after every deduction has been made, there can be no reasonable doubt—and, indeed, experience has proved—that the balance is on the side of wealth, or, at any rate,

on the side of competence and ease. It would, however, appear that, through some remains of the old sentiment in favour of poverty, which is merely an excuse for the selfishness that does so little to relieve it, there is a general disinclination to give riches credit for what is due to them. Yet, that the richer classes are, on the whole, healthier, can be shown in many ways. It is, for example, incontestable that, by dint of constant care, and with the aid of the best medical advice, wealthy parents can often rear delicate children who could not possibly have been reared if born to poverty. This circumstance of itself speaks volumes. It must, indeed, be admitted that the rearing of sickly children is not an unmixed boon to the community; for the death of a sickly child is the death of the probable father of a sickly race. On the strength of this undoubted fact, it has been inferred, not, indeed, that sickly children should be disposed of in the summary way that Plato would have recommended, but that, as a matter of fact, our forefathers were a hardier and healthier set of men than we are, inasmuch as in their rude condition it was for the most part only the healthy—or, it should rather be said, the not very unhealthy—who grew up and married.

This seems to us to be carrying the inference too far. The race of men might, in some respects,

gain by the natural and accidental removal of unhealthy individuals, just as the races of horses and dogs are improved by the artificial removal of such individuals; but no such improvement is to be expected from privations common to the healthy and the unhealthy. Any hardships, natural or artificial (including even the singular test to which, according to the story, all infants were subjected at Sparta), which, while falling on all alike, may seem to fortify the race by selection, will generally do more harm than good. Such hardships may destroy the weak; but they weaken the strong, or, at any rate, those who are only moderately strong; and the race, on the whole, is a loser.\*

In truth, if we are in search of a ready means of estimating the ordinary action of wealth on longevity, we have only to compare the average length of human life now with its average length some centuries ago. The interval, wide as it is,

\* In saying this, we must not be understood to echo a remark that has sometimes been made on Mr. Darwin's celebrated theory of the "struggle for existence." It has been objected to that theory, that no such struggle can account for the improvement of races, since the stronger races, while ousting the weaker races, would themselves be weakened by the contest, and would by degrees tend to degenerate. The answer to this objection we conceive to lie in the fact, noticed by Mr. Darwin, that mutilations are not hereditary. So far as the contest between races is one of

that divides us from our forefathers is wholly the result of wealth and civilisation ; and we may say, with exactness enough for our present purpose, that modern England is old England, with each class lifted up many degrees in the social scale. It is, of course, true that the mediæval landlord and farmer had many luxuries which the modern labourer has not ; but it is evident, on the other hand, that many comforts, and the results of much medical knowledge, which, not long since, were beyond the reach of barons and kings, are in the nineteenth century accessible to peasants. On the whole, therefore, we may make a rough guess at the relative condition of rich and poor in respect of long life, by comparing society at large as it was and as it is. What, then, is the result of such a comparison ? Respecting the average length of life under the Plantagenets and Tudors, we unfortunately know little or nothing. But Macaulay has laid before us some statistics of the latter days of the house of Stuart, which he has compared with statistics of our own day ;

starving out, it is not unlikely that, while the weaker races will die of famine, the stronger races may in some degree suffer from having been temporarily on short allowance. But, so far as the contest consists in the giving and the receiving of wounds, the stronger and higher races will not suffer much lasting damage ; for, though the conquerors will individually sustain much hurt and loss, it is probable that no very serious or permanent injury will be transmitted to their descendants.

and the extent of the change in mortality that has accompanied so comparatively slight a change in social conditions as that during the last two hundred years, may give some impression of the change that must have taken place since the Middle Ages. Macaulay was of opinion that the year 1685 was not more unhealthy than most years. In that year, one twenty-third of the population of London died. Now, or rather when he wrote his history, this fraction was reduced to one-fortieth. He thought it probable that the decrease in the annual number of deaths was more marked in London than it would be in the country. But it should be borne in mind, on the other hand, that the deaths spoken of having been in London, no part of the decrease can be due to the diminution of war. Some part of it may doubtless be referred to the decrease of the number of deaths by ordinary acts of violence; and a much larger part may be referred to the more careful nursing and bringing up of children. It is thus probable that the tendency of wealth and civilisation is, so to speak, rather to prevent men dying young than to make them live to be very old. The increase, during the last two centuries, of the number of persons of a very advanced age, in a given population, will hardly have been in proportion to the increase of the



average duration of human life. But, from the greatness of the latter increase, must we not infer that there will have been some increase in the proportion of centenarians to the entire population? and, this being granted, must we not conclude further that centenarians will generally be proportionally more numerous in the higher social strata than in the lower?

We agree, then, with Sir G. Lewis, that, as regards longevity, the richer and more educated classes will probably be above par. But we cannot lay so much stress as he did on the difficulty of proving cases of more than 103 or 104 years old, either among those classes, or in the comparatively few other instances concerning which the registers have been examined. We should as soon think of drawing the inference, if, in some winter of rather more than average coldness, the thermometers in England did not fall so low as zero, that therefore all the testimony was false which declared that they had ever been known to fall to that point. Persons of an extreme age are like some of the missing links in geology: it would be only after minutely examining a very large area that we could be justified in pronouncing against them. Men of 110 or 115 years of age may, for aught we know, be as rare phenomena as men of seven feet in height. If no



person of this stature is to be found among those whose names occur in the "Peerage" and "Clergy List," who would dream of inferring that such a giant has never been seen among men? We can measure height, and thus the existence of giants has been proved. But we cannot measure age; and ignorance, which so often makes men believe too much, may in this instance have impelled one or two men to believe too little.

And now we must depart from a custom that prevails among writers of articles like the present. It is a common practice for papers on longevity to end with a homily on the evils of long life,—a homily which may tend to discourage a too eager pursuit of old age, and to comfort those who have small expectation of reaching it. "*Longa dies igitur quid contulit?*" Why all this coil about a few extra years of profitless labour and sorrow?"\* The foundation of expressions of this sort will probably be the obvious one, namely, that old men have to sustain the loss both of friends and of faculties. As to the loss of friends, there can be no doubt that it must always be one of the greatest trials of long life. But, before condemning old age on the ground of the decay of faculties, we must point out a distinction. It is one thing to speak of this or

\* *Quarterly Review*, No. 247, p. 197.

that old person as having been fortunate, in that an accident or cold has preserved him from second childhood. But it is another thing to represent the lot of those who live to be very old as one to be pitied, rather than envied. Some mythical persons, indeed, there may have been—such as Tithonus and the Wandering Jew and Swift's Struldbugs—who, in the absence of health and vigour, were doomed to linger out a decrepit immortality; but we are not now speaking of such persons, nor of such persons in miniature. In the case of most men and women, it is by reason of strength that they live to fourscore or fivescore years; and surely such strength is, or has been, matter for congratulation. Persons who live to 90 or 100 have generally had better health at 50 than persons who die at 60 or 65. In fact, an old man must not be judged of by the fag-end of his career. Where we suppose a prolonged life, we must suppose also a prolonged youth.

Such, however, though undoubtedly a general, is not a universal rule. The strongest men will certainly, as a class, be the longest liver. But history furnishes numerous examples of persons (such as Augustus Cæsar and Louis XV.) who, having been very delicate in youth, attained to an unexpected age; and many people, from the circle of their own acquaintances, could give

examples more numerous still. Indeed, so great and so successful is the care that many valetudinarians bestow on their health, and also so conspicuous are the occasional recoveries of patients despaired of by the doctors, that various phrases have become current, which would seem to intimate that a delicate constitution is like a taper, which, for being less bright, burns all the longer; and almost that, by some law of compensation, sickly people in general have an immunity from early death. We sometimes, for instance, hear invalids spoken of as "never dying"; and we often hear special apprehension expressed at the "first illness" of a strong man. Is it not thought that the lot of robust persons, like the choice of Achilles, falls on a life, happy indeed, but short? Does not the current language imply that life is a sort of elastic string, which, when much drawn out, must part with breadth and thickness; or, to vary the metaphor, that it can only gain in extent of surface what it loses in fulness and depth? That there is such an opposition between Tennyson's two *desiderata*, between the

"More life, and fuller, that I want,"

may be thought to be proved by the singular change in medical treatment that has occurred during the last few generations. It is curious that, though we

live much longer than our ancestors, they seemed to need reducing, while we need strengthening; their remedies were bleeding and starving, while ours are port-wine and quinine. The obvious answer, so far as it goes, to this last consideration is, that our forefathers adopted a wrong system, and paid the penalty of their lack of knowledge. Even during the last twenty or thirty years—a period far too short for any perceptible change in the organisation of our race—great steps have been taken, especially as regards children, towards a disuse of the strong remedies that were once in vogue. Nor is there any likelihood of our going back to the old predilection for the lancet. Of the effect of copious and unseasonable bleeding, as still practised in a not distant country, the death of Cavour reminds us but too well. It is thus probable that it was in great part through our ancestors' efforts to reduce themselves that they were short-lived, and that their imagined panacea was due, not to their diseases, but to their doctors. It is also probable that, in the natural body, as in the body politic, what may be called the cry of weakness of the present age is partly due to its increased sagacity. Crime has certainly diminished, but the skill of our detectives has brought to light some phases of crime which might before have lurked unnoticed. Just so,

while life has certainly lengthened, the medical art may have discovered unsuspected causes of disease or weakness, and, by tracing them to their remote consequences, may have made them seem more formidable. Still, however much weight we may attach to arguments like these, and however little to considerations founded on mere metaphor and rhetoric, some facts remain which it is difficult to explain away. It seems probable that of late years, in spite both of the advance of science and of the lengthening of life, the forms of debility, and especially of nervous debility, have increased.

Again, one is sometimes told that a young man, emigrating to New Zealand or certain parts of Australia, may hope, up to the middle of his life, to enjoy better health than he would probably have enjoyed in his native land; but that, on his coming back to England, he must expect at fifty to be as much aged as an ordinary man of sixty. Here there seems to be another example of the conditions of present health and those of prospective health not being the same. But we should need to know much more before regarding the example as conclusive. Assuming the fact to be as stated, is it not possible that our supposed emigrant may suffer through his return, after his system has lost its adaptiveness, to a climate no



longer congenial to him? Would he have become infirm so soon had he remained at the antipodes?

We have put these questions with the view, not of offering any answer to them, but merely of calling attention to the fact that they have remained unanswered so long. The relation that exists between the intensity and the prolongation of bodily vigour, must be, comparatively speaking, an elementary inquiry; and, if even here our knowledge is at fault, should we not be most cautious in dealing with those more complicated problems in which men feel a more personal interest? For example, unless we can tell how surely what contributes to early health will contribute also to longevity, how can we hope to have complete and satisfactory information respecting the comparative health and longevity of the two sexes? Even this inquiry, however, important as it is, must yield, in the obviousness of its utility, to inquiries concerning conditions that are more or less subject to control. Most men wish to know, and to know with certainty and precision, the comparative health and longevity in married and single life,—also with different modes of diet and degrees of bodily or mental exercise, in different climates, trades, professions. Is any of us satisfied with the rather contradictory answers that



are given to questions of this sort? How far can answers ever be given to them of universal applicability? It is only as leading up to inquiries of this nature, and as tending to throw light on them, that the inquiry about the *maximum* of human life can be more than a curious speculation. As it is, this inquiry is by no means unprofitable. People are brought face to face with some rather bold speculations; and they may learn, what the world is not very apt or even anxious to learn, to set oral testimony, when unverified, at no more than its right value. Again, the apparatus that is needed to satisfy their curiosity may be applied to matters of vastly greater moment. Once let the registers be carefully filled up throughout all civilised countries, and let the range of inquiries be somewhat widened,\*

\* We learn from the *North British Review*, No. 94, p. 441, that Dr. Matthews Duncan has made some very important deductions even from so slender a basis of fact as that supplied by the registers of births in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1855. He much regrets that the schedule to be filled up has been altered on what he considers as very inadequate grounds. Are there not many forms of illness with regard to which a similar regret would not be unreasonable? Should not questions be oftener put for the benefit of science, as well as of the invalid? Surely, if it were a recognised part of the duty of the medical man, or other authorised person, to obtain (whether personally or otherwise) all the information of real value, the force of custom would speedily make itself felt; and, it being of course understood that only facts and figures

and, by the time that persons born under such a system shall have grown old, a fortunate posterity will, within fair limits, ascertain, not merely how long they have a chance of living, but how they have the best chance of living long, and of being healthy and happy while they live.

(not names) would be published, all disinclination whatever, whether on the part of doctor or patient, would vanish before the wish to be useful.

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#### NOTE.

Some years after this article was published, Professor Owen wrote a striking paper on Longevity in *Fraser's Magazine*. He there adopts the conclusions of Mr. Thoms about centenarianism, to the effect that no person is (or was then) proved to have exceeded the age of, I think, 103 years and a few months. He also points out the origin of a popular superstition, which is referred to in these pages. It is sometimes erroneously stated that very old persons cut a third set of teeth. The Professor explains this error by observing that in extreme old age the gums tend to recede, and that stumps of teeth, previously hidden, are thus exposed to view. In the case of a woman of patriarchal age, whose mouth he examined, he found that one or more of these disinterred stumps had been mistaken for new teeth.

I may here remark that the late Lord Tenterden, whenever very old persons appeared as witnesses, used to ask them to what cause they ascribed their longevity. Some alleged one reason, and some another; but *nearly all had been early risers*.

From an incident recorded in the foregoing article, it appears that the virtue which ranks "next to godliness" is

not always vouchsafed to patriarchs. This recalls an anecdote told by a near relation of mine, who, many years ago, was fox-hunting in Cheshire. He and some other young men complained of cold feet, but were rebuked by an old sportsman, who declared disdainfully that he himself was quite warm and comfortable. "The reason is simple," added the veteran; "you wash your feet, *and I never wash mine*!"

In or about 1880, Canon Beadon died, who was called the Father of the Church, and was an undoubted centenarian. When he was in his 100th year, one of his relations assured me that he still thoroughly enjoyed life.

My last foot-note (p. 75) in some degree anticipated a suggestion which Mr. Galton has recently made in his "Inquiries into Human Faculties." He, however, goes much farther, and wishes every one to keep a sort of genealogical tree of life—a family register, recording the medical history, not merely of a man's own self, but also of his ancestors and kinsfolk; so that posterity may supplement, or rather complete, its knowledge of diseases by a knowledge of the laws of their inheritance.

## LITERARY EGOTISM.

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### I.

“WE never could very clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing.” Had Macaulay, who wrote this, cared to investigate besides stating the question, and to enter on the various questions connected with, and subsidiary to it, he would doubtless have adorned our literature with another perspicuous and richly illustrated discussion. For the absence of such an essay, the following remarks will make, we fear, but poor amends.

In order, however, to do what we can to make this subject interesting, or even clear, we must first ask whether one of the facts assumed can be received without limitation. Is egotism always unpopular in society; and, if not always, when not, and why not? The bare statement of such questions has a certain air of paradox; but this paradox arises from the ambiguous use of a word. The word “Egotism” often implies making oneself the

theme, not merely of conversation, but of praise; and, even otherwise, it is commonly so employed as to expose us to the difficulty which Bishop Butler encountered in his well-known rehabilitation of Resentment. For "Egotism," like "Resentment," and like "Pride," is generally used to denote an excess, and thus it has acquired a very bad name. Now, we are certainly not ambitious of proving that it is right to talk about oneself more than is right. Our humbler task will be that of defending, not the extreme, but the mean, and of inquiring whether persons in general are not justified in talking of themselves more than is strictly necessary; and further, whether, by one of society's by-laws, certain classes of persons are not privileged to do so more even than is usual.

The first and most obvious class to which such a dispensation is granted consists of eminent men of all sorts. "Do you see," says Cicero, "how often, in Homer, Nestor dwells on his own merits? He had already survived two generations of men, and yet he had no occasion to fear that, while telling the truth about himself, he might appear either presumptuous or talkative." This judgment on the garrulous veteran is possibly too lenient; but, in any case, Nestor may fairly be regarded as typical of the class of distinguished old men from whom the world will take a great deal of

conversation about themselves. Indeed, it is probable that there are some such men who would be more popular if they talked of themselves and the events of their past lives more than they do. There are able men, who, whether from a wish for relaxation, or from a fear of talking above the level of their company, or from a dislike to being outdone by anybody in anything, have an unlucky way of forsaking the topics on which they might excel, in favour of a lighter kind of conversation, for which the habitual tension of their energies, and the very size and weight of their intelligence, may have unfitted them: the lion is trying to skip like the lamb. Travellers in the East, who have lost, if they ever possessed, the knack of saying just, and no more than just, what may be said, and of restricting themselves to that very peculiar sort of flattery and banter which alone society will tolerate, refuse sometimes on their return home to tell their adventures, which every one wishes to hear, and prefer dealing in commonplaces and compliments, in which they are generally far less felicitous. The remark may be applied with at least equal force to those great generals and statesmen whose biography is history, and who, like *Æneas* and Tennyson's *Ulysses*, are a part of all that they have seen. Every one knows what sort of conversation Sir Robert Walpole



liked, and also how he defended it. Frederic at Berlin, and Hastings at Daylesford, would probably have made themselves at least as agreeable to their respective guests by relating, and drawing inferences from, the great things they had done, as by indulging in their singular propensity for indifferent versification. Nor is that very different class of persons who, not eminent themselves, have had the great advantage of personal intercourse with really eminent men, whether living or dead, always as ready as might be wished to recapitulate simply what they have heard or seen. Men of this sort, especially when advanced in life, have claims on general consideration, both because they can tell just what is most difficult to obtain in books, and also because their opinions and criticisms, even when most palpably and provokingly extravagant, have an interest as showing what was said and thought half a century ago. And the society of these intellectual luminaries—if we may so call them, as distinguished from the intellectual suns—is naturally and justly in request, especially when they know how to select their anecdotes, when they do not tell them too slowly or the same one too often, and when they are willing to repeat what their distinguished friends said, and not merely what they themselves said to their distinguished friends. Unfortunately, they seldom seem to know where

their strength lies; while sometimes they even tread on forbidden paths. We ourselves—if the egotism we are writing about may for once be infectious—some ten or fifteen years ago knew an old gentleman who had been at the close of Warren Hastings's trial,\* who had spoken to a ferryman who, as a boy, had helped to ferry Pope over the Thames, who had been Lord Wellesley's private secretary, who had entered Madrid with Wellington, and who, though almost forgotten in our generation, was more or less acquainted with nearly all the leading men of the last; and we think we are not wrong in saying that some of his friends liked him better when he was drawing from his inexhaustible store of personal recollections, than when he was telling in mixed company the sort of anecdote to which many old bachelors

\* He furnished many curious instances of that treasuring up of bygone sentiments to which we have referred. For example, having heard at or from Benares some eulogy of Hastings, he was most vehement in his acquittal of him, and, in his abuse of Burke, or as, regarding him as a contemporary, and as not a very great one, he was careful to call him, "Mr. Burke." He told circumstantially and repeatedly an extraordinary story of him; namely, that he himself heard Hastings, in answer to some accusation, call out, "It is false!" whereupon Burke exclaimed aloud, "What does that Jack-in-the-Box say?" Burke was not very particular in what he said about Hastings; but surely our late friend must have dreamt this. [This gentleman, Mr. John Forbes, died, I think, in 1860, aged about 85.]

are partial, but to which the present age is less indulgent than those that are gone by.

It may at first sight seem strange that of egotism in the strict sense of the word—of egotism which comprises nothing beyond the speaker—society should, even in the case of the ablest men, be so patient as it is. In proportion as men *are* able, it is of consequence that their remarks should take the direction of subjects of general interest. Why, then, is not more social pressure brought to bear, in order to turn the conversation of able men more uniformly into the right channel? This general forbearance is no doubt due to several causes. People naturally treat men of a certain mental calibre with consideration, and nobody is disposed to be hard on their foibles. So, again, old men may be compared to old clocks, which, if too often regulated and set right, will not go at all; and, when an old man is also an able man, the world takes his egotism as it takes his monologues—for fear of getting nothing. This may, perhaps, serve to explain why the egotism of great men is so often tolerated. But the odd thing is, that it is often not merely tolerated, but encouraged; nor do we think that the encouragement arises merely from the tenderness of friends, or the complacency of flatterers. One reason why people are ready to hear what a man of great

powers has to say about himself probably is, that they are in hopes of getting some useful hint from him. In my recent article on *Longevity*, I attempted to show that a very old man, or one who has enjoyed very good health under unfavourable conditions, is eagerly listened to, even when giving utterance to the wildest crotchets, for many not very wise people hope, by following his example, to emulate his success. In a less degree, this is true of distinguished men. We do not, of course, mean that the world at large is so foolish as to imagine that there is any trick by which to attain intellectual distinction, or certain talisman against failure. But we are sure that, if a man of acknowledged ability has been constant to any peculiar hobby—if he has made it a practice either to learn by heart, or to compose, verses—if, like Dr. Arnold, he has habitually got up very early, though it was very disagreeable to him—or if he likes to have eight or nine hours of sleep,—he will in any case find many persons eager to hear his account of himself.

“Proh ! si

Palleret casu biberent exsangue cuminum.”

Macaulay's friends are even now questioned as to his never using a commonplace book ; as to his not stimulating, but rather regarding as an inconvenience, his marvellous memory ; as to his

simple method of correcting what he had written; and as to the other rules, or no rules, that he observed: and even ordinary wranglers, or first-class men, when rational topics of conversation fail them, may sometimes attract listeners who are young either in years or in understanding by detailing to them their daily quota of rest and study. Their hearers are, in fact, drawn to them by the mere love of imitation. Of the strength of that passion, especially in matters of this sort, we may form some impression by reflecting how it is aroused even by forms of distinction which either are not to be acquired or are not worth acquiring. In one of Thackeray's novels there is an incident which, though doubtless overdrawn, may serve to illustrate our last remark. We refer to the amusing chapter in which Major Pendennis, when walking with his nephew, is addressed by a person of high rank with a familiar and rather patronising brevity; and the old beau, during the rest of the walk, struts with unusual erectness, and talks in short sentences all the way.

There is one important class of men—nearly all of them able men, and some of them very able men—whose egotism is at a premium, not so much because it instructs as because it amuses. We allude to those often admired and often despised persons whom their friends call original



and their enemies call eccentric; and who, when talking about themselves, place their originality or eccentricity in the strongest possible light. The individuality of such men, as indeed the good or bad taste of all men, is especially brought into prominence when, on the one hand, they are called upon to make the best of a bad case for themselves, and are constrained to represent their character as being, in Polonius's words,—

“As 'twere a thing a little soiled i' the working”

and, on the other hand, when they think they have an opportunity of looking slantwise at their own merits, and of praising themselves by implication. There are also lighter topics on which egotistical originality may be in request. Some men have a way, under very various circumstances, of often meeting with adventures, whether romantic or otherwise; and the same sort of men that meet with adventures are generally the best hands at describing them. It is true that even the most original adventurer of this class will do well to devote some share of his talk to what has been done by other people. But still, he will be able to allot to himself a good deal of his conversation without fear of interruption. His own achievements he will know both in greater numbers and in minuter detail than other people's;



and, in relating them, he will be in the least danger of treading too much in the beaten track, and of telling all the world what all the world knew before. There is also the advantage that no one minds asking him for any particular story about himself, as there is no likelihood of his being bored by the repetition of it. And last, not least, there is one special reason why he will be found to recount his own exploits, if not more accurately than those of other men, at any rate more vigorously and attractively; for he loves himself, and will talk about himself *con amore*.

It would still be premature to lay aside our plea on behalf of conversational, or, if we may christen it by a shorter name, social egotism, until we have mentioned a case in which even persons of very ordinary attainments may sometimes be pardoned for talking about themselves—the case, namely, when they have nothing better to talk about. For example, if a person says in conversation that he has been in the Arctic regions, and has seen traces of Sir John Franklin, he will probably excite attention on the part of persons who in general care little, and read less, about Arctic expeditions. This, no doubt, is partly because in society people must have some, and are glad of any, topic for their remarks; and also because it is less trouble to listen than to read;

and because one can cross-question a person in a way in which one cannot cross-question a book. Then, again, people are glad to get their information at first hand. And also, there is perhaps something in a barely conscious sense of the contrast between one's neighbour's present position and his very different and distant position some time before: one feels almost as if one had been near the North Pole oneself, in the same sort of way in which Ovid soothed his hours of exile by feeling as if he himself returned to Italy when his books went thither.\* But there are other cases of a like nature, to which these explanations are less applicable. Suppose, in general society, I report the fact that, in a lottery of a thousand tickets, some one must draw the prize, I shall merely be telling my friends what peradventure they would have divined without my aid; or even suppose I name some unknown A. or B. as having been successful, the proposition, though this time by no means self-evident, has nothing in it which will attract notice. But, if I say that I myself have had the good luck, every one at once has an

\* And also in the way in which Mr. Tainsh, in his recent work on Tennyson, heads a chapter, "A Few Days with the Poet-Laureate"; which means, a few days spent in reading "In Memoriam" at Clevedon. Doubtless, Mr. Tainsh felt as if he was with the poet. By such a spiritual union, however, the reader's curiosity is but imperfectly gratified.

aspect of attention. And yet it was not antecedently one whit more unlikely that I should win than that the unknown A. or B. would win. Nor, again, would the interest that I should excite merely arise from mercenary calculations, founded on my supposed good fortune. It would probably be, or affect to be, at least as great if I were telling a tale of my misery and ruin. The fact is, that even commonplace occurrences will often seem to be uncommon as soon as they acquire a personal relation. The surprise of an incident grows by attaching itself to the speaker. And thus, if any one wants, or is expected, to say something surprising or interesting, and if he has nothing very surprising or interesting to tell about any one, there is some excuse for his relating whatever least unsurprising or uninteresting thing may have befallen himself.

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## II.

We must apologise for having entered, with so much detail, on the discussion and extenuation of a kind of egotism which is not literary. But, in fact, we have prolonged the inquiry—not, as might be ill-naturedly surmised, because the artist is enamoured of his subject—but because we thus

seemed to be taking the shortest cut to the real matter before us. Our object is to ascertain why it is that people are so differently affected by the egotism of society and the egotism of books; and it is clear that, by doing what we can to raise up the worse kind of egotism, we curtail the distance between it and the less bad kind: we leave a less interval to be still accounted for. We think that it will also appear that the one species of egotism is, up to a certain point, the other species in miniature; and that, for the most part, the same reasons which make ordinary egotism often tolerable have merely to be repeated, with a few amplifications and additions, in order to explain why literary egotism is occasionally popular.

To begin, then; literary egotism, when it is attractive, is the egotism of picked men. We have remarked how, in ordinary society, distinguished men are allowed to talk about themselves a good deal. But the distinguished men of ordinary society are, for the most part, distinguished according to a not very high standard; some of them seem great, like Gulliver in Lilliput, merely by the side of those who surround them. They must, in any case, not be confounded with the most distinguished men of all classes, ages, and countries. When, however, we thus lay it down that, if the best specimens of the ordinary

egotist are eminent men, those of the literary egotist are pre-eminent men, it must be understood that we are not speaking merely of pre-eminence in mental power. We of course include this; but we must also include pre-eminence in social position, and consequent width of experience and opportunities of making the acquaintance of really great men; we must include pre-eminence in humour, in simplicity, in *naïveté*—in short, pre-eminence in one or more of those multifarious qualities which must season egotism before it will go down with the public. To literature, as to conversation, Cowley's observation may be applied,—that “it is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself”; and it is on the part of only the most successful performers that the world cares to witness this singular gymnastic. There are, no doubt, some exhibitions of this sort to which spectators are allured in abundance. We have already seen how a few people are instructed, and many more are amused, by the egotistical freaks of original men. But to one man of fair originality that a given society can show, universal literature may be expected to show at least one man of very great genius. Let us ask, then, when men of very great genius write about themselves, how does the world treat them? What, for example, do people think of Goethe's “Auto-



biography"? It is said, indeed, to be by no means very accurate; but, being a book of which such a man is at once subject and author, it has, as it were, a great flavour of his personality; or, to use a simpler and more familiar metaphor, it has a double portion of his spirit. And thus, for many persons, this work has a greater charm both than the admirable English biography of Goethe, and also than the majority of his own works. For, of all the books written, whether about him or by him, it is thought to be the most characteristic of him.

Moreover, as in society a wide range is allowed to the sort of egotism that produces mirth, so in literature great indulgence is shown to humorists. Addison says that he would permit egotism only to this class of authors; and scarcely even to this class, except when they write in an assumed character. If we go on to ask why such a concession is to be made to humorists, and to them only, the answer will probably be that they are egotists almost of necessity. The humorist makes, and must make, himself his starting-point; he draws from himself the threads of his humour, and, like every worm beneath the moon,

"Spins, toiling out his own còcoon."

It is on this principle that Byron, I think, has



said that, in order to write well, a man should be either melancholy or in love. Byron, indeed, had perhaps less right to speak on behalf of humorists than on behalf of poets. But, at any rate, both humorists and poets are but species of the higher class—men of genius. Indeed, it is concerning poets (and concerning their debt to *himself*) that Goethe—whose egotism seems not to have been confined to his “Autobiography”—has expressed himself somewhat strongly. “Through me”—I quote the passage as translated by Mr. Matthew Arnold,—“through me the German poets have become aware that, as a man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality.” Will it be said that this proves, not so much that the egotism of men of genius is respectable, as that it exists? True; but if men of genius tend to be egotistical, and if mankind wishes to read works of genius, mankind must learn to put up with the egotism.

Such, then, and so explicable, is the immunity from severe criticism which men of genius for the most part enjoy, when they make themselves the centre of their thoughts and writings. But literary egotism, as well as social, is not in request merely when associated with great creative powers, or

merely when of a kind to excite laughter. It also has its value in the case of men who, together with great virtues, have rather great abilities than great genius, especially when they have also exercised a wide influence, whether political or moral. Such a man was Marcus Aurelius. In speaking of the great work of the imperial philosopher—the work to which Mr. Mill has paid a celebrated and enormous compliment\*—Mr. Matthew Arnold attaches especial value to the part in which Marcus Aurelius describes his own education, gives the names of his teachers, and specifies what he learnt from each. What possible interest or instruction, it may be asked, can such a record have for us? In truth, however, both the interest and the instruction are manifold. Mr. Arnold particularly calls attention to the passages in which the Emperor relates how his tutor taught him to submit to labour, and not to listen to slander; and how his mother bade him beware of the vices of the rich; and how he had learnt not to plead fictitious engagements in excuse for the non-performance of duties. Passages like these may well serve us for examples. But, in estimating the value of such examples, we must

\* “His writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ.”—*On Liberty*.

point out a distinction. We have said that we do not attach much weight to the aphorisms and advice which proceed from old men who have been eminent, and which their neighbours sometimes follow like sheep. But there is a wide difference between aphorisms of this sort and the comments which writers like Marcus Aurelius make on themselves. Much more is to be gained from the self-examination which is sometimes found in books than from the shallow self-description and self-laudation which are common in society. Moreover, the teaching of this kind which lies buried in literature is addressed to a different class of readers. It is not often very stupid people who study works like that of Marcus Aurelius. A swarm of instructed persons first settles on them, and, after getting what good it can out of them, it hives that good in a form both useful and palatable. The masses profit indeed, but profit indirectly. It is only after filtering through the learned that the contents of such books can fertilise the unlearned. Let us add that, when such a man as Marcus Aurelius lays bare his experience and the working of his mind, he does a great service to all future generations; for he exhibits to them an *ante-mortem* dissection of a very rare subject—a dissection which derives its great value from the fact that it brings feeling to the aid of

examining, as the dissector and the subject are the same.

But it is not only as pointing a moral that the accounts which the great Antonine, and his likes, have given of themselves, deserve our attention and study. Those accounts have also an antiquarian value. They supply just those details of the domestic life of antiquity which people now wish to learn. We are glad to find these particulars in ancient romances, like that of the "Golden Ass"; we are better pleased when we can obtain them in ordinary records of fact; but we set most store by them—for we deem the evidence for them most trustworthy—when we encounter them, either in real autobiographies, or in half-autobiographies, such as the narrative parts of the Platonic dialogues. It is for a like reason that we always wish those whom we care for to tell us all that relates to themselves. Lord Chesterfield begged his son, to be egotistical to him, though to him only; "for," he said, "I desire to see you in your every-day clothes, by your fireside, in your pleasures; in short, in your private life." This kind of knowledge is of great value in the case even of the rank-and-file of antiquity. It is of much greater value in the case of one's favourite authors. An acquaintance with the facts of an author's life will often help us to understand

obscure passages in his works. But, in relation to an author whom we really prize, it has a yet greater importance, though one that is less easily put into words; for it gives a reality, a sort of covering of flesh and blood, to his thoughts; it draws us closer both to him and to what he has written; we value it as we should value his bust or portrait. It was on this account, and on this account only, that it could possibly be worth Horace's while to tell posterity of his small stature, the premature greyness of his hair, and his endurance of heat.

There is another reason, not more real, but, if I may say so, more realistic and less sentimental, for the way in which we prize the autobiographical notices of ancient writers. In the views of these writers we generally feel, not a direct, but a relative and historical interest. On any modern question connected (say) with foreign trade or the taking of interest, we should consult, certainly not Aristotle,\* but Ricardo or McCulloch. Of such writers as Aristotle we inquire, not so much what truth is, as by what steps truth has been attained; and, in order to examine any one step properly,

\* I make mention of Aristotle, as he was so strongly opposed to the taking of interest, on the ground, to our age almost inconceivable, that the Greek word for "interest" is connected in derivation with "begetting" and "bringing forth," and that coins can neither beget nor bring forth.



we want to see both the step above and the step below. In other words, we desire to learn how much is the man's own, and how much is the age's. There is, for example, in all the voluminous writings of Cicero nothing probably more touching, or more suggestive as to the state of opinion then prevalent, than the one little fact that he seems to have been half ashamed of his sorrow at the death of a favourite slave. And, if we would obtain this setting of the opinions of antiquity, without which the opinions themselves are of little worth, we must seek to discover among whom each great writer was thrown, and by whom educated; how far any exaggeration in his views may have been due to irritation at real or supposed injustice, and how far any eccentricities in his views may have had their counterpart in personal eccentricities. All this is what we want to know, and what there is no one like the writer himself to tell us. Indeed, when great writers—especially those who lived before the invention of printing, or even as late as the time of Shakespeare—have failed to furnish us with these particulars, what means have we now of supplying the deficiency?

I have thus far endeavoured to indicate in what respects the excuse for literary egotism is merely the excuse for social egotism “writ



large"; and hence I have been led to defer the mention of one very obvious and important point of contrast between the two species of egotism, because it is a point of contrast, and not one of comparison. The point of contrast is this, that in conversation we are, to a great extent, at the egotist's mercy; whereas, when we read, the remedy is in our own hands. We do not snub an egotistical book, and run the risk of being snubbed back again; we merely lay it down. It is true that this may be said of letters, and that, nevertheless, in all letters, except very familiar ones, egotism is as little agreeable as in conversation. But the fact is, that a letter comes so near us that we can never quite sever it from its writer, or forget that his failing may fly from his pen to his tongue, and trouble us when there is no escape.\* Besides, one hesitates to leave a letter unread, both from politeness, and from a fear lest, when one begins to skip, one may skip too much. This latter difficulty extends to the case of some books

\* The same remark applies to speeches at public meetings. Thus, Miss Burney reports that, on such an occasion, the great Erskine exclaimed,—“If any man ask my birth, its genealogy may dispute with kings! If my wealth, it is all for which I have time to hold out my hand! If my talents, —No! of those, gentlemen, I leave you to judge for yourselves!” We are not surprised at her adding that, not in public speeches only, but in private conversation also, “his excessive egotisms undo him.”

and published letters. Madame de Sévigné, in part of her correspondence, evinces a respectable and even admirable egotism. Not only does she tell her daughter many of her own domestic arrangements, but she expatiates on her grief at the loss of certain relatives, and overflows in reiterated assurances of her affection, both as mother and as grandmother. All this is good and praiseworthy in every way; but still it is not exactly what we now care to learn. And the worst of it is that, in these letters, the tares and the wheat grow so closely together that, if we yield to impatience, we shall probably lose both. Still, in this case, as in others where the egotism is less excusable, there is a remedy, though it rests, not with the reader, but with the editor, or rather with the buyer as controlling the editor. We might suggest that the least interesting portions of books, when capable of being detached from the rest, should, in order to catch the reader's eye, be printed in a smaller type. But there is a simpler method. It has not always hitherto been on the least amusing parts of books that expurgators have laid a heavy hand. But the duties of these literary censors might easily be enlarged. A precedent has lately been set in the case of one of Richardson's novels, which has, it is said, been most skilfully manipulated and disburdened of its

dreariest episodes. And, if the constant multiplication of books is a reason for shortening those of them that can be shortened, we should surely bear in mind so judicious an example. Dryden, with characteristic urbanity, observed to a fellow-poet,—

“A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,  
For writing treason, and for writing dull.”

And, in like manner, we should advise the modern inquisitors to show extreme severity towards some twice-offending books and passages, which are egotistical without being diverting.

Akin to the last-named particular, in which the literary egotist has so great an advantage over his fellow-egotists, is the following: we nearly always have him at a respectful distance. The mass of egotistical literature, as of all literature, must belong to past time; and the dead cannot jostle against us, or, as the phrase is, tread on our corns. “Does he think,” said Brutus of Cicero, “that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting Cæsar to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of March as he is of the Nones of December?” A great modern writer, commenting on these words, has remarked that, however Cicero’s talking of self may have seemed to his contemporaries, he himself is never so much pleased with him as when he is doing so.

The fact obviously is, that the modern writer fails to be irritated or annoyed by Cicero's egotism, for he is in nowise jealous of the reputation of one so far removed from him,—any more than the Napoleons grudge praise to the Cæsars.

Before quitting this part of my subject, I will notice briefly a further point of contrast between the two species of egotism. Men are less disposed to be egotistical in writing, as they are not then under the excitement of conversation—an excitement which would prompt them to give expression to what is uppermost in their thoughts; nor have they a neighbour on whose countenance to catch the effects, real or feigned, of their self-commendation. Hence, writing about oneself is much less pleasant than talking about oneself, and is carried to a far less extravagant excess. It should be added that, whereas the courtesy of society tends to stimulate egotism, the bluntness of critics checks it in all save very exceptional cases. The result is, that while in conversation the habit of dwelling on oneself is soon formed, and is liable to become inveterate, such a habit is rarely contracted by writers, except by the few who have a natural aptitude for it; the rest are unceremoniously hooted down. Thus, by a sort of critical selection, the cultivated class improves the breed

of literary egotists ; it suppresses all but the best specimens.

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### III.

Hitherto I have discussed literary egotism, not indeed without giving illustrations, but still mainly in the abstract. But, as the rules of syntax are said to be best seen in the examples, so I may now act prudently by, so to say, personifying my remarks, and passing from egotism to egotists. In order, however, to set bounds to so wide a field of inquiry, and at the same time to survey only what is near, and ought to be familiar, I will limit myself to times comparatively modern, and to the chief literary egotists—that is, to those who have been either the most extreme egotists, or the most popular, or both at once. In making a choice, I must needs be arbitrary ; but I shall at least be impartial, if I divide the equivocal pre-eminence equally between our countrymen and our neighbours across the Channel. Acting on this principle, I will select as my arch-egotists four distinguished writers—Montaigne, Pepys, Rousseau, and Byron. And, from among these, it will be convenient, in spite of chronology, to begin with the one with whose writings Englishmen are best acquainted, and to whom, I may add,



Macaulay's words, quoted at the outset of this article, have special reference.

Byron's egotism has passed into a proverb. It is well known that he always wrote best when describing what he had either seen or suffered, and that even his tragedies are valuable chiefly by reason of the lyrical passages which stand out here and there, like a few beautiful figures with a rough dramatic cloak thrown loosely over them. So, again, one of his poems is addressed to his "son"; and, respecting this poem, his friends and commentators have been characteristically puzzled; for so habitually were his allusions directed towards himself, that his friends have found it alike hard to imagine either that his poetical son should have been other than a real son, or that he could, under any circumstances, have had a real son without telling many persons all about him. Instead, however, of multiplying proofs of Byron's egotism, it may not be unreasonable to point out some of the many lessons which his peculiar type of egotism should suggest. I will confine myself to two of these lessons. The first of them is to be drawn from reflecting with what reckless inconsiderateness he divulged his neighbours' secrets as well as his own. By a not uncommon inversion of the golden rule, he seemed to think himself entitled to do unto others



whatever he did not mind doing unto himself. We may see this even in the case of his perfectly innocent early attachment, to which he was continually referring. It may perhaps be doubted whether Miss Chaworth, after she had become, or resolved to become, Mrs. Musters, can have relished such a public indication of the poet's good-will, as, for instance, the poem beginning "When we two parted"; and it is yet more doubtful whether she would have confessed that she relished it, or whether the reminiscence can have been altogether palatable to Mr. Musters. And, as mysteries of this sort are pretty sure to ooze out, it is but a poor excuse for the poet to say that his friends' names have been spared. Indeed, in this instance, the Christian name was not spared.\* It might have been superfluous to dwell so long on this feature of our poet's egotism, had it been peculiar to him. But it is common to many other poets, both modern and ancient. *Praed*, and others yet more recently, have sinned in a similar manner; while the extravagance of even the strangest of *Byron's* poems written to or about his wife may be pardoned, when compared with the insolence with which *Horace*, usually so good-natured, exults over the advancing years of the virtuous *Lyce*. It should be further remarked

\* "I have a passion for the name of 'Mary.'"

that, as a rule, talkers are far less encouraged to make—in public, at any rate—these domestic revelations than writers; and thus literary egotists will often, with a certain class of persons, be more popular than other egotists, in so far as they may be able to furnish a questionable amusement, which other egotists are not allowed to furnish.

The other point about Byron is this, that he took a peculiar pleasure in damaging his own popularity by the constant reproduction of characters which were likenesses of himself, but unfavourable likenesses. Of this propensity—a propensity which not a few people exhibit in conversation—the common explanation is, that such persons prefer letting themselves be abused to being unnoticed. Such a solution, however, meets only half of the difficulty. If the peacock of the fable had had his own feathers forcibly plucked out, and those of the jackdaw substituted in their places, we could fancy him consenting to be seen, disfigured as he was, rather than live a life of solitude; but we can hardly imagine that he would himself be the author of so unbecoming a transformation. And the remark may be extended from literal and physical blackening to moral. We can conceive a man being so foolish as to wish that a hideous caricature, whether

drawn or written, of himself should be in everybody's hand, rather than that he should be preyed on by *livida oblivio*; but would it not be unaccountable for him to make choice of the caricature, when he had the option of circulating either an exact or a flattering portrait? Yet this is practically what Byron did. On the various passions and other motives which actuated conduct so suicidal to his reputation, I have not now space to enter. I may, however, observe that, being maddened by his countrymen's injustice to him, he, unhappily for himself, took a pleasure in outraging their feelings of decorum. It was, in fact, his way of saying to them, as Coriolanus said to the Romans, "I banish you."

Rousseau, like Byron, was an outcast from his country, and, in a great measure, from society; and, like Byron, and even more than Byron, he acquired, in what was practically his exile, that peculiar earnestness and intensity which tinges all his writings, and makes itself felt, even when his style is picturesque and playful. It is visible in every page of his "Confessions," and has contributed not a little to their popularity. Other causes have no doubt helped. The favour with which that celebrated work has been received, is due partly to the charm of its style; partly to the romantic and ever-changing incidents that are

related in it; and partly to the glimpse it affords of such men as D'Alembert, Condillac, and Diderot, and of the great France of the last century. But the intensity of feeling must count for something. It would even seem as if Rousseau thought that he had a call and mission to describe himself, and preach about himself; yea, woe is unto me, he seems to say, if I preach not myself. In one place he literally avows that he is far more afraid of omitting some details than of painting himself too minutely. His scrupulous precision extends even to physical peculiarities, which have no very obvious bearing on his character or conduct. For, though his more enthusiastic admirers may read with interest and satisfaction that, however ill he was, he always had a good appetite, one hardly sees why the general reader should be, not merely informed of the circumstance, but told to bear it in mind.\*

From this double eccentricity (including, that is, both what he mentions and his mention of it), and from a few other matters of a like sort, I turn with pleasure to some of the striking, though singular, rules which he observed. Such a rule was that of never profiting by the death of anybody, not even through a bequest; so that, when

\* "C'est encore une chose à noter que, quelque malade que je puisse être, l'appétit ne me manque jamais."

Lord Keith proposed to name him in his will, Rousseau declined the offer, but accepted a pension in its place. Scarcely less singular is the following anecdote, which may serve to illustrate the Horatian maxim :—

“Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas.”

He wished a lady an affectionate farewell, and they exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. But unfortunately, on leaving her, he went to see the *Pont du Gard* ; whereupon his *stony* heart (as we are fain to call it) became straightway enamoured of the Roman masonry, and the poor lady was driven clean out of his head. It was manifest that she had not discerned where the danger lay ; she had bidden him beware of the fascinating girls whom he would meet, but of the more fascinating viaduct she had said nothing ; *on ne s'avise jamais de tout*.

But, as I must make a selection, I will choose what seems the most instructive topic in the autobiography, and notice a very few particulars in relation to the spiritual phases through which he passed. His oscillations, indeed, between Protestantism and Catholicism were too much the result either of conformity, or of a sort of patriotic *esprit de corps*, to suggest much that is profitable ; and, respecting his great



change, his change from belief to disbelief, he tells us far too little; but, in what he does tell us about his religious condition and practices, the earnestness of which I have spoken, and also the original turn which he gives to everything, will leave on most minds a very lasting impression. He generally, as we are pleased and perhaps surprised to learn, read the Bible at night; and in this way he read it five or six times all through. He loved to pray in the open air. But his form of prayer was not long. He mentions an old woman who told her bishop that her prayer consisted of the single letter "O," and the bishop strongly advised her to continue that prayer,—"*Cette meilleure prière est aussi la mienne.*" His state of mind was not unlike that of an old woman who lately refused to offer any other supplication than the laconic one, "Lord, bless us all!" "It is not lawful,"\* says Herodotus, "for a Persian to ask for any blessing for himself individually. He merely prays for the prosperity of the king and of all the Persians; for among *all* the Persians he himself is included." But perhaps the best Pagan counter-

\* A still more modern instance of liturgical brevity is that of the American who had the Lord's Prayer framed and hung by his bedside, and never omitted, morning and night, to repeat with a pious nod, "Them's my sentiments."



part of *Fiat voluntas tua* is to be found in the following lines:—

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνεύκτοις  
 Ἄμμι δίδου, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.

“Father and Lord, give us help when we pray, give us help when we pray not;  
 Yea, if we foolishly pray for our hurt, from our folly defend us!”

At one time Rousseau fell under the influence of the Jansenists; and it is curious to observe how much they had in common with our Puritans and Methodists. Under such guidance, he, like Bunyan, endured great suffering at the prospect of his spiritual future; and, like Bunyan, he at length obtained what Bunyan would have called assurance. But he obtained it in an unusual manner. Being in great depression, he resolved to ask for a sign from heaven; and, with this object, he threw a stone at a tree. Hitting was to be an omen of happiness; missing, of perdition. He threw the stone with great trepidation, and he hit. This was not difficult, as he took the precaution of choosing a tree both near and large. He was however, satisfied; “depuis lors je n’ai plus douté de mon salut.”\*

\* This extraordinary incident has been compared by Mr. Lewes to Goethe’s somewhat more costly test, as to whether he should turn painter. “The river glided beneath, now

Between Rousseau and Montaigne there are many points of contrast. One of the most obvious of these points subsists also between our other two arch-egotists, and is indeed the chief motive of our unchronological arrangement of the four. The intensity of character that we have noticed hitherto, disappears in Montaigne and Pepys; they were easy-going, and probably happy, men of the world. If we accept Horace Walpole's distinction, about life being a tragedy to men who feel, but only a comedy to men who think, we may suppose that to those whom we have now to consider, life must have been at least half a comedy, while to Rousseau and Byron it was a tremendous tragedy.

It may be instructive to point out another contrast, which, however, applies to Rousseau and Montaigne only. Rousseau laughs at Montaigne for admitting, indeed, in general terms that his character was defective, but for pleading guilty, when he came to the point, to none but the most venial faults. It is true that Rousseau himself pleaded guilty to faults that were by no means venial. But, on the other hand, he has always

flashing in the sunlight, now partially concealed by willows. Taking his knife from his pocket, he flung it with his left hand, having previously resolved that, if he saw it fall, he was to become an artist; but if the sinking knife were concealed by the willows, he was to abandon the idea."

represented himself as a paragon of virtue. We have seen that his usual form of prayer was not too long, like that of the Pharisees. But there is, in the beginning of the book, a well-known passage in which he seems to emulate the prayer of a certain Pharisee, and even, if I may use a colloquial phrase, to pray like a Pharisee and a half. Addressing the Deity, he says, "Que chacun de mes semblables découvre à son tour son cœur au pied de ton trône avec la même sincérité, et puis qu'un seul te dise : *Je fus meilleur que cet homme-là.*"\* It appears, then, that between Rousseau and Montaigne there was a difference, which may be illustrated thus: the one extolled the tree, but showed average specimens of the fruit; the other spoke only modestly of the tree, but, in exhibiting the fruit, he made a selection. It is remarked that Homer, while celebrating the valour of the Trojans, and while representing Achilles as shuddering at the sight of Hector, nevertheless makes Hector get the worst of nearly every encounter with any of the leading Greeks. What Homer has done for the Trojans is not

\* Elsewhere he says that his friend, Altuna, was, *besides himself*, the only tolerant man he ever knew. Yet his own toleration must have been limited, if, as is said, he, himself a deist, was in favour of the juridical extermination of all atheists. How can he have got on during his intimacy with Diderot and D'Holbach?

unlike what Rousseau has done for himself. He has made, in his own favour, a general assertion, with which his facts scarcely coincide. Assuming that he has set his valuation too high, he has at least supplied the data by which his estimate may be corrected. And, accordingly, the egotism of those who, like him, overpraise the *ensemble* of their character is more pardonable than that of those who overpraise their particular virtues and actions ; for to friends and biographers it is less misleading.

In Montaigne's egotism the strangest feature is that it is so utterly unnecessary, and, but for our previous knowledge of him, so unexpected. He is, as it were, an egotist in disguise. When a man is, like Rousseau, professedly writing an autobiography, we are as prepared to hear a number of personal details as a doctor is to hear the symptoms of his patient. But Montaigne is not by the way of writing an autobiography. He affects to be writing on general subjects, and often to be describing the heroes and philosophers of former times. Yet, whether he be dealing with Julius Cæsar, or Seneca, or the Black Prince, or any other great men, Montaigne's own self is nearly sure to appear uncalled for in their place, and, like Banquo's ghost, to push them from their stools. In one of his least amusing essays he gives a sort of ground-

plan of his house; and, throughout, with subjects the most alien his own history is so interwoven,

“ut omnis  
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ  
Vita senis.”

We may, without impropriety, apply to him the word “senis”; for, though never an old man, he described himself as one, and gave himself the airs of one. When little above fifty, he minutely detailed his diet and regimen with the *experto crede* of a man of ninety. Nor has he been less communicative on other matters. He informs us that he ate so greedily (*goulument*) that he often bit his tongue, and sometimes his fingers. His preference was for meat both underdone and high. He took particular delight in scratching his ears, and spoke of *la graterie* as “des gratifications de nature les plus douces.” He originally liked white wine best, then changed, but at last resumed his former taste. It is apparently on the passage describing this last peculiarity that Scaliger has made the caustic comment: “La grande fadaise de Montaigne, qui a escrit qu’il aimoit mieux le vin blanc—que diable a-t-on à faire de sçavoir ce qu’il aime?”

Before we part company with Montaigne, we may take the opportunity of making a serious



reflection, which his egotism would seem to suggest. Tocqueville has somewhere distinguished egotism from egoism; that is, we presume, from selfishness. There is doubtless a wide difference between thinking chiefly about oneself and acting almost solely for one's own interest. But there is always a fear that the former propensity may degenerate into the latter. Even the highest form of egotism—even that philosophical self-contemplation in which, according to the Greek sage, the Deity is employed always—will, at least when put in practice by mortals, often beget a disregard for the claims of their fellows. And thus, after Montaigne has told us that, for some time past, his meditations have centred upon himself, and upon himself only, we are the less startled by an assertion like the following: “He who abandons his own healthful and pleasant life to serve others, takes, in my opinion, a course that is wrong and unnatural.”

On Pepys, the arch-egotist *par excellence*, it will be instructive to dwell at greater length. He and Montaigne had many points of resemblance, both in important matters and in singular accidents. They were alike in that they had a happy faculty in their compositions of turning suddenly from grave to gay; and they were also alike in that they both suffered, or had suffered, from the



stone, and were very fond of writing about it.\*

In the frequent allusions to this last circumstance we have a fair sample of much that Pepys writes. Thus, on one occasion, after eating a great quantity of walnuts, he thought it worth his while to commit to his note-book the minutest particulars of his indisposition next day. "This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed." "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch." Charles Austin (who delighted in the Diary, and described the weakness of eyesight which cut it short as a "misfortune to the human race") was especially fond of quoting a passage about an old schoolfellow of Pepys, who "did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words

\* They were not singular in loving to dwell on their ailments. Sir Edward Cust, who had seen the world as few men have seen it, once told me that he (or a friend of his) made it a point, when accosted by an acquaintance at all advanced in years, whose name he had forgotten, of asking the question, "How is the old complaint?" He said that the experiment always succeeded. There was certain to be an old complaint; and the forgotten acquaintance was as certain to be flattered by the precision of his friend's memory.

that I said the day the King was beheaded (that were I to preach upon him, my text should be— ‘The memory of the wicked shall rot’).” “Very merry at dinner: among other things, because Mrs. Turner and her company eat no flesh this Lent, and I had a great deal of good flesh, which made their mouths water.” “There was one (a letter) for me from Mr. Blackburn, who with his own hand superscribes it S. P., Esq., of which God knows I was not a little proud. . . . At dinner I took place of all but the Captain.” Another dinner he describes as “very good; only the venison pasty was palpable mutton,—which was not handsome.” “Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby.” Observe that it was against vanity that he prayed, not against taking bribes. Anyhow, the hatband was probably being worn when he “found the King in the park. There walked. Gallantly great.” “I was much contented to ride in such state into the Towre and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchess’s gentleman-usher, waited, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects.”

“Up betimes and shaved myself after a week’s growth. But Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day!” Sometimes the Diary bursts forth into an eccentric fit of thankfulness, which Emerson quotes as typical of English other-worldliness. “I did find myself really worth £1,900, for which the great God of heaven and earth be praised.” “Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it.” “This day I first did wear a muffle, being my wife’s last year’s muffle; and, now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well.” “I did not open it [a mysterious letter] till I come home—not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it.” We read this with pain; but it is a relief to remember that corruption, though theoretically condemned, was then often regarded with the same sort of indulgence with which nepotism is regarded now. Also, it is but fair to mention that Pepys is called “excellent” by the virtuous Evelyn, and that, when he was dying, a learned divine could only describe “the greatness of his behaviour” by saying that it “was in every respect answerable to his great life.” Again, we

are startled to learn that, in his thirtieth year, he was "at my multiplication-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at all in my arithmetique." But we must not forget that this elderly scholar rendered signal service to our naval administration, and (more extraordinary still) that he became President of the Royal Society.

Having made this apology for Pepys, we may with an easy conscience return to the more characteristic and amusing portions of the Diary. "By and by, we come to two little girls keeping coves, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her aske my blessing, telling her that I was her godfather, . . . so she kneeled down, and very simply called, 'Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence." One evening, Mrs. Mercer (a sort of *lady-help* to Mrs. Pepys) "washed my ears, which was great sport." This last incident may serve as an introduction to a subject on which Pepys loved to dwell—his manifold relations to the sex which he would have called the weaker, but which Mr. Swinburne (perhaps rightly) calls the stronger one. Indeed, it is impossible to describe the Diary and its author without giving some account of his devotion to that sex, and of what may be called his ἀνήριθμον φίλημα, his kisses, which were bestowed in such profusion that they

sometimes make one think of the 3,300 which Catullus wished to exact from the unfortunate Lesbia. Thus, in a passage peculiar alike in grammar and in sense, he mentions "Madam Norbery, whom and her fair daughter and sister, I was ashamed to kiss, but did—my lip being sore with riding in the winds, and bit with the gnats." "Luellin came to my house, and he being drunk, and I being to defend the ladies from his kissing them, I kissed them myself very often, with a great deal of mirth." This freedom of manners sounds startling to modern ears. But, in justice to Pepys, I must remind my readers that by our forefathers such freedom was allowed. Shakespeare, both in *Romeo and Juliet* and in *Henry VIII.*, intimates that in his own day a lady would be in no wise disconcerted at being told by a mere stranger at a ball, that "it were unmanly to take her out and not to kiss her"; and John Inglesant "saluted the ladies with the pleasant familiarity which the manners of the time permitted." Dean Stanley used even to think that we, in this century, are straining at a gnat in our extreme restrictions on a custom which was enjoined by St. Peter and St. Paul, which (in a quaintly regretful passage\*) he

\* *Christian Institutions*, pp. 57, 58. In the "Epic" (the poem which prefaces the *Morte d'Arthur*), Mr. Tennyson



described as the very sign of Christian brotherhood and sisterhood," and which he seemed almost to regard as a third Sacrament of the Apostolic Church. But, be this as it may, no prudish scruples were entertained by Pepys, who would have agreed with Goethe that—

“Neuer Mond und geküsster Mund  
Sind gleich wieder hell und frisch und gesund.”

On April 9th, 1661, he writes that it was a great pleasure “to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which, at the beginning, I could not tell how to do.” In this happy frame of mind, he met “Mr. Allen, and two daughters of his, both very tall and the youngest very handsome—so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw.” The next day he “had a fine collation, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the musique, and for the intentnesse of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen,” whom “I had the opportunity of kissing very often.” On

expresses a similar regret at the decay of certain forms and ceremonies (the rite of the “sacred bush” being alone specified) which used to be observed on Christmas Eve. The subject is resumed in *In Memoriam*; see the striking stanza quoted below, p. 174.



the day after, "I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca, . . . . and was a little troubled to part with her, for which God forgive me." Of his wife also he should this time have asked forgiveness, the more so as he was by no means clear that what is sauce for the gander is equally suitable for the goose. A Frenchman, "just as I came in, was kissing my wife, which I did not like, though there could not be any hurt in it." Probably it was to pacify his wife that he subjected himself to a fine. He met at dinner "a very pretty lady; and, though by my vow it cost me 12*d.* a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple." This vow against over-indulgence, as we may call it, should be compared with the pledge of total abstinence which was taken by Goethe in consequence of the curse which a young lady, who was in love with him, pronounced on the next person whom he should kiss:—

"Since that impassioned French girl had cursed and hallowed my lips (for every imprecation includes both) I had been on my guard, superstitiously enough, not to kiss a girl, because I was afraid of injuring her in some unheard-of spiritual way. I therefore overcame every longing by which the young man feels impelled to obtain this significant or insignificant favour. But even in the most correct society a heavy trial awaited me. In games of forfeits, for example, a kiss is frequently enjoined."\*

\* Hayward's translation. Elsewhere Goethe mentions an

But such vows are, like piecrust, made to be broken; and if, whenever they are broken, Jove laughs, the divine laughter must be more "unquenchable" even than Homer supposed. Goethe's resolve gave way in the presence of Frederika; and Pepys's vow must also have been in abeyance when, after making a young lady's acquaintance, "I did kiss her soundly, and she did take it very well." It was needful to give these few examples of his favourite recreation; they serve to illustrate the deliberation and persistency with which he formulated the principle, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth kisseth, and that she whom he saluted on one cheek was bound to turn to him the other also! But, alas! this natural vent for his feelings could not always be procured; insomuch that their overflow had to be let off through unwonted passages and turnings. Of these, also, one or two specimens must be given.

old man who, being blamed for paying attentions to young ladies, defended himself on this wise:—"It is my only way of continuing to feel young, and to feel young is every one's desire." A further reason for such philogyny might haply be alleged if we acquiesced in M. Renan's venturesome surmise: "*Je m'imagine souvent que les jugements qui seront portés sur chacun de nous dans la vallée de Josaphat ne seront autres que les jugements des femmes, contresignés par l'Éternel.*"

It was only natural that his “redeeming vice,” as Disraeli would have called it, accompanied him when he went to the play. In the theatre, while he was “sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but, after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all.” On another occasion, he complained that a play was ill acted; but he sat in front of the future Duchess of Cleveland, “and filled my eyes with her, which much pleased me.” Nor, we regret to add, was his familiar spirit exorcised even during divine service. “After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done.” On another Sunday, he heard an “able sermon,” and showed his sense of its ability on this wise:—

“I stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go

about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also."

Perhaps what chiefly prevents one being repelled and disgusted by all Pepys's vanity and philandering is his kindliness of heart, especially towards his wife. Yet even to her he was a little patronising; as when he wrote, "At last she begun, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry with her; but I was to blame, for she is a very good companion as long as she is well."

There is nothing that strikes us so forcibly in reading Pepys's Diary as that it is passages like these which give to it its peculiar relish. His vanity always attracts us. This cannot be said of Montaigne. The latter's egotism often amuses; but often, also, it bores; and it is probable that the great charm of his essays is due, not so much to what may be termed their centripetal motion, as to the graceful ease with which he has strung together so many anecdotes and quotations, and has picked, as it were, the plums out of ancient literature. But Pepys is valued, not in spite of or independently of his egotism, but because of it. No doubt, the serious portions of his Diary have great interest for historians. But I question whether even the best of these portions—even the account of the Restoration, and that of the Fire

of London—would of themselves allure the casual reader. And, to recur to the literary expurgators of whom I have spoken, I would venture to advise them, in this case, to bring out at least one edition of the work, in which they should omit (besides, of course, what is already omitted) the greater part of what is now so tedious, and in which they should leave only the traits of character, and just so much of the other matter as would suffice, with the aid of notes, to render the allusions intelligible.\*

There is yet another particular in which Pepys's egotism was different, or differently exhibited, not only from Montaigne's, but also from Rousseau's and Byron's. What Pepys wrote was in his Diary, which, in spite of what is sometimes suggested to the contrary, he certainly never

\* What is here said of Montaigne and Pepys may suggest a remark concerning a far greater man than either: Throughout Herodotus the vein of egotism is very apparent. Take, as one instance among many, his assertion that all the Persian proper names end in the Greek  $\Sigma$ ; "a circumstance," he adds, "which escaped the notice of the Persians themselves, but did not escape ours." The vanity of this statement is all the more conspicuous, as the statement itself is said to be utterly wrong. And the passage, modern as it is in every way—modern even in the use of the royal and editorial, or (as it should be called) contributorial, "we"—has something in it which reminds one of Pepys. But between Herodotus and Pepys there is this difference: in the case of the former, the great interest of the rest of the work takes our attention off the egotism; while, with the latter, it is only the egotism that keeps the rest of the work alive.



intended to see the light. This circumstance has a twofold aspect. Up to a certain point it tells against him. If, like Junius, he was the sole depositary of his own secret, and meant it to perish with him, his vanity must indeed have been of a singular kind to derive gratification from so very small a circle. One is tempted to think that there must have been at least one screw somewhere loose in a man who took such pains as he took, and wrote such trash as he wrote, merely for the pleasure of writing. But there is another side to the picture. Like Lady Macbeth, we have "known what we should not"; and we assuredly owe to Pepys some amends, or at least indulgence, after so unceremoniously obtruding ourselves on his privacy. We are all so accustomed never to see each other but with a conventional, or, some might say, a hypocritical covering, that, in its absence, our mortal eyes are as frail to judge of moral worth and its opposite as Paris's in *Œnone* are of "divinity disrobed." There have been at different times many eminent men whose private correspondence has been published; and of these, from Cicero to Chesterfield, and, we may add, to the first Napoleon, very few have been gainers by the disclosure. But Pepys's case is yet harder. A letter is meant for at least one eye besides the writer's, while we may be sure that much of



what Pepys wrote would never have been shown even to his nearest relations—not to his sister Paulina, whose “badness” was such that he received her, “not as a sister, but as a servant”; nor to his poor father, to whom, not without compunction, he made over his old worn-out shoes; nor to his “dear wife,” who, in one of her fits of not unfounded jealousy, seemed to meditate taking vengeance on him with the fire-irons.\*

And here I may point out a last distinction between literary egotists and their egotistical brethren. From the former we can sometimes get at secrets which we cannot obtain from the latter. No doubt, the private thoughts and weaknesses of a living man may become known through an overheard soliloquy, through the wanderings of delirium, or oftener through treacherous friends. But we should hardly, in any case, regard a man

\* “At last, about one o’clock, she come (*sic*) to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and, with the tongs red-hot at the ends, made as though she did design to pinch me with them.” But in an hour or two they were “talking together with much pleasure.” As to the grounds of her jealousy, we may mention a passage which Charles Austin used to quote from memory, though we doubt whether it occurs in the published editions of the Diary,—at least, in the one that we read. There was a certain Mrs. Knipp, whom Mrs. Pepys did not much fancy, but concerning whom she was assured by her husband that there was no just cause for alarm. “Yea, and I would have sworn it to her, and at last she did believe me. Poor wretch!”

thus betrayed as an egotist. Our resentment and contempt would rest, not with him, but with the tale-bearers. Also, we should shrink from circulating what we heard in so irregular a manner, as from trafficking in stolen goods. But towards those who have passed away, and whose friends and contemporaries have passed away, we observe no such delicacy. Private letters, hitherto withheld, are produced unreservedly; and, above all, in the instance before us, it is by breaking confidence with the dead, and by deciphering and publishing what was never meant to be deciphered or published, that we have brought to light one of the most amusing books in our language; nay, one of the very few books in our language which can with confidence be pronounced to be immortal.

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## NOTE.

This article was published in the *Fortnightly Review* before the new edition of Pepys's Diary had appeared; but in the present volume two or three characteristic extracts from that edition are inserted. In Canon Kingsley's "Life" (Vol. II., page 296), a letter is published containing a most friendly comment on the article. But I cannot help thinking that my kind correspondent is too severe on egotists in general and Pepys in particular. Of the latter he says:—"He was a foul-minded old dog. Our only record of him [at Cambridge] (beside the curious library he left us) is, I believe, 'Mr. Pepys, having been found by y<sup>e</sup> proctors last night disguised in liquor, was admonished not to offend y<sup>e</sup> like again.'"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GROTE AND MR. BABBAGE.

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THE two distinguished men whose names are prefixed to this article are associated together merely by reason of the accident that their lamented deaths occurred at nearly the same time. It seemed desirable to record a few personal details respecting them, before those details were forgotten. Such a record, compressed into a short article, must needs be desultory; and this is especially the case in regard to Mr. Grote, in proportion as my materials concerning him are less scanty. Others have a better claim to comment on those materials, and to testify to the historian's vast range of knowledge, and ready use of that knowledge; and, above all, to his signal endowment with that chivalrous and old-fashioned courtesy which charms us where it is genuine, but which the rising generation finds it hard to imitate, without betraying the effort of imitation.

## MR. GROTE.

“Ego Q. Maximum adolescens ita dilexi senem, ut æqualem. Erat enim in illo viro comitate condita gravitas; nec senectus mores mutaverat.”—CICERO, *De Senectute*.

In recording my recollections of Mr. Grote, I am anxious to explain that I have been careful to divulge nothing which could possibly have been meant as confidential. As a precaution against doing this unwittingly, I have submitted my manuscript to those who have a right to speak authoritatively on the subject; and I take the opportunity of expressing my thanks for the permission kindly granted me to publish the following memoranda.

When I had the pleasure of paying Mr. Grote a visit at Barrow Green early in 1862, Sir George C. Lewis's “Astronomy of the Ancients” had just appeared, and Mr. Grote spoke much about its author, with whom he felt great sympathy. He was much struck with what Lewis says about the uncertainty of the interpretations of hieroglyphics (I believe that Macaulay had been sceptical on the same subject); and, with characteristic candour, he admitted the force of the doubts expressed as to the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, although these doubts were opposed to the view which had been taken in the “History of Greece.” On the other hand, when Lewis (page 444) expressed doubts as to the an-

tiquity of man, and thought that the finding of the "celts" along with the remains of extinct mammalia might be owing to those extinct animals having been subsequently destroyed by man, Mr. Grote thought that this strange excess of scepticism arose from a "confusion of thought." Also, some years later, when I consulted Mr. Grote about my article on "Longevity," he told me that he regarded Lewis's scepticism on that subject (*i.e.*, whether anyone had ever reached the age of 110) as unreasonable. Mr. Grote, as is well known, thoroughly agreed with Lewis as to the slight value to be attached to early traditions; I understood him to say that he doubted whether there was any ground for the belief that Troy had existed. Another historian of our own time, of whom Mr. Grote always spoke with extreme respect, was Mr. Buckle. Mr. Grote said he was indignant at the way in which Mr. Buckle was attacked for making such a great number of quotations and references; and he thought that there was much exaggeration as to his inaccuracies. He mentioned incidentally, to illustrate the variety of Mr. Buckle's accomplishments, that he was a first-rate chess-player, and could play several games with his back to the board. He even spoke in high terms of Mr. Buckle's style, which he regarded as "one



of the best and freest from the reigning defects." By this last term he said that he meant especially the continual aim at smartness. On being asked how far Macaulay was liable to such a charge, he said that he considered Macaulay's style as an extreme instance of it. With some other contemporary historians he sympathized less. Dr. Merivale he thought too much addicted to a glorification of the Cæsars. He naturally brought a similar charge against the work of the Emperor Napoleon; though he considered the Emperor quite sincere and earnest in his Cæsarism. I asked him whether he did not consider that Roman freedom was practically extinct before the time of Julius Cæsar. He said that, although under Marius and Sulla liberty was in so many respects put down, there was more freedom of speech allowed than under Cæsar.

He was very jealous of the tendency to construct historical hypotheses and speculations, and to give plausible explanations of historical phenomena, concerning which we have not sufficient data. With this excessive "use of the imagination" (if I may so apply Professor Tyndall's phrase) in history, he charged Mommsen. He thought that the latter, though his position was carefully distinguished from that of Niebuhr, was scarcely less defective in this respect than Niebuhr.



himself. On similar grounds he differed from those who treat Sociology as an approximately exact science, and who regard history as a soluble theorem and as a compound of a few simple factors. Thus, while feeling great admiration for Comte, he said that both Comte and Buckle take too little account of what may be termed the accidents of history; indeed, he went so far as to say (differing therein from the view somewhere expressed by Mr. Mill) that he thought Comte's historical survey the least instructive portion of Comte's great work. Mr. Grote's opinions on this subject are stated in a very kind letter which he wrote to me respecting my paper on "Historical Prediction."\* I should mention, that that paper was written after discussing the subject with Mr. Grote; and it expresses, I believe, his views exactly. In the article are embodied two statements derived from Mr. Grote; first, that Napoleon, after Tilsit, might have produced a great and permanent effect on the world; secondly, that the geocentric theory was once as firmly held as the heliocentric now is; so that, even in the exacter sciences (*à fortiori* in Sociology), we must not claim infallibility or immunity from criticism.

From Mr. Grote's opinions about historians I will now pass to his opinions about poets. He

\* See the *Note* at the end of that article.

spoke to me of Lord Derby's Homer (though at the time he had not read it through) as undoubtedly a very "creditable" work; but I understood him to say that, until a translation has been written on entirely a new method, we had better content ourselves with Pope. I asked him respecting what seems to so many readers (myself included) the great merit of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" as an imitation of an early Greek play. Mr. Grote did not take the same view; but said that the best English substitute for a Greek tragedy he considered to be "Samson Agonistes." On being asked about a reaction which was thought to be setting in against the extreme admiration felt for "Paradise Lost" by the last generation, he spoke of the poem as being unquestionably a very unequal one; but he admired extremely its earlier portions, especially that portion where the scene lies in Pandæmonium. He said that his favourite English poets were Milton, Dryden, and (I think) Pope. He admitted that there were no doubt "very fine passages" in Shakespeare; but, owing to the inferiority of other parts, he did not class Shakespeare with those I have named. He had no toleration of the obscure poetry of the present day. I told him that a distinguished friend and contemporary of his own (Charles Austin), agree-

ing with him in this, had likened the poetry of our day to some poetry in the decline of the classical period, and augured no good from the resemblance. Mr. Grote said that, on the contrary, he thought the poetry of Claudian clear, and liked it much better than that of our day. At the same time, he seemed to me to feel rather painfully his want of sympathy with the poetic tastes of the rising generation. He said, somewhat gloomily, that he supposed that Tennyson and Browning must supply a want, as people appeared to like them so much; and he seemed to be hoping against hope that the bad taste was his own, and that the taste of the age was not becoming vitiated.

This tendency to take a desponding view of the future naturally exhibited itself in regard to politics. It might, at first sight, seem strange that such should have been the case with an advanced Liberal, in whose youth were agitated the reforms which since have been, or are being, carried out. Nor was this unhopefulness connected with physical weakness and depression; for Mr. Grote told me, some years ago, that his health had always been good. And yet I learnt from Charles Austin that, except for a short time after the first Reform Bill, this foreboding was habitual to him. It may have been that his own great

elevation, both intellectual and moral, raised his ideal, and made him more sensitive to the shortcomings of all around. I will merely add, on this subject, that I understood him, though not very confident as to the effects of Reform, to desire the extension of the franchise on principle. On principle, also, he desired the enfranchisement of women. I once asked him whether he did not think that, intellectually as well as physically, the average woman is inferior to the average man, so that the enfranchisement of women would lower the level of intelligence among the electors. He replied that he thought, with Plato, that in intellect, as in other respects, a first-class man is superior to a first-class woman, and a second-class man to a second-class woman; but that a first-class woman might be better than a second-class man; and it seemed to him unjust that the sex should be disfranchised.

In regard to the American Civil War, Mr. Grote was not as thorough a Northerner as Mr. Mill and some others; and he told me, in general terms, that he agreed less completely with the political than with the philosophical, or, as he particularly said, the "logical," writings of his illustrious friend. Nor did he altogether take Mr. Mill's view about Jamaica. On this point he expressed to me an opinion directly the opposite of

that of the late Mr. Charles Buxton. He thought it important that the question should be tried; and he approved of the capital charge against the Governor, as being apparently the only effectual means of trying it; but, when the capital charge had failed, he held that the prosecution of Mr. Eyre on the minor charges was a course needlessly vexatious to one whose motives had been patriotic.

In social matters Mr. Grote was probably a more thorough reformer than in politics. I asked him whether he did not think that there were drawbacks to the Classics forming part of female education, in consequence of the peculiar matter of all sorts that abounds in them. He, however, attached no weight to the difficulty, and disapproved of the state of public opinion on this subject. It seemed to him desirable that the whole range of social phenomena should be brought under general discussion; and he considered the omission of an important part of human nature from ordinary conversation as absurd as would be (to use his own phrase) "the omission of hydrogen from chemistry." I wanted to know whether this discussion was to lead to many reforms, such as marriage with the deceased wife's sister. I will not report Mr. Grote's remarks on the subject in full; but I will merely say, that not only was he in favour of this measure, but he thought



some of the existing restrictions on marriage, on the ground of consanguinity, unnecessary. On being asked whether frequent intermarriages might not tend to the injury of the race, he said that, assuming this to be so, less harm was to be apprehended from such intermarriages than from marrying into a consumptive family—which public opinion permits. He expressed an emphatic opinion (which of course he held with due qualifications) that we are too ready to sacrifice the known wishes of living persons to the possible interest of an unborn issue. He, however, added that, though the State had no right to prohibit such marriages, it was another question whether, individually, one might not prefer abstaining from them. I was already under the impression that he was in favour of relaxations of the law of Divorce, and I took the opportunity of asking his opinion more precisely. I will merely say that he met the popular objection based on the conditions required for the proper education of the children, by urging that it might be better for the latter to be brought up independently than for them to have to live with parents who were always quarrelling. On being asked whether married persons did not become more easily reconciled to each other's defects through knowing that the bond was to be lifelong, he replied that,



in other matters, we do not consider this a sufficient reason for making bonds perpetual. A prisoner for life, he said, would, if a sensible man, make the best of his lot; but it does not follow that an imprisonment for a shorter period would not be preferred.

I have hardly anything to say about Mr. Grote's opinions on scientific subjects. He was, of course, a strong Evolutionist; and he spoke to me in high terms of Professor Huxley's "Place of Man in Nature." On my telling him of a scientific man (Sir Charles Wheatstone) who, while recognising Darwinism up to a certain point, thought the theory inadequate to account for the structure of the eye, he treated this as one of the numerous instances in which the adepts in the special sciences seem to lack the aptitude for wide generalization.

Respecting Mr. Grote's very interesting remarks on Theology, I will say but little, and that little shall relate chiefly to his negative opinions—I mean, to the opinions which he did not hold. He had no sympathy whatever with Comte's "Religion of Humanity," which he considered an entire departure from the principles of the *Philosophie Positive*; he told me of the good saying about the Comtist creed, "There is no God, and Auguste Comte is his prophet." I called his at-

tention to a passage in which Comte, speaks about "the real or ideal founder" of the great system which Comte, and other assailants, call by the euphemism, or dysphemism, of Catholicism; and I asked whether a doubt was suggested as to the existence of such a person. He said that, for himself, he could conceive no reasonable doubt on the subject. On the other hand, he had a strong sense of the weakness of the logic of what may be termed Clerical Rationalism; indeed, he had a sort of *timeo Danaos* feeling about the authors of this half-way movement, and he had only a partial sympathy even with Sterling.\* As a specimen of Mr. Grote's view on this subject, and of the way in which he applied the principle of "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," I will mention a curious conversation which he told me he had had with Dean Milman. Bishop Colenso has raised some difficulty about the sewage of the Hebrew camp in the wilderness. Some orthodox apologist seems to have answered that the manna (and, I suppose, the quails) may have been so formed as to do away with the necessity of sewage. The Dean spoke of this answer as very absurd. Mr. Grote replied that he could not

\* His view was that of Theodorus of Cyrene; and he regarded the opposite view as containing "the root and germ of every form of superstition."

agree with him ; for, on the hypothesis, he should expect that the miracle would be made complete, and that, if the food was supernaturally supplied, the refuse would be supernaturally either rendered innocuous or removed.\*

Mr. Grote, as appears from his "History," was a firm believer in the mythopœic tendency of the human mind, and in the facility with which the founders and apostles of the wildest religious systems believe in themselves. He extended this view even to the founder of Mormonism. On my calling his attention to the passage in which Mr. Mill, in his book on *Liberty*, speaks of that superstition as founded on a palpable imposture, he told me that he doubted whether even such a man as Joseph Smith may not in some sort have believed in his own divine mission. For Smith, as Mr. Grote remarked, could bear Paley's test, and was willing to confront martyrdom. Mr. Grote lent me Dr. Giles's "Christian Records," which he recommended as one of the best hand-

\* I repeated this remark to Charles Austin, and made the obvious comment that the Bishop showed a healthy instinct in compounding (so to speak) with the uniformity of Nature. He replied that, not only is this the case, but that, even in the Biblical narrative itself, a dim sense of the necessity of economising the supernatural is to be traced. "Why," he asked, "was the manna wanted at all? Why were not the functions of the Hebrew stomachs miraculously suspended?"

books concerning early Christianity and the Canon of the New Testament. He did not always agree with the author; but he liked the way in which, besides many judicious criticisms, the *ipsissima verba* of the various authorities, both Pagan and Christian, are given within a short space.

I have understood that it was at the suggestion of Mr. James Mill that Mr. Grote first thought of writing his History; and there seems to be no doubt that it was partly through the influence of Mr. James Mill, and of the other followers of Bentham (who is said to have called poetry “misrepresentation in verse”), that Mr. Grote laboured to repress his naturally strong imaginative faculty,\* and wrote in a style clear and forcible, but studiously unadorned. It was, perhaps, partly owing to this circumstance that he, as I have said, preferred the simple but rather unformed and diffuse style of Buckle to the style of Macaulay.† But he approved of the

\* I can hardly credit what I heard from one of his oldest friends that, when young, Mr. Grote had it in him to be a great poet; and that, but for Mr. James Mill’s influence, he would possibly have become one.

† Perhaps the popularity of Macaulay’s style may be partly due to a cause on which sufficient stress has not been laid. In all except his earliest writings (such as the Essays on Milton and on Machiavelli), he is eminently careful in what may be called the dovetailing of his sentences and in

latter's elaborate grammatical correctness. The question was asked of Mr. Grote, whether he thought that Macaulay was pedantic in this, that he, at least in his later works, always tries to avoid ending a sentence with a preposition (for example, if writing in prose, instead of using such a phrase as Shakespeare's "shocks that flesh is heir to," he would probably have spoken of "the shocks to which flesh is heir"). A very experienced writer who was present suggested that this use of the final preposition is idiomatic in English, and is of great advantage to us in forcible expression. But Mr. Grote, while recognizing the convenience of so placing the preposition, said that he preferred, when possible, to use some other construction.

Mr. Grote, thoroughly agreeing with what Mr. Mill has said in his "Inaugural Lecture at St. Andrews" in praise of Quintilian, spoke with admiration of the latter's great work, which is so strangely omitted from our University *curriculum*. He also thought that it would be useful if all of us, when young, were to bestow more pains on the cultivation of the vocal organs; and a young

the choice of his connecting particles. I have sometimes thought that connecting particles are to style what pawns are to chess; they seem so small and unimportant, yet by reason of their number, of the difficulty of managing them aright, and of the great use to which they can sometimes be turned, they furnish one of the surest criterions of skill.



friend who, on account of a vocal impediment, studied with an elocutionist, he good-humouredly compared to Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was diligent “with a *phonascus*.”

In conclusion, I will give two extracts from letters that I received from Mr. Grote. The first of them relates to the Franco-German war, and indicates one of the many points on which Mr. Grote was at issue with some of his philosophical friends:\* “The experience of the last few months has shown how powerful the bellicose passions are in Europe, and how narrow and easily crossed the *πολέμοιο γέφυρα* is. The provokers of the war have in this case been the principal sufferers in the end; but *our* public press has been so impatient at the neutrality of England, and so furious to assert what is called the *dignity* of England by active, dictatorial intermeddling, that nothing except the wise and admirable moderation of the present English Ministry has prevented the war from becoming general. The horrors and sufferings of war are fine themes to talk about, and to serve as a prospectus for charitable subscriptions; but it is plain that they

\* Mr. Mill, for example, wished the Government to inform France and Germany that, whichever of them first *invaded the territory* of the other, would have England for a foe. Had this extraordinary course been followed, we should have been involved in war with Germany.



operate very faintly as deterrent motives.”\* In another letter he expressed the following opinion about egotism :—“ It is agreeable to me when a man talking to me will talk about himself. It is the topic which he knows most about, and which I can hardly know from any other quarter. Of course, he may talk about himself in a tiresome way, or to excess ; but so he may about any other topic. When a man either talks or writes his own personal experiences, you are pretty sure to learn something ; and if he does not know how to make *these* interesting to hearers, he will hardly know how to make outlying matters interesting. Personally, I dislike talking about myself ; but I am rather pleased than otherwise when others in talking with me throw off that reserve. A brilliant talker like Macaulay might be expected to feel impatient of egotism in others ; but those who are more content to listen than he was, will hardly share the same impatience.”

\* Some philosophers seem to think that very slight deterrent motives will operate. Mr. Mill told me that his father hoped that war might be stopped by a policy similar to that of the Syrians at Ramoth-Gilead—by “ fighting neither with small nor great, save only with the ” General. But Mr. John Mill admitted that the causes of war lie too deep for such a remedy.

## MR. BABBAGE.

I made Mr. Babbage's acquaintance shortly before Mr. Grote's, in the autumn of 1861; and, on the whole, I probably saw as much of the one as of the other. But I have less to write about Mr. Babbage; for ever since I first knew him, though he still retained much power of thought, he had lost the faculty of arranging his ideas, and of recalling them at will. Indeed, he gave this as one reason for the vehement war which he waged against street-organs. It was not merely that he hated music—though he did this thoroughly—but also because it often happened that, when his mind was big with some weighty idea, an organ-grinder began, and the idea vanished.

To the ordinary Englishman Mr. Babbage's name merely suggests a hazy conglomeration of calculating machines and street musicians. And this is because he effected nothing very definite; but was always what Lord Dalling called Sir James Mackintosh—a man of promise. Macaulay mentions several generals, including William III., who, though often on the losing side, have yet earned a great reputation; and I think it is Hazlitt who says that we judge of men, not by what they do, but by what they are. In this

way, men of science, while regarding Mr. Babbage as a great man almost wasted, never doubted that he was a great man, and took his powers on trust. Of course, it may be urged that his life was not wholly barren, as he wrote a Bridgewater Treatise, and invented a calculating machine. It may, however, be doubted whether either of these works was in all respects worthy of him. The machine certainly engrossed a very large portion of his time; and, what was worse, irritation at the real or supposed disparagement of it embittered his whole life. He used to speak as if he hated mankind in general, England in particular, and the English Government and organ-grinders most of all. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there was something harmless, and even kindly, in his misanthropy; for (always excepting the musicians) he hated mankind rather than man, and his aversion was lost in its own generality. This hatred of the aggregate, combined with a love of individuals, is well illustrated by an anecdote wholly unconnected with Mr. Babbage. It is said that, some time ago, an Oxford Don, noted for his good wine, invited to dinner the then Dean and Canons of Christ Church. The wine gave general satisfaction, until a new kind was brought round, which all were expected to drink, but which no one seemed to appreciate. "You

liked all my wines separately," said the host, "but I have now mixed them together, and you dislike the compound. Just so, individually, you are my best friends; but, when you act collectively, you are the most detestable set of men I know!"\* Possibly, a somewhat similar distinction may have been made by Mr. Babbage in regard to his likes and dislikes. Nor should the combination seem incredible to those who remember that Shakespeare has described a character much resembling this; for, in truth, Mr. Babbage was a mathematical Timon.

It is, however, probable that the gloom which overshadowed his life was partly due to other causes, even if it was not in the main constitutional. He told me that, during the many long years that he had lived alone, he had never known a happy day. Doubtless, an extreme statement of this sort is not to be taken too literally; at any rate, it most fortunately was not realized in practice. Indeed, Mr. Babbage, though he hated life, was a remarkable illustration of Mr. Tennyson's

\* Some years ago, a near relative of the writer, on his way to America, met an American farmer, who liked the English so much that he had gone all the way to England to choose a wife. The same man had invented a reaping-machine, and so strong was his feeling of national antipathy that he had never mentioned the subject in England, not even to his future wife's relations. Was not this a mode of distinguishing between a nation and its inhabitants?

rather hazardous statement that—

“No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly longed for death.”

George Eliot, with her characteristic knowledge of human nature, has described Casaubon, who was ill and wretched, and who, according to his theories, should have had a desire to depart, but who was nevertheless dumbfounded when he was made to realize that he must die, and die soon. Mr. Babbage had not much in common with Casaubon; but he too, unhappy as he was, still restlessly clung to life, and indeed took at least one singular precaution against risking it. He thought it safer to travel as near the centre of a train as might be; and he made it a rule to avoid the first and last carriages at any inconvenience. I remember being with him when, on this account, he was almost obliged to give up going by an express train, although he would otherwise have had to wait some hours at the station, and to reach his home in the damp of an autumn evening. To the same effect I may repeat an interesting remark of his, which showed that, though he did not set much store by the remainder of his life, he regarded it as a boon rather than the reverse. I heard him say more than once, that he would gladly give up this remainder if he could be allowed to live three days



500 years hence, and might be provided with a scientific *cicerone*, who should explain to him the discoveries that had been made since his death. He judged that the progress to be recorded would be immense; for, as he said, science tends to go on, not merely with a great, but with a constantly increasing rapidity.

And here I may remark that he seemed always to take a confident view about human progress, which Mr. Grote somehow did not. This was the more singular as Mr. Babbage was by far the less happy man of the two; and we are all disposed to see the world through our own medium, so that the eyes of an unhappy man often become jaundiced, and make him a prophet of ill. Also, Mr. Grote, as we have seen, was to the last a sweeping reformer, and reformers might be expected to be in high spirits respecting this very reforming age. Mr. Babbage, on the other hand, went the way of almost all flesh by becoming half a Conservative as he grew old.\* How was it then that, in spite of this, and in spite of his being gloomy about himself, he was yet sanguine about his fellows? One reason probably was

\* "Whatever may have been our opinions in youth," says Goethe, "in old age we are always aristocrats." This, however, is one of Goethe's exaggerations, and is almost as paradoxical as his statement that "the man of action is always without a conscience (*gewissenlos*)."



that, as a man of science, he inclined to be more hopeful than others, even than philosophers; for, while the philosopher laments that mankind falls short of his ideal, and that the course of history will not run in his own groove, to the scientific man the belief in progress becomes a second nature, until, as it were, by faith he sees in temporary and local evil merely a zigzag path towards the final goal of good.

In reference to the probable direction of scientific progress, I have heard Mr. Babbage make some interesting, though desultory, remarks. It seemed possible to him to obtain an exact record of the succession of hot and cold years for long periods in bygone ages. His plan was as follows:—Among the stumps of trees in some ancient forests, he proposed to select one in which both the number and the size of the rings that have been annually produced were clearly marked. He would write down the succession of hot and cool summers as marked in this tree, assuming that the larger the ring in each case, the hotter had been the summer. He then proposed to examine other trees of about the same date, until he found some which recorded a series of hot and cold seasons, exactly similar to that which he had already noted down, and until the series extended far enough for him to be sure that the

resemblance was not accidental, but that he had before him a natural register of the same seasons which had been recorded in the first tree. As some of these trees would be somewhat older than the first tree, while others would have survived it, he considered that it would be possible, so to say, to piece out the information obtained from one tree by means of the others; and that, after examining a great number of trees, his record of warm and cold seasons might be extended at both ends almost indefinitely. The above is a good specimen of the disjointed information which one obtained from him. Indeed, it was from odds and ends of this sort that one had to form an impression of what he had been; just as from a few broken pieces of pottery an archæologist draws a picture of the original vase.

A yet more curious instance of the same kind may be given in regard to the views he expressed about the capacities of calculating machines. Not merely did he think that such machines could work out sums, but even that they might be so constructed as to perform the most complex processes of mathematics. He went so far as to say that they might give the proofs of mathematical theorems. Without expressing any personal opinion on this last point, I may indicate how very much the statement involves. For certain

mathematical theorems have two or more proofs already discovered, besides probably others as yet undiscovered. In regard to these cases there will be a sort of Sadducean difficulty ; for, as the various proofs, like the seven husbands, have about an equal claim, the machine (if I may use a pardonable Irishism) will have to make up its mind to give an invidious preference, unless it thinks it more impartial to give a turn to each in succession. Mr. Babbage also held that a machine might be made which would play games of skill, such as chess. He of course did not mean by this merely that it could perform the part of the automaton, and register the moves of an unseen player ; but he held that it might take the place of the player, and find out perfect play by itself. On my showing signs of incredulity, he added that he could prove this to be the case in respect of a simple game, such as Tit-tat-to ; and between Tit-tat-to and chess the difference would be one only of degree : if a comparatively simple machine could discover perfect play, and therefore provide against the possible moves of an adversary, in the easier game, was there anything absurd in the supposition that a far more complicated machine might take into account the immense variety of the manœuvres at chess ? It thus appears that, according to Mr. Babbage, machines

might be made to find out perfect play at chess, though the united labours of so many generations of players have as yet failed to discover it. But, if the ingenuity of machines can so far surpass the ingenuity of miserable mortals in one department, why not in others? On this supposition, do not future generations seem likely to realize, in a new and almost literal sense, the old saying, *Deus ex machinâ*? Or, at any rate, is the author of *Erewhon* far wrong when he says that at length men and machines will have to change places, and that, instead of men employing machinery, machines will end by employing “mannery”?

I will close this article with two anecdotes of a lighter kind; the former of which I heard indirectly, the latter from Mr. Babbage himself.

He is said to have complained that he had caught cold at dinner from mistaking a plate-glass window behind him for an open one; and then to have illustrated the power of imagination by adding that, on finding himself at a strange house without his night-cap, he had been able perfectly to replace it by tying a piece of string round his head. Would he have carried this reasoning farther, and, after substituting a few pieces of string for his ordinary clothes, have defied the inclemency of the weather?

The anecdote which Mr. Babbage himself told me, as personally interesting to me, relates to a visit which he paid, when young, to that most mournfully fascinating of places, Ham House, near Richmond; where the bounty of Lauderdale and others has amassed countless treasures of all sorts,\* which now lie buried and forgotten, like the "unvalued jewels" which, in Clarence's dream, lay at the bottom of the sea. To this enchanted palace of desolation Mr. Babbage obtained admission, along with a large party, one of whom was a Dutch baron, and another an Indian prince. It was understood that the prince was to be shown over Ham by a daughter of the house, who was not beautiful merely, but rich; but some of the visitors, including Mr. Babbage and the baron, were left under charge of the housekeeper. This last part of the arrangement was unknown to the Dutchman; who surprised his companions by the persistent eagerness with which he kept close to his conductor. At last, on turning a

\* Macaulay ascribes "the more than Italian luxury of Ham" to Lauderdale, who held Ham House in right of his wife. The room is still shown where the Cabal Ministry used to meet. It was to Ham that James II. was first told to retire on the arrival of William. One is tempted to say, "*Fuit Ilium et ingens Gloria,*" when one recalls Evelyn's and Walpole's accounts of this "hall of my fathers that's gone to decay."

corner, they saw him on his knees, proposing in broken English to the astonished housekeeper ; while she was in vain trying to explain to him that he had mistaken the object of his courtship.



## MR. TENNYSON'S SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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It is nearly always a difficult task to discover the philosophy of a poet. One of the greatest of living poets has well expressed, in conversation, the ground of this difficulty by saying, "People in general have no notion of the way in which we poets go to work." In truth, a poet's medium is one, not of reason, but of feeling; and, as soon as he becomes logical, or rather, as soon as he brings logic, or the results of logic, into prominence, he, in the opinion of some critics, is no longer writing poetry. It is on this ground that the question is sometimes raised, whether a poet, as such, can have a creed or philosophy. Perhaps, however, this question is merely a verbal one, and is like the one which was discussed last year [1873], as to whether a constitutional monarch, as such, has any politics. It is certain that, whether a monarch, as a monarch, has political preferences or not, he, at any rate, has them somehow; and well-informed persons have a shrewd suspicion what they are. Just so, even if a poet, as a poet, has not a creed and philosophy, he most assuredly has them as a man;

and, if he has written a great deal, his poetry is pretty sure to contain them lying somewhere in solution. So that if we, so to say, boil the poetry down, we can generally obtain the residuum. This is manifest in the case of some poets. There is, for example, a very distinct philosophy, and something of a creed, or no-creed, to be discerned in Lucretius's great poem, and there is a most definite and dogmatic theology in "The Hind and the Panther." Nor is this the case only with didactic poetry. Shelley declared that didactic poetry was his abhorrence; and Mr. Swinburne, if I remember rightly, has expressed himself scarcely less strongly. Yet few readers would lay down "Queen Mab" with the impression that its author's theology was similar either to Dante's or to Milton's; and I think I have read lines of Mr. Swinburne that might militate against the notion of his being a high Tory. Indeed, so evident is all this, that those who say that a poet, as a poet, cannot directly convey a lesson, merely mean that, when he does so convey a lesson, he is dropping a sort of poetic mask, and that, in fact, for the time, he ceases to be a poet. But, even if this were granted, at any rate what he composes under such circumstances is bound up with his writings, and forms part of them; the views are in the poetry, if not of the poetry. And, for our

present purpose, it is enough if it be conceded that, from the mass a poet writes, we may generally infer something as to what he thinks.

There is, indeed, a sort of graduated scale according to which poets may be ranged as to the degree in which their personality peers out in their poems; didactic, satirical, and lyrical poets standing at one end of the scale, and dramatic poets at the other end. Our present business is to inquire what place in such a scale is held by the Poet-Laureate. In his case, as compared with the average of cases, is it easy or difficult to find out the poet's views from his writings? There are one or two points about him that deserve notice as throwing light on this question. His opinions must, to some extent, vary with the subject in hand. Thus, one cannot be surprised if, in his treatment of the Arthurian legend, he attaches too much importance to the chivalric virtues. He may do this unconsciously. Also, he may do it by design. For, as he is telling a tale of the days of chivalry, he naturally wishes that his narrative should be in character, and should reflect the moral colouring of that age. Hence it is often hard to tell how far the opinions, expressed or implied in these poems, are the poet's own, and how far they are, in a manner, put on. In some of his other poems, this difficulty takes a

peculiar form. Mr. Tainsh has truly remarked that Mr. Tennyson rarely, or never, writes dramatically.\* But he often writes, if we may so say, semi-dramatically. In other words, he puts opinions which are not unlike his own, but to which he does not commit himself, into the mouths of some of his characters. A contrivance of this sort is sometimes resorted to even in prose, and is found serviceable with a view to the airing of new opinions. A heterodox writer makes himself the exponent of some kindred spirit; and thus he derives from another a convenient covering, from behind which he may direct his own shafts with impunity, like Teucer behind the shield of Ajax. Something of this kind was attributed, as is well known, to one of the "Essayists and Reviewers." The device is, no doubt, a useful one; but it is, and is meant to be, very troublesome to critics. In the half-drama, as we call it, the poet is to be discovered behind the scenes. But he is to be seen there only imperfectly. It may conduce to clearness if we at once give an instance of the sort of difficulty that thus besets us; and, in doing so, we will quote two lines which are familiar to all readers, but which we do not remember to have seen contrasted. In "Locksley Hall" it is said that "a sorrow's crown of

\* Written in 1874.

sorrow is remembering happier things." Yet in *In Memoriam* the poet maintains that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."\*

As we go on, we shall encounter other and more important instances of the uncertainty arising from this source, especially in "Locksley Hall" and in "Maud"; where the poet would seem to be putting forth a feeler. At present, we may be content with two reflections. The first is, that, if we except the Laureate poems, and a few others, we may say that he has absolute choice of his subject; nor is he likely to select one not to his taste. When, therefore, we see how much labour and space he has allotted to certain general topics, especially to the legends of Arthur, we can no more suppose him to be wanting in sympathy with these topics, and with the type of character he thus celebrates, than we can suppose Byron or Shelley to have been indifferent to the cause of the Greeks. In the second place, if there are cases in which one cannot be sure what the poet actually thinks,

\* A more obvious illustration is furnished by the contrast between the phrases "woman is the lesser man," and "woman is not undeveloped man." In all such cases, it is hard to say whether the poet really contradicts himself, or whether, in one or both of the contradictory statements, he, as it were, goes out of himself, and merely assumes two characters who contradict each other.



it is something if one can ascertain what he is thought to think; in fact, what impression he leaves. Some people say of emancipation, in reference to the policy of the Northern States, that, if it was not the object of that policy, it was at least the effect of it. And so, if we cannot always tell with certainty what result the poet designs his words to produce, it is next best, and very nearly as good, if we can discover what result they did and do produce. Poetic trees, like others, must be judged of by their fruits; and a great poet is bound, and may be assumed, to calculate on the tendency of his writings. Nor is this all. Mr. Grote has defended the Sophists on the ground that, in their teaching and their practice, they did not fall below the moral level of their contemporaries. In truth, this is their condemnation; they ought to have risen above that level. In proportion as a man can offer skilled intellectual labour to his fellows, he is bound to them by a closer tie, and owes them a more enduring service. Of poets, as of others, it may be said, that to whom much is given, of them shall much be required. A poet, with a commanding influence, who uses that influence to throw a poetical gilding over popular prejudices and abuses, is wanting to his high mission; and the greater his ability, the



greater also is his shortcoming. Hence any severity that may mark some of the ensuing criticisms on the score of sins of omission, is, in fact, a tribute to the poet's powers.

And now, before proceeding to the task with which we are more directly concerned, we would fain offer a word of explanation. A critic, like a censor, almost necessarily turns his attention to what may seem to him faulty; as, indeed, the unfavourable use of the word *criticise*, and still more of the word *censorious*, sufficiently indicates. Also, as he is pronouncing judgment, he stands, for the moment, on a kind of vantage ground. It may even, in a certain sense, be said that the less is of necessity criticised, as well as blessed, by the greater; and a critic who reviews so great a man as Tennyson should feel like a young curate who has to pronounce the benediction in the presence of an Archbishop. Having said thus much, and having intimated our deep reverence for the poet's genius, we must be prepared, as we have said, to express our dissent from some of his opinions, and to express that dissent plainly. Mr. Mill divides speculative men into two sections; the section which chiefly inquires how existing institutions should be modified, of which section Bentham is a type; and the section which chiefly inquires what good there is in those institutions, and how

far they may be maintained; of which latter section Coleridge is a type. If we start from this simple distinction, we may be the better able to ascertain the Poet-Laureate's true standing-point. Is he, or is he not, in the most general sense of the word, a reformer? Do his sympathies chiefly lie on the side of the past and present, or on that of the unknown future? And to this question we answer unhesitatingly, that he is not, in general, an advocate of change. It is true that he is a believer in progress. He has dwelt, in a celebrated passage, upon the present, "and the promise that it closed," and upon "one increasing purpose" running through the ages. Also, he has said that,—

"We are ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times."\*

Elsewhere he has written about the "Golden Year," and about "that great race which is to be," and about "the Christ that is to be" (whatever or whoever this last may be). But all this proves much less than it seems to prove. There

\* It is remarkable that this *Nos Juventus* and Bacon's *Nos Antiquitas* alike inculcate a belief in progress. The philosopher pointed out that, as a generation, we are older and more advanced than our fathers; the poet has made the correction, that rather we are less young than they, both we and they being, as it were, children. Why does Mr. Tennyson elsewhere throw discredit on the belief "that we are wiser than our sires"? Even M. Guizot quotes with approval the line,—

"Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι."

are strong Conservatives who, in a vague sort of way, believe in the final triumph of good, and advance of civilization. But they pay little regard to the steps that make up that advance. They seem to hope that the glorious future will, as it were, drop from the skies. Not, indeed, that our poet is quite so sanguine as this. He admits, at least in theory, that the harvest must be toiled for. Thus, not only does he express a noble fellow-feeling with "men my brothers, men the workers," but he displays an especial interest in the continuous labours of scientific men, and has, let us add, no slight acquaintance with the details of science. Still, with the Conservatives of whom we have spoken, he has this in common: the future in which he believes is not early, but remote; and the prospect on which he gazes is an ideal one. To this effect, he says,—

"Twere all as one to fix our hopes on heaven,  
As on this vision of the golden year."

But here he makes a distinction. To the phrase "the golden year" he attaches a double meaning. From one point of view, that year is at hand; from another, it is far removed. And, as what he says bears a close resemblance to biblical language, we may be pardoned if, in order to set forth his meaning, we carry on the illustration about heaven. In the Bible, it is said, in one place, that "the end

is not yet"; and elsewhere, that "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation," and "the kingdom of God is within you." It is in a sense corresponding to this latter that the poet declares,—

"That unto him who works, and feels he works,  
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

But elsewhere, not merely in this beautiful poem, but throughout the poet's writings, the happy period is generally one that is "not yet," but—

"far away,  
Not in our time, nor in our children's time."

Hence the attainment of this end is but remotely dependent on our present conduct; at least, it is hard to say what practical changes will bring it about the soonest. Thus, too, it happens that Mr. Tennyson, while fixing his eyes on the Celestial City, sometimes forgets the wicket-gate. Though a believer in the ultimate destinies of the human race, he takes no particular interest in present progress; and with the schemes of ordinary reformers he has little sympathy.

While, however, we are thus led to describe the poet as a Conservative believer in progress, or as an unreforming optimist, it is needful to explain that the two sides of his convictions are not equally prominent. His Conservatism is treasured up in the wallet before his face, while his belief in

progress lies at his back. We have seen that his Eldorado is a sort of heaven, which may be forestalled by faith, but which is not to be attained by works. Mankind is to be happy; but the happiness is not to be of the common kind, nor reached by the common road. And thus, this heaven below, like the heaven of the popular theology, is at best a very hazy affair. In truth, that the poet's sentiment about progress is only skin-deep, is apparent from the passage already quoted from the "Golden Year." A writer like Mr. Mill, who was altogether penetrated by the hope of progress, might have told his labouring countrymen that, by working for future ages, they would earn some present satisfaction, and would make the most of their slender harvest. But that the grand year was at their doors, or within many leagues of their doors, he would certainly not have told them. We might easily confirm our opinion on this subject by referring both to what is said, and to what is not said, in the poet's other writings, especially in the "Two Voices," and "Locksley Hall." Indeed, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the golden year is, after all, a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which is to draw us onward, but to remain inaccessible, and

"whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move."

But, within our present limits, it is best to inquire



how it is, if the poet's zeal for progress is thus lukewarm, that he believes in progress at all. It is hard to answer this question with confidence; but two probable sources of his belief suggest themselves. In the first place, he believes in progress because his lot is cast in the nineteenth century. After all that science has lately done for us, the air is thick with progress, and with the hope of progress; and a thoughtful writer who breathes that air can no more sever himself from the surrounding influences than a Protestant clergyman can help sanctioning some measure of toleration. As Mr. Arnold would say, the poet has had a sprinkling from the "stream of tendency" of his time. The second and more important cause of the poet's belief in progress has its roots in theological optimism. Mr. Tennyson is a poetical Pangloss; by which we mean, that he regards all things as working for the best, in consequence, not of what he sees, but of what he thinks he ought to see,—in fact, his belief is the result of abstract theories about the fitness of things and the Divine attributes. In his view, if the course of history were not tending to a final goal of good, the moral government of the world would be imperfect. He is fully convinced—

"That every cloud that spreads above  
And veileth love, itself is love."



We are well aware that, in this passage, the poet is referring to the condition of man after death, and not to that of living men after our death. But it might, we think, be shown that the providential optimism which the passage indicates, while primarily affecting his theology, has also an influence on his politics; and that, like Jacob's ladder, it stretches from heaven to earth. To this religious faith in human improvement—as, indeed, to all forms of religious optimism—it is easy to raise objections. An opponent might try to catch the poet in the meshes of a net, similar to the one which the disciples of Bishop Butler cast so often and so vigorously, that they are themselves in some danger of falling overboard. Does not the difficulty lie (such an opponent might ask) in the existence of evil, rather than in its duration? If the Divine benevolence is somehow compatible with an immensity of suffering in 1874, what guarantee have we that it will cease to be so compatible in 2874, or in 3874? Still, in spite of the apparent force of this objection, we do not quarrel with the poet for carrying out his Theism into those optimistic conclusions without which Theism itself would be but a shadow and a name. Only we say that, though this belief in progress may be naturally drawn from theological premises, a belief that is so drawn is not likely to be an

intense, or what may be called a working, belief. If whatever is, is right, why trouble oneself overmuch about what is, or what will be? Also, it should be remarked, that the state in which a man feeds his spiritual nature on the hopes of a posterity which he will never see, is a highly artificial state, and arises chiefly under peculiar conditions. Some one (I think Darwin, the poet) has called Unitarianism a feather-bed to catch a falling Christian; and, in like manner, the support and stimulus which is derived from dwelling on the probable grandeur of a remote posterity is little needed, save when other supports have failed. Now, the poet is in too good a condition to need stimulants of this kind. He probably thinks most men happy now; and he certainly cherishes the hope that all men, and apparently all animals, will be everlastingly happy hereafter.\* Hence he is so well satisfied with the present generation, that his heart has hardly any room for the "great race which is to be." It is true that his vision of the present is not always as radiant as might be

\* *In Memoriam*, liii. Hume mentions a certain Chevalier Ramsay, who believed in the salvation of "all men, beasts, and devils." Origen also looked forward to the Devil being at length reformed. It is to be hoped that, if bugs and rattlesnakes are to be our future companions, they too will be changed. But may not so complete a change as will be needful affect their personal identity? Or, on the other hand, may not the animals in Elysium claim riddance of

gathered from what we have said; indeed, some of his narratives are very tragical. But, even when this is the case, the gloom of the recital is seldom unrelieved. Either, as in "Aylmer's Field," and in "Vivien," the tragical result is due to the sufferer's own fault or folly, or else, as in "Enoch Arden," it is represented as something rare and mysterious, if not sacred—a riddle which we may fail to solve, but which certainly has its solution. And, from this point of view, the poet's tendency to see good underlying evil, and to hope against hope, even when he seems to despair, may be contrasted with the inveterate habit of ending stories badly, with pessimism aforethought, which is so depressing in the masterpieces of George Eliot. It may almost be said that Mr. Tennyson regards the world as in the main a healthy one, though sometimes out of joint; while George Eliot regards it as a moral chaos, with no joint to be out of.

Perhaps, if we desire to see yet further what attitude Mr. Tennyson holds with regard to our social system, considered as a whole, we can

oppressors, and object to the misozoic intrusion of men? The Sandemanians, of whom Faraday was one, are said to throw their universalism into the form that all men are to be saved through Christ, whether they believe in Him or not. Two, if not three, passages in the Pauline Epistles favour this latter view.

hardly do better than inquire what he thinks of such minor matters as old customs. These are, in fact, the straws which show the course of the wind. But it must be owned that the test which they furnish is not infallible. We have known very able men, who in their feelings were tenacious of the past, and who in small matters gave way to those feelings,—who, for example, were made quite uncomfortable if their seat was changed at the dinner-table; while yet, when any important question arose, they reasoned themselves into being reformers. But such persons are rare, and are probably most rare among poets. For, so habitually is the poet under the influence of sentiment and emotion, that he is rarely able, by force of argument, to become a promoter of change if constitutionally adverse to change; he cannot so far work against the grain. And, therefore, in dealing with a poet, great stress should be laid on any indication that he may have left of his views about early usages and traditions. Happily, in the present instance, such an indication is to be found in connection with the festivities of Christmas Eve:—

“Old sisters of a day gone by,  
Grey nurses loving nothing new;  
Why should they miss their yearly due  
Before their time? They too will die.”\*

\* See p. 121, note.

Compare with this passage, and especially with the last four words, the commencement of another passage, which, however, is written in a less regretful spirit—a passage, in the opinion of M. Taine, unsurpassed by any writer since Goethe in calmness and dignity :—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

It is to be observed that these two passages, though differing somewhat in their tone, are alike in this, that they imply the certainty of change, and the transitoriness of all human institutions. To all human institutions the poet seems ready to apply the language which a great orator applied to the House of Lords : they are not “made for perpetuity.” Thus, again, Mr. Tennyson says of our “little systems”—does this phrase include the Church and the Monarchy?—“They have their day and cease to be.” While, however, he accepts the *πάντα ῥεῖ* of civilization, and holds that “the years *with change* advance,” he desires that the change should be a gradual one. He is, indeed, far removed from the base selfishness which vents itself in such phrases as *Après moi le déluge*, and which will stave off reform during its own generation at the peril of revolution in the next. But he thinks that the motion of the



great social engine will be safer if a drag is placed on the wheel. Things are going, and must go, but they are going quite fast enough.\*

It is of great importance, if we would know how far, and in what sense, a man is a Liberal, to inquire whether he is confident or uneasy as to the growth of knowledge. And on this point Mr. Tennyson is fairly explicit. He, of course, wishes Knowledge to "circle with the winds"; but he is yet more anxious that she should "know her place," as "the second, not the first," and that Reverence should fly as her "herald": a very edifying phrase, but one which, as sometimes understood, might tend, we fear, to clip the wings of Knowledge. What is the precise kind of reverence for which, here and elsewhere, the poet is so eager to do battle? It cannot be the reverence due to virtue, talent, and learning; for about the propriety of this reverence there is no dispute. Will it be said that what he is incul-

\* The passage which most exactly expresses this idea occurs in the *Last Tournament*:—

"The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour  
Woos his own end."

But we have hesitated to bring forward this passage, as it is placed in the mouth of Tristram. Has the poet made one of his villains "lie like truth," and express the writer's own sentiments,—as Shakespeare has sometimes expressed his own sentiments in the person of Iago, and the author of the Book of Job in the person of Eliphaz?



cating is reverence for religion, and obedience to the will of God? In that case, his opponents will reply, not that they are unwilling to reverence and obey what they know to be the will of God, but that they must know what is the will of God which they are to reverence and obey. Thus they will maintain that, in doubtful cases, knowledge must fix alike the objects and the limits of reverence; in fact, that Knowledge holds a standing Court of Appeal, in which Reverence is a suitor. It is clear that no consistent advocate of this view, while using the word "reverence" in the above sense, would follow the poet in regarding knowledge as her handmaid. What, then, can the reverence be which the poet opposes to, and sets above, modern inquiry? The reverence to which he refers, so far as it has any meaning, must mean reverence for the teaching and the traditions of the past. Now, we fully admit that the absence of this kind of reverence is the besetting failing of reformers; and, in particular, that reformers in science are too prone to disregard those popular generalizations which are built on the experience of ages, and which, however unscientifically expressed, have often some measure of truth.\* But it is for the very reason that

\* A good instance of this excess of scepticism about empirical inductions, which science has not yet wholly explained,

these defects are so bound up with the spirit of inquiry, that a moralist who values that spirit should hesitate to treat them with severity ; just as a legislator who wished to encourage the accumulation of wealth would not be too hard on an occasional miser. The mind of an advanced thinker has come, through long habit, to run in an innovating groove ; and, if you pull it forcibly out of that groove, there is a danger that it will not run on at all. Of course, it would be better that he should give the past its due ; which is like saying that it would be better if all men were perfect. But we know that even Bacon was unjust to the Aristotelians ; and to expect even the greatest of intellectual pioneers to be always fair in dealing with his predecessors, is like begging a poet to be indulgent to his critics, or warning a tanner against overrating the utility of leather. Perhaps it would not be hard to name distinguished living writers, in various branches of literature, who, through the very greatness of their own achievements, are disinclined to give quarter to persons who still mumble the shibboleths of

is furnished by Mr. Buckle, in his wild doubts about the inheritance of moral qualities. Probably the doubts sometimes expressed about the bad effects of breeding in and in, and about the importance of pure air and pure water, are instances of the same kind. Practical men, such as breeders and doctors, seldom maintain these paradoxes.

former days; but, while one regrets their hard-hitting, and what may be termed their Liberal intolerance, what true reformer would not prefer these Ishmaels to the most courtly apologists of tradition? \* Also, it must be borne in mind that, especially in England, there will always be persons of this latter class who will be only too eager to correct the failings we have described; and, if we follow Aristotle's rule, and deal most leniently with the extremes to which human nature is least disposed, it must be owned that, as between profound knowledge with deficient reverence for the past, and an obsequious reverence for the past with deficient knowledge, the latter defect is not the more uncommon one.

If, however, the poet is not quite happy about the spread of knowledge, he is far less so about the spread of democracy. He is not complimentary in his allusions to the lower classes,—

“The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,  
That every sophister can lime.”

\* More than one intellectual system has owed much of its success to a second founder, who has displayed qualities that were wanting to his chief, and who, by his courage and devotion, has made ample amends for a too aggressive partizanship. It is, I suppose, by virtue of some such title that Omar has been described by M. Renan as the St. Paul of Mahometanism. In like manner, Chrysippus may be called the St. Paul of Stoicism; and is not Professor Huxley the St. Paul of Darwinism?

It is easy "to fool the crowd with glorious lies." Indeed, is not such credulity to be expected from "brainless mobs"? The raw world is to be drilled "till crowds at length be sane, and crowns be just." From this passage, indeed, and from others, we are glad to learn that Mr. Tennyson has no liking for lawless powers, and that he dreads this extreme nearly as much as the opposite one. The wide range, however, of his political antipathies has one bad result. It centres his affections on his countrymen, with something like a Greek or a Jewish exclusiveness. His love is

"For English natures, freemen, friends,  
Thy brothers and immortal souls";\*

almost as if foreigners, as distinguished from his countrymen, were what Mr. Robert Montgomery would have called "soulless things." In truth, he is made thoroughly English by a process of elimination and rejection. A contemporary (and one in which we should not expect to find an excess of Gallican sympathies) has remarked that,

\* This abrupt transition from sublunary relations to souls reminds one of a singular anti-climax the other way. A late head of a college at Oxford is reported to have sent for one of his Fellows who had turned Catholic, and said to him in a stern voice: "Sir, I grieve to inform you that, by this deplorable act, you have not merely imperilled your immortal soul, but also incurred my displeasure."

throughout the poet's writings, there occurs no reference to continental politics, except two or three allusions to France, "not conceived in the most generous spirit."\* Perhaps, too, his works contain one or two indications that he is scarcely more favourable to America and her institutions than to the "schoolboy heat and blind hysterics of the Celt." Thus he is thrown back on his own country. He admits indeed that, even here, there are some inconveniences (probably Reform Bills) which make him "ill at ease." Also, he seems to agree with Mr. Mill about "that chaos of barbarism called English law":—

"the lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances."

But, generally, he likes precedents; at least, he wishes Freedom

"to broaden slowly down  
From precedent to precedent."

\* *Quarterly Review*, No. 252. We have sometimes thought that the poet's long enjoyment of public favour has engendered in him a universal good-humour, and that, except reviewers, and perhaps Frenchmen, he neither hates nor despises any one. His want of liking for the French is natural enough; for, like Clough's Claude, he is assuredly one who—

"Puts not his trust in leagues, nor any suffrage by ballot,  
Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a  
New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of  
heaven  
Right on the Place de la Concorde."



And thus he approves of our solemn march in politics being as slow and stately as that of the ghost in *Hamlet*. Indeed, we are, in all respects, a chosen generation and a peculiar people,—

“we are a people yet,  
Tho’ all men else their nobler dreams forget.”

This sentiment of nationality, or, let us say, insularity, in the poet is in many ways suggestive. There is a proverb which deprecates the superfluous toil of supplying from elsewhere the town of Newcastle with coals. Do the English, as a rule, require that their favourite poet should be continually applying sedatives to their national diffidence, and reminding them of their superiority to the rest of the world? May one not even ask whether he might not have been a yet greater man than he is, if he had been less subject to what look like Laureate influences, and, perhaps, if he had not been Laureate?

As Mr. Tennyson is so great an admirer of his country, he is naturally enthusiastic for constitutional monarchy. We do not mean merely that he deems that institution suitable to England at the present time. He would wish the plant to be of very general growth, and he certainly does not underrate its medicinal properties. It is true that, in one passage, relating to future ages, he speaks of “the vast Republics that may grow.”



But each of these will probably be, what he calls England, a "crown'd Republic." Or, if they are to be crownless, we may be sure that they will be worked by the "great race" which he foresees, that they will send deputies to "the Parliament of Man," and will be united in "the Federation of the World." If such Republics are to be, it is to us as if they were not to be; for they lie beyond the reach of present conduct. In the meantime, at any rate, he would, we imagine, be as zealous for the British constitution as statesmen were shortly after the fall of Napoleon. Indeed, it is in his poem on the great antagonist of Napoleon, that he has expressed himself to this effect most strongly. The following passage deserves notice:—

"O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul,  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind."

In these lines, some of us may think the "loyal passion" a little extravagant. But we must not on that account be hard on their author; for a passionate loyalty is as natural, and, in a certain sense, as becoming, in a Conservative poet, as a want of political foresight is in a bishop. If we

desired to multiply proofs of the respectful interest that Mr. Tennyson takes in everything royal, we should recur to his Laureate poems. But, instead of making so unprofitable a digression, we will give, for what they are worth, two passages from the "Idylls of the King"—passages which are doubtless historically appropriate, but which are curious as indicating the sort of particulars on which the poet loves to dwell. The first passage is that in which the disreputable Modred is spared by Lancelot, because of the latter (unhappily for himself and for others) "reverencing king's blood in a bad man." The other passage is the one that describes how the repentant Guinevere was at length set over a nunnery, in consequence of various qualifications, "and likewise for the high rank she had borne." Is it as a satirist that the poet tells us this? Doubtless, in those times, Guinevere's former rank would have told in her favour. Yet, when we reflect how she had borne that rank, and why she lost it, it seems an odd reason for making her abbess.

In the above instances, we have a good illustration of the difficulty which arises in regard to so many of Mr. Tennyson's poems—the difficulty of extracting a definite and certain moral from them. This difficulty is especially marked in the case of the "Idylls"; and must serve as our

excuse for saying less about them than the space they occupy in the entire collection would seem to warrant. Indeed, the poet himself seems to waver as to the meaning which he attaches to them. He has come, of late years, to regard them less as embodying an ideal, and more as an allegory. This change in his interpretation of the "Idylls," has been marked by a change in his manner of treating them. He has tended more and more to bring an element of unearthliness into them, till at last, towards the close of "Gareth and Lynette," we light on a spiritual wonderland, where the atmosphere is charged with allegory, and where we expect every moment to meet our old acquaintances, Apollyon and Giant Despair. But, in three out of the four original "Idylls," this magical apparatus is almost wanting; and, in Guinevere above all, there are passages which not merely are not allegorical, but are plainly didactic in their tone, and, indeed, have a strong flavour of a modern sermon. Here, then, the times of Arthur are clearly held up as an ideal; but how far the ideal is regarded as attainable now, is another matter. It is probable that the poet holds an attitude towards those times similar to that which Comte held towards the Catholic Middle Ages, and Mr. Grote towards the Athens of Pericles. He regards them, not as

the shore towards which we are to steer, but as the polar star by gazing on which we are to shape our course. In other words, he considers them his Golden Age; though, like Shelley, he doubtless would not wish to see "the golden years return," without great changes. Indeed, a fusion between the customs and ideas of the two ages is utterly impossible. As Burke said, the age of chivalry is gone; and, from what the poet writes about that age, it is hard to draw conclusions as to what he thinks about his own age. The only such conclusions that we shall attempt to draw fall under one head. These poems seem to recognise the subjection of women in its extreme form. The wife is throughout represented as existing mainly for the sake of her husband,—indeed, as being a sort of detached limb of her husband, or a live piece of domestic furniture. Of course, the poet himself does not go so far as this. He is kept from any such extravagance by being, in a manner, tied down to the present age. But there is little doubt that he sometimes approaches as near to that extreme view as the length of his tether will allow. There is, no doubt, high authority in support of this opinion. St. Paul, among whose many merits respect for conjugal (or, indeed, for political) independence had no place, speaks of woman as

being the glory of the man, as man is the glory of God ; seemingly establishing, in this respect, a sort of geometrical ratio between the three. And Milton, in a well-known line, has given expression, in a modified form, to the same unchivalrous idea. But perhaps the most singular assertion of the marital prerogative is addressed by the Tamed Shrew to her sister, Bianca :—

“ Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ” ;

and more to the same effect. Such sentiments, however, which were scarcely anachronisms some centuries ago, are great anachronisms now ; and it is because the literature of the past contains so much in favour of these degrading doctrines that one is bound to meet them with a more emphatic protest. Akin to the poet's teaching about wifely subjection is his support of ultra-domesticity ; he attaches, not indeed too great, but too exclusive an importance to the duties subsisting between husband and wife, and indirectly to those subsisting between all the members of the family ; other duties are thrown into the background. Need we say that the ideal of the family is, not that some members of it should be mainly instrumental to the happiness of other members, but that the various members should comfort and sustain one another in struggling for the good of all men ?



This latter obligation is well expressed, though with a tinge of Quixotic burlesque, by the cousin of Aurora Leigh :—

“To wed

Requires less mutual love than common love,  
For two together to bear out at once  
Upon the loveless many. Work in pairs,  
In galley-couplings or in marriage-rings,  
The difference lies in the honour, not the work,—  
And such we're bound to. . . . Love's fool-paradise  
Is out of date, like Adam's.”

In this passage is laid down a principle diametrically opposed to the prevailing custom, which regards a married couple as a species of double star, revolving in a single orbit, and having only an indirect influence on the surrounding universe. Now, the “Idylls” tend to encourage this double-star theory of marriage, at least so far as the duties of the wife are concerned; and thus fuel is added to a flame which, in truth, required water. Our comfortable and comfort-seeking age is only too anxious to forget the great doctrine which early Christianity taught in its own way—the doctrine that whoso devotes himself to duty and the good of others, may claim with us a higher and closer than any natural kinship: he is our brother, and sister, and mother. Far be it from us to exalt public duties to the exclusion of private. But the importance of these latter is a lesson which, theoretically, most men, and especially



most Englishmen, have already overlearnt. These duties they should be taught to fulfil, and not to leave the others unfulfilled.

If any comment were needed on the feudal relations between husband and wife, it might be found in the loyalty or servility of the too submissive Enid. But our limits forbid us to inquire why the poet so revels in cases of domestic morality run mad; or what he thinks of the unmaidenliness of Lynette, or of the posthumous trip of Elaine, or of the asceticism of Sir Galahad, or of the contrast—reflecting, if it does not encourage, one of the worst faults of our social system—between the lingering respect which, to the last, the perfect king entertained for Lancelot, and the “flaming death” which he, at one time, destined for Guinevere. From the “Idylls” we pass to the “Princess”—a poem which exhibits some of the poet’s opinions about women more clearly than any other single poem, even than “Locksley Hall”; for the “Princess” has at least the merit, that in it the poet does not act the part of a ventriloquist, speaking in a voice unlike his own, and sending it from every possible corner. Its moral, whether good or bad, is quite simple. It deals with the higher education of women; and on that education it is a satire. We are well aware that, in the poem, this question is

mixed up with that of the more disputable one of "women's rights." But, after all, the two objects are distinct; and it is to the higher education of women that we now wish to call attention. We may even think that, before we are in a position to inquire how far the more dazzling prizes of life should be placed within women's reach, they should receive a thoroughly sound education; that probably their acquisition of knowledge should have the stimulus of constant emulation; and that certainly the knowledge itself should be brought to the test of frequent examinations, for the want of which, so few, even of clever women, know how much they know, and at what point their knowledge ceases. It is scarcely too much to say that the poet, at least when he wrote the "Princess," regarded the higher education of a woman, like the strength and beauty of a Helot, as a forbidden luxury. A cynical Conservative, on being asked whether the mind of Miss Martineau was not strong and original, is reported to have answered, that it was "as strong as poison, and as original as sin." In parts of the "Princess" there is a spirit similar to this, though transformed into an angel of light. It may doubtless be objected that what the poet condemns in women is, not learning, but pedantry; but to this objection we may apply reasoning almost identical

with that which we have used already, when speaking of free inquiry and reverence. Pedantry is a sort of shadow which tends to follow learning, and to darken its course. Where there are many learned persons, there will generally be some pedants. And the weakness is one to which, at present, learned women are peculiarly liable. They know that the general public used not to relish them as a class, and that, even now, it regards not a few of them as "social failures"; and they, in their turn, are tempted to confront the public with that commonest of failings, a self-asserting timidity—an uneasiness disguised as excess of ease. It is as if they wished, by showing off their wisdom, to convict their persecutors of folly. But, as the status of authoresses improves, their characteristic defects, which are much diminished already, are likely to disappear; and, in any case, those defects, and the corresponding merits, of learned women grow so close together, that even the former deserve consideration: we shall not be in a hurry to burn up the tares, if we set a just value on the wheat. It is only fair to add that, in a fine passage, the poet predicts that men and women will "grow liker." His concession, however, is not worth much; for, as usual, he expects the crown of civilisation to come without the cross. He seems to believe

in a *vis medicatrix nature*, by virtue of which social maladies, if left alone, will cure themselves. And thus he persists in opposing the first step that tends towards the distant goal; for distant, in the present case, it is certainly to be,—“in the long years,” possibly in the millennium. Hence, we may conclude that, with regard to the position of women, the poet is a Conservative; and that, just as some great philosopher—we think Hume—regarded free-thinking, in the popular sense of the term, as “too strong a virtue for a woman,” so our author seems to consider all free thought and free discussion as lying out of her province.

While, however, we maintain that, on the whole, the poet's opinion about women is what is called stationary, we must add that to this rule there are two exceptions. We heartily agree with the first exception, which is to be found in the “Princess,” *quâ minime reris*. He holds that it will be a boon to woman when mankind—

“Will clear away the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down.”

We understand this passage to refer to that exaggerated politeness by which men often wish to protest that they respect women, but by which, like the play-queen in *Hamlet*, they in reality “protest too much.” Of course, we are speaking

only of courtesy, which, as Guildenstern would have said, is "not of the right breed." So long as Nature—acting, it may be, through what the Newton of the biological sciences has so happily called "sexual selection"—thinks proper to make women physically, if not intellectually, weaker than men, it is right and proper that this weakness should be counteracted by extra attention. But it should be borne in mind that this extra attention is only the corrective, and should in some sort be the measure, of woman's weakness; and that, if excessive, it tends to perpetuate that weakness: just as a weak leg, if overbandaged, is disabled from acquiring strength. In truth, the "enforced ceremony" which Shakespeare notices specially in connection with the decline of love and friendship, should be regarded as a *bush* which is by no means a guarantee of *good wine*. Still, it is generally better for reforms to come from within than from without; and, in the present instance, if men are to assume a more erect attitude in their social dealings with women, it would be less satisfactory that the change should be imposed on women by men, than that women themselves should be educated into desiring it. Anyhow, the existing fault is on the right side. It may sometimes be wise to pay even an excessive honour to the weaker vessel, on



the principle on which (to carry on a former illustration) a surgeon, when in doubt, will prefer giving a sprained leg too much support to giving it too little. We need scarcely add that these remarks may be applied to the almost universal readiness with which men, and especially men whom women delight to honour, give a seeming assent to feminine fallacies, and in general estimate woman's work—

“Not as mere work, but as mere woman's work,  
Expressing the comparative respect  
Which means the absolute scorn.”

In fact, men are too prone to answer a woman according to her womanliness, and haply to take as their motto, *Mulier vult decipi, et decipiatur*; they treat her like a child by making her, as it were, stand on a table, and then telling her gravely that she is taller than they are. A late statesman and writer is reported to have said that “every woman requires flattery: in the case of an ordinary woman, it should be applied with a paint-brush; but in the case of a queen, it must be laid on with a broom.” That the use even of this too fascinating paint-brush is really insulting to women, I should be the first to insist. But I insist no less strongly that it is for them to make men feel that its application is super-



fluous: *Assentatorem fugiant, nam perfidus idem est.\**

The other exception to which we refer may be expressed in the words, that love is "lord of all." It moves our poet's indignation that parents should ever "sell" their daughters, as he calls it;† in other words, that they should be so unromantic as to prefer rich and well-born respectability to the most exalted penniless virtue. We own that, on this point, we are more conservative, or at least more indulgent to Conservatives, than the poet is. Of course, personal predilections

\* Compare Clough's rather cynical lines:—

"Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving and so exacting,  
Since we cannot escape, must we even submit to deceive you?  
Since so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and revolts you,  
Will you have us your slaves to lie to you, flatter and—  
leave you?"

May not the truth which underlies this exaggeration be embodied in the phrase: *Mulier non nisi parendo vincitur?*

† "The woman-markets of the West,  
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold,"  
mean, we imagine, balls and parties. In the *Ringlet*, a jilted suitor burns a lock of hair which had been given him by his *quondam* intended, and indignantly exclaims,—

"For what is this which now I'm told,  
I that took you for true gold?  
She that gave you's bought and sold,  
Sold, sold."

Would not an actual recipient of such a token have been more generous than to write this, or to think it?

will count for everything in the Golden Year; but then, in the Golden Year many other things will be different. So long as wealth enjoys its present amount of consideration, and so long as women, as a rule, like consideration so much, and poverty so little, it seems natural that parents should wish their sons-in-law to be, at least, not poor. Indeed, from the poet himself they may take warning about an unequal marriage, in which

“ They that loved  
At first like dove and dove, were cat and dog.  
She was the daughter of a cottager,  
Out of her sphere.”

It is evident that the poet is not prepared to go the length of Rousseau, and to blame a king for being unwilling that his daughter should marry an executioner, who should chance to be her most virtuous suitor. Yet, with the extreme supposition of this unprincely alliance, the reasoning implied in the poet's more moderate opinion is, to some extent, involved. The question is, after all, one of degree; and the rule must vary in different cases. There are many persons of whom one could safely predict that, if poverty came in at the door, their love would not fly out of the window. So, again, a wide discretion should be granted to “middle-aged young ladies,” whose judgment is ripe, whose choice of suitors is lessen-

ing, and at whose door poverty is not likely to enter in the shape of a large family. It is, indeed, probable that, in relation to daughters of all sorts, parents often exercise their authority too much and too long. Yet, seeing how often a *mariage de convenance* turns out happily, we own that we cannot hate those too watchful protectors as hard as the poet seems to hate them. Briefly, then, we think that marriages will never be made in heaven, until the earth is a paradise; and that the reform by which the wisest and best men will always be given the victory in the struggle for matrimony, is one of those gregarious reforms which must bide the time of other reforms, and which, like misfortunes, will not come single.

The two poems which deal with this subject most fully, are "Locksley Hall" and "Aylmer's Field." The former of these is not so safe a guide to us as might be wished, for the old reason that it is hard to say how far in it the poet is his own interpreter. Still, we may remark that, in this poem, the hero resents too savagely his cousin's fickleness; and we may be sure that the rich cousin-in-law, when possessed with the pugnacious jealousy and the spoony priggishness of a young bridegroom, would have been better pleased with a modest and resigned *Tua sit*

*Lavinia conjux*, than with being told that his nature was gross, and that he was a clown. Nor can it be said that the poet is wholly uncommitted to what he makes his hero say; for, on other subjects, the hero is the eloquent exponent of the poet's own views. You cannot play fast and loose with your mouthpiece. If a character is your *alter ego* up to a certain point, he cannot, without a distinct disavowal, suddenly cease to be your *alter ego*. And thus it is hard to suppose that the hero of "Locksley Hall" who is Mr. Tennyson when he speaks about knowledge and progress, can be wholly unlike Mr. Tennyson when he speaks about love. While saying this, however, we fully admit that in parts of "Locksley Hall" there is a certain designed exaggeration, and that the poet's views about parents' duties and daughters' rights are more clearly exhibited in "Aylmer's Field." Mr. Simcox, in his paper on "Art and Morality," has remarked that "it is hard not to think 'Aylmer's Field' an immoral poem." It is certainly odd that, in this poem, the reader is made to sympathize with the holders of a clandestine correspondence. Much might be said about such secret letters; but they are a very delicate subject to handle, whether on the part of the writer, receiver, discoverer, poet, or reviewer. Suffice it to say,

that it seems hard that the clergyman—while casting no reproach on his brother Leolin's under-hand dealing, and while extending to the latter's suicide (it was not euthanasia) an excessive and most unpriestly indulgence—should have preached a violent sermon at Edith's parents, from the too applicable text, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Of Mr. Tennyson's poems the worst in point of moral is "Maud." Hitherto we have only complained of him as standing still, when he ought to push forward. In "Maud" he is a reactionist. The tendency of this poem is towards the revival of faults which, in England at least, were fast dying out,—the thirst for military glory, and the aristocratic contempt for trade. Indeed, at the thought of the "giant liar" the poet is seized with a sort of polemomania. It must be understood that, in saying this, we are urging nothing against wars which are practically defensive; including under that term, wars, seemingly offensive, which forestall a threatened aggression. Also, we are well aware that ancient writers—Lucan, for example—have decried the enervating effects of a long peace, and have contended for the bracing moral atmosphere of war. They seem to think that peaceful nations are, as it were, sentenced to "groan and sweat" in a life-long



and exhausting slavery; and that, of this sentence, without shedding of blood, there is no remission. Even Shakespeare, whether expressing his own opinions or not, has written in this spirit. Falstaff speaks with scorn of the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace." And the servants of Aufidius describe peace as making men hate one another, "because they then less need one another." Nor is such language without a side of truth. A great war has sometimes had a wonderful effect in drawing together a disunited people, and in widening the military zeal, commonly known as *esprit de corps*, into a not less absorbing love of fatherland. It has also sometimes happened that such consolidation has been most important to a commonwealth, and that it is hard to see by what other process it could have been brought about. And when the nation thus benefited has been one to which civilisation owes much, people are apt to cast an indulgent glance on its wars, and to apply to them the convenient euphemism, that they were justified by the result; though, even then, the gain has been purchased at a frightful moral cost to conquerors as well as conquered, and though, as affecting neutrals and posterity, an unnecessary war must always be an act *pessimi exempli*. Still, the above remarks apply mainly to ancient wars;



and, granting that war may have had its uses formerly, as much may be said of slavery ; so that we have no more right to infer any present use in the one social evil than in the other. Indeed, it is one of the great advantages of modern civilisation, and especially of free institutions, that they offer so many good outlets to individual activity, which might otherwise have centered on self. Some such activity possessed the hero of "Maud." We quite agree that, being in a morbid state of mind, he, like his fellow in "Locksley Hall," was right in resolving to "mix with action." But we do not much like the line which his energy took. One is startled to read in Horace Walpole of an enterprising young student, who, on failing in an application for a chaplaincy, acquiesced in the modest duties of a postilion. And, with a disappointment not wholly unlike this, one hears that a philosopher, even an indifferent one, should, out of all professions, have chosen that of a soldier. One considers such a renegade as a poetical revival of the philosopher Iccius, who sunk his wisdom in war, and who

"Socraticam domum  
Mutare loriceis Iberis,  
Pollicitus meliora, tendit."

Also, the anti-climax strikes us all the more from its occurring in a work of fiction ; for the entire

plot of the work must have depended on its author's caprice, and he would certainly have told us if his hero's combativeness had been the result of secondary considerations, such as a large military connection, or private interest at the Horse-Guards. Why should not the restless young zealot have been made to find a vent for his surplus activity in turning to—

“dearer matters,  
Dear to the man that is dear to God:  
How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings of the poor”?

Still, so long as we have wars, we must have soldiers; and, therefore, what we most complain of in “Maud” is, not that its leading character should have drowned his reflections in the Crimean war, but that war itself should be held up to our respect as a condition of national well-being. The poet seems to think about bodies politic, what the old school of doctors used to think about natural bodies, that it is only by an occasional blood-letting that their noxious humours can be discharged. Was he not in a juster as well as a happier frame of mind, when he said of our greatest warrior that—

“for one so true  
There must be other, nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo”?

Doubtless, it may be objected that the wild speaker in "Maud" is not the poet, and does not express the poet's views. We quite agree that there is, in relation to "Maud," this double personality. Indeed, we consider the poem about as striking an instance as could be named of what we call poetical ventriloquism. The objection, however, may be met by the two rules of interpretation which were laid down at the outset of this article. First, the poet was not obliged to expound the erratic views of "Maud"; nor would he have done so without disclaimer, if he had been strongly opposed to them,—if, for example, he had been a member of the Peace-party or an admirer of the Emperor Nicholas. We put these extreme cases in order to show that the poet cannot wholly escape responsibility for opinions which he delivers, so to say, at second-hand. It is merely a question of degree how far his responsibility extends. Secondly, there can at least be no doubt as to the impression which "Maud" leaves on many readers. Able writers and speakers, from Mr. Cobden downwards, have condemned the moral of this poem; and it is only the beauty of certain passages that has procured for it from Liberals the toleration which it has received.

From this distasteful subject it is a relief to

turn to the good service done by the poet in regard to theology. We have already spoken of his religious optimism; and the few words that we have to add about his theology relate chiefly to its social aspects. Two kindred questions, or parts of the same question, present themselves—what does he expect as to the religion of the future? and what influence does he exercise on the religion of the present? On the former of these questions, his trumpet gives an uncertain sound. We have referred to his mention of “the Christ that is to be,” apparently the prophet of the future, who might seem to have some affinity with “the great race which is to be,” and who will perhaps raise among them a theological phoenix out of the ashes of beliefs now existing. With this passage might be compared the statement that “God fulfils Himself in many ways,” the passage about “our little systems,” and the somewhat stronger metaphor contained in the words, “a dust of systems and of creeds.” It must be owned that the last two passages have a resemblance to Shelley’s couplet,—

“Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.”

The sentiment, common to these three passages, comes most naturally from writers who take—as

Shelley avowedly took—a bird's-eye view of our “little systems” of belief, and who

“sit as God, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all.”

One seems to hear the echo of a deeper and sadder scepticism in the lines,—

“So hold I commerce with the dead;  
Or so methinks the dead would say;  
Or so shall grief with symbols play,  
And pining life be fancy-fed.”

From the above considerations, which might easily be pressed farther, it is hard to resist the conclusion that Mr. Tennyson, in certain phases of his mind, has doubts whether Christianity is the ultimate form of God's revelation to man. But there are passages which point to different phases of his mind; and, on the whole, we are disposed to think that he is contained in that promising (if rather unsightly) chrysalis, the Broad Church party, and that his creed is a colourless orthodoxy, and a Christianity without Hell. From this point of view, the expressions just cited have great importance; for they tend to show how our present Christianity differs from the Christianity of olden time, and how the Protestantism of thoughtful laymen is riddled through and through with rationalism. By reverting to one passage, we may make our meaning

clear. Suppose a clergyman to have studied his Paley and Pearson, and to have convinced others, and perhaps himself, that the creeds and articles contain eternal truth. Will he not open his eyes, if he observes that our most popular poet, a poet smiled on by orthodoxy, says that our little systems "cease to be," and unflatteringly compares them to "broken lights"? We are not quite clear what conclusion either the poet or the clergyman would draw from these premises. But, at any rate, the poet furnishes us with an unclerical method of looking at great questions; and in the method much is involved.\* To a like effect, we may quote other passages from the same poem,—

"We have but faith, we cannot know,  
For knowledge is of things we see."

\* It is remarkable how systematically the poet bases his belief in a future life on natural religion, rather than on the apostolic teaching, as attested by miracles. In this, he is following in the track of other modern thinkers, who are awakening to a sense of what the writer heard Mr. Grote term the "disingenuousness of Paley." The less short-sighted even of the clergy are beginning to see the danger of disabling human reason, and of pinning revelation to its external evidences. They are beginning to learn that the irrepressible miracles and prophecies which appear as witnesses for discordant theologies, really contradict one another; nay, that (rightly considered) they are not a support, but an incumbrance. Whence it follows that the only and the unique claim of Christianity is founded on its internal evidences, and that religion is nothing if not moral.



We have heard very simple-minded believers repeat these lines with delight. But we doubt whether a simple-minded believer could have written them. They attribute certainty to the domain, not of faith, but of sight. How strangely such a doctrine contrasts with the intense and exclusive reality which the Apostles and Fathers bestowed on things unseen,—with the “we know no man after the flesh,” and the “I know and am persuaded” of St. Paul! Again, the poet expresses anxiety in *In Memoriam* lest, in the posthumous race through states of being, he should evermore be a life behind his friend. Can we reconcile this apprehension with the confident language of the texts, “To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,” and “We shall be for ever with the Lord” (and therefore, I suppose, with each other)? A similar remark may be applied to the line,—

“Believing where we cannot prove.”

It is not easy to reconcile these words with the command to “prove all things”; and we wonder what a missionary would rejoin to so convenient a plea, if it was put forward, in the last resort, by a discomfited heathen. One thing, at least, is certain. It was not by giving theology the benefit of a charitable doubt, or by consciously letting religious sentiment fill up the chinks of evidence,

that the early Christians out of weakness were made strong, till at last they were more than conquerors. Our last quotation shall be one as to the meaning of which there can be no mistake.

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

Surely even the least sensitive orthodox ear must be struck by a discord between this sentiment and other good things that are taught; for it must be owned that “doubting” or “wavering” is not among the virtues most insisted on in the Bible. It is true that Mr. Tennyson’s Liberalism must seem tame to readers of Carlyle, who, in reference to the hero of *Sartor Resartus*, observes,—“Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God’s existence.” But it is with a different class of readers that our poet’s mission lies. Hundreds of excellent persons, who never open *Sartor Resartus*, take up their *In Memoriam*, and read with surprise how good and wholesome a thing “honest doubt” is. These hopeful neophytes will be yet further bewildered on learning that our Poet-Laureate was a friend of the unorthodox Maurice and still more unorthodox John Stirling, and that he glanced at the former’s would-be persecutors—comprising the bulk of

the clerical party—with the respect that they deserved. Thus the poet has the great merit that he speaks, like Rabshakeh, to the people on the wall. His teaching is addressed, not to the instructed few, but to the many, who most need it. It may, in a manner, be said of his influence, that it is beaten out thin; and that it gains in the extent of its surface what it loses in solidity and depth. Sir Charles Lyell said of Hugh Miller that, though his opinions were often wrong, yet he did good in his way; for the general public would take from Hugh Miller what it would not take from a greater geologist. In like manner, Mr. Tennyson is a schoolmaster to lead us to more mature thinkers. And, having said this, we have, in fact, answered the question as to the poet's influence on existing modes of belief. He has used the gentlest possible means of telling his readers that religious questions may involve difficulties, and that it is often the wisest and best men who feel those difficulties the most. And this lesson is a lesson of toleration.

In conclusion, we must bear in mind how essentially Mr. Tennyson is a popular poet; and we thus become reconciled to the fact that his works would certainly be expurgated in the Comtist Utopia, and that they do not contain the moral *Liebig*, which would alone satisfy descend-

ants of the Platonic guardians. He is a physician of whom they that are whole have little need, but who may do good to the sickly and weak. If his sayings about theology err on the side of caution, it is something that he has helped to rid his countrymen of that hereditary intolerance which had become to them a second nature. If his ethical remarks are mostly commonplace, and if he attaches too exclusive an importance to domestic morality, it is much that he has taught that morality, in its purest form, in every educated household. The task of giving to the many what the many can bear, if not the highest task of all, is a necessary one. And of the success with which the poet has acquitted himself of this task, there can be no greater proof than the fact that he is the only living Englishman, besides Mr. Carlyle, whose name is already classical, and rings, as it were, of the past; so that we are glad, at parting, to apply to him Byron's line about Canova, and to say that

Such as the great of yore is Tennyson to-day.\*

\* An admirer of Tennyson who saw his "Promise of May" acted at the Lyceum might quote from the same stanza of "Childe Harold":—

"Thy decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity."

## CHARLES AUSTIN.

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“Nec vero ille in luce modo atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior. Qui sermo! quæ præcepta! quanta notitia antiquitatis! quæ scientia juris!”—CICERO.

WHEN Mr. Charles Austin died last December [1874], the event attracted so little notice, that it was hard to realise that we had lost one of the very ablest men of our time; not merely the most successful leader of the Parliamentary bar, but a thinker to whose ascendancy Mr. Mill has borne emphatic witness,\* and who was a chief apostle of the Utilitarian philosophy. That this indifference should have prevailed is scarcely cause for wonder. When any one whose fame is not enshrined in some great public service or literary masterpiece, spends the last twenty-six years of his life in seclusion, his friends must expect a generation to have arisen which knows him not. But they may at least claim that the causes of his retirement, if stated at all, should be stated correctly. Unhappily, in the present instance, those causes have been stated most incorrectly.

\* *Autobiography*, pp. 76-79, &c.

To judge by the short notices in the newspapers, the general impression seems to be that Mr. Austin was idle when he might have worked, and that his great object in life was twofold—to make money, and to enjoy it. A writer in a newspaper, who, at any rate, does Mr. Austin justice intellectually, has shared and encouraged the common belief; he says expressly that Mr. Austin retired “in the full vigour of his life.” Now, the truth is, that his health was so completely broken by overwork, that he himself, as I have heard him say, thought he was dying. Some years later, he tried to resume public business, but found himself unequal to the task, or, indeed, to any great mental exertion. Were it necessary, it would be easy to confirm this statement by adverting to the extreme exhaustion and premature signs of age, noticed in him by his colleagues.\* The seeds of the mischief had been long sown. In early youth, he outgrew his strength; and, like the celebrated John Austin, he was always nervous and delicate.† But the careers of the two brothers present an

\* One who knew him well writes to me,—“He had a severe illness in 1844, from which I am not sure he ever quite recovered. He struggled on, however, till 1848, when he quitted the bar. He had, indeed, no choice.”

† John Austin was a great writer on Jurisprudence. He was husband of Sarah Austin (*Characteristics of Goethe*), and father of Lady Duff Gordon, the traveller and writer.



instructive contrast. John, failing at the Bar, stooped to conquer in a field where he could husband his physical resources, and avoid being instant out of season; while Charles, after a prodigious success, became a great intellectual torso, and must be ranked with those whom Lord Dalling has called "men of promise," and Shelley has called "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." I shall have to return to this subject; but I must here insist that Mr. Charles Austin's retirement was wholly due to his suffering from infirm, or rather ruined, health. *Quam tenui aut nullâ potius valetudine! Quod ni ita fuisset, alterum ille exstitisset lumen civitatis.*

During his long seclusion, it was my great good fortune, while still young and open to new impressions, to be admitted almost as a member of his family. Ever since 1859, I had the opportunity of judging of those powers of which I had heard so much. In one respect, I saw him at a disadvantage. Mr. Mill spoke to me in high terms of his conversational powers; Mrs. Grote (in the *Life of George Grote*) calls him "this accomplished gentleman, and—I say it advisedly, considering myself qualified to apply the epithet—first of *conversers*"; and a friend of his, Sir Erskine Perry, writes in a private letter, that his conversational powers were "more brilliant than those of any

man I ever met, and I measure him with such men as Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Theodore Hook." In his last fifteen years, his declining health must have told on his conversation, for I failed to discern in it that vigorous and sustained readiness which produced so deep an impression. But, in spite of this drawback, his mind was the most comprehensive and stimulating, the most widely informed, and the most widely sympathetic, with which I ever came into close contact. Of my personal impressions, however, I will say but little; for, in referring to one who was really *in loco parentis* to me, I find it hard to speak with moderation. It may be better that, through my own reminiscences (together with those of one or two friends), I should furnish materials from which impartial critics may form a judgment. Such reminiscences have more than a mere biographical interest. Mr. Austin was a representative man, and formed a connecting link between what may be termed the older and the more recent school of Benthamites. As in age, so in some of his opinions, he occupied an intermediate place between Mr. Grote and Mr. Mill. Hence it may be well, in the following sketch, to make an occasional comparison between his views and those of his two distinguished friends, and also to give some of his criticisms on their views.

Of the impression left by Mr. Austin in early life, Mr. Mill writes as follows:—

“The effect produced on his Cambridge contemporaries deserves to be accounted an historical event, for to it may in part be traced the tendency towards Liberalism in general, and the Benthamic and politico-economic form of it in particular, which showed itself in a portion of the more active-minded young men of the higher classes from this time to 1830. The Union Debating Society, at that time at the height of its reputation, was an arena where what were then thought extreme opinions, in politics and philosophy, were weekly asserted, face to face with their opposites, before audiences consisting of the *élite* of the Cambridge youth; and though many persons afterwards, of more or less note, of whom Lord Macaulay is the most celebrated, gained their first oratorical laurels in these debates, the really influential mind among these intellectual gladiators was Charles Austin. He continued, after leaving the University, to be, by his conversation and personal ascendancy, a leader among the same class of young men who had been his associates there, and he attached me, among others, to his car. . . . He was a man who never failed to impress greatly those with whom he came in contact, even when their opinions were the very reverse of his. The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which, combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world.”\*

It may be added that it was he who initiated Macaulay in Liberalism. Macaulay's early education had been in the main Conservative, except on

\* Since this was written, Macaulay's *Life* has confirmed this statement. Charles Austin is there described as the only man who ever exercised a “dominating influence” over Macaulay.

the important point of Slavery; and the late Lady Trevelyan told me how her brother startled his family with the accounts he brought from Cambridge of the opinions and influence of Charles Austin. To the last, Mr. Austin spoke to his *quondam* disciple with friendly candour. "Macaulay," he once said to him in reference to his *History*, "you always have by you some white and some black paint; when you describe a Tory, you put on the black paint, and when you describe a Whig, the white." Yet he went beyond Macaulay in regard to Charles I.'s execution, which he thought a political necessity. But he did not feel that personal rancour against Charles which is shown by some Liberals. He said that, if the unhappy king had lived in a private station, he would have been conspicuous as an amiable and high-bred gentleman—"something between Lord Derby and Lord Lansdowne."

When Mr. Austin went to the Bar, he was much impressed, both personally and professionally, by Scarlett. He spoke of the latter's singular art, or rather habit, of concealing his art; and he confirmed the old saying that, to the world at large, Scarlett seemed to show no ability in pleading, but to have the good luck to be always employed on the right side. Mr. Austin's father confessed to great disappointment on hearing Scarlett plead;

but Mr. Austin himself, who acted as Scarlett's junior in the case, explained to him how much skill and labour was involved in Scarlett's seemingly plain statement. He was much struck by the modernness, so to say, of Cicero's defence of Cluentius; and this speech, though more rhetorical than Scarlett's speeches, in other respects reminded him of them exactly. He was in general something of a *laudator temporis acti se puero*; and thought both the Bench and the Bar of our day inferior to the Bench and Bar of his own. But he made an exception in favour of Bethell; whom, though not used to pay such compliments, he described to me as "one of the greatest advocates" that ever lived." He also expressed admiration of the skill shown by the counsel in a famous Scotch case, who kept constantly insinuating, without expressly stating,—if he had stated it expressly the judge would have stopped him,—that (assuming his client's guilt) her lover, who refused to give up her love-letters, deserved his fate. As a rule, Mr. Austin was Conservative in legal matters. But he was not an enthusiast for trial by jury. He deemed this national institution chiefly important on the ground that the fact of having to sum up forces the judge to listen to the evidence. He called my attention to the carelessness which witnesses often show as to the exact



purport, both of the counsel's questions and of their own answers. An exception to this rule was the great Duke of Wellington, whom he described as one of the two best witnesses he had ever cross-examined.

A newspaper has said that "his income in 1847—the great railway year—was something fabulous, nor do we venture to state the sums which we have heard mentioned." He did not know the exact sum himself. It was undoubtedly very great, but, he thought, exaggerated by report. There is an authentic story that, on one occasion—it was the year of the great gold discoveries—when he left his chambers, some one wrote on the door, "Gone to California." Indeed, his success at the Bar is sufficiently evident from the fact that he refused the Solicitor-Generalship. I was informed by the late Lord Stanley of Alderley that, health permitting, Mr. Austin might certainly have become Lord Chancellor. He seldom referred to his speeches. Like Macaulay, he attached little value to artificial rules of composition. He, however, agreed with Voltaire that hardly any one who has not practised himself in poetry ever writes prose well; and accordingly he wrote much, when young, in the heroic couplet. He thought that there was a great advantage in adopting this metre, on the ground that, as almost



every sentence is included in a separate couplet, a facility is acquired in the art of compression. He also deemed it serviceable, in public speaking, to make an occasional use of the archaic and familiar diction of the Bible. But his favourite means of attracting attention was by means of an artistically contrived *bathos*. He raised expectation by a succession of rhetorical phrases, tending to a climax; and then suddenly dropped into a quiet ending. This last contrivance, he told me, never failed to be effective. I call attention to this, as Mr. Mill says of him that "it is seldom that men produce so great an immediate effect by speech, unless they in some degree lay themselves out for it; and he did this in no ordinary degree." He took much interest in great speeches and speakers, and in criticisms on them. He told me that Lord Lansdowne considered Mr. Bright, as an orator, fully equal to Charles Fox.\*

His literary productions were few, consisting mainly of articles in the *Retrospective* and *Westminster Reviews*. His attention was, during so many years, completely withdrawn from literature, that he had even forgotten the subjects and dates of his articles. In one of them, he had a

\* Lord Lansdowne informed a relative of the present writer that he thought none of Fox's contemporaries as eloquent as Mr. Gladstone. The late Mr. Ellice considered Plunkett the best speaker he had heard.

controversy with the late Bishop of Exeter about the incidence of tithes. He held that the tendency of free-trade was to throw the burden of tithes off the consumer on to the landlord, as the latter cannot now be reimbursed through a rise of prices. During his latter years, he did not feel strong enough to write anything of the kind, or on the scale which would have satisfied him; but he read every important work that appeared. I have adverted to his criticism on Macaulay's *History*. He made a similar remark on the work of a still greater historian, Mr. Grote. He feared that the *History of Greece* lost much of its value through the attempt to whitewash Cleon and the other demagogues.\* He also regretted that Mr. Grote had bestowed so little pains on his style; an inattention which seemed to Mr. Austin all the more strange as the historian was keenly alive to the grace and charm of the classical writings. He was afraid that, in consequence of these two defects, the history of Greece still remained to be written. He had looked forward with impatience for Mr. Grote's work on Plato. He said that he had never understood Plato; and

\* He inclined to the opinion of an eminent scholar, who held that Mr. Grote unconsciously played fast and loose with Plutarch and other late writers—accepting those of their statements which tell in favour of democracy and rejecting those that tell against it.

he was astonished when I told him that a distinguished scholar and translator of Plato preferred Plato's quiet humour to the wit of Lucian. When Mr. Grote's book appeared, all his difficulties were removed; Mr. Grote made him see in the Platonic dialogues an exact foreshadowing of modern problems; only, he could not avoid a suspicion that Mr. Grote saw, and made him see, more in Plato than was to be found there. He regarded Gibbon as the very greatest of historians, not excepting Thucydides. He read Mommsen with interest, and seemed to think more of his work than Mr. Grote did. Two points especially seemed to him well brought out. First, the Roman Senate did not set itself to conquer the world in the deliberate way which is sometimes supposed. With the Romans, as with the British in India, gradual annexation became a necessity. Secondly, we have means of guessing what might have ensued if Carthage had conquered. There might have been mercantile republics in Europe instead of feudal monarchies; and, possibly, negro slavery instead of mediæval serfdom. In this, as in some other instances, he dwelt on the accidents of history, and on the great chapter of "What might have been." He agreed with Mr. Grote\* in regarding the ten-

\* My article on "Historic Prediction" was corrected in

dency to undervalue those accidents as the great flaw in Mr. Buckle's *History*. Buckle, he thought, had been happier in design than in execution; but he had achieved a great work, and his second volume especially was unduly disparaged.

The political opinions of Mr. Austin need not long detain us; for the reforms in which he was most interested are now matters of history. He told me that, in his most Radical days, he had never desired universal suffrage; he thought that, if mankind ever became perfect enough for universal suffrage, they would be perfect enough to do without the suffrage; and the government might then safely be entrusted to one or a few hands. In this matter, as in one to which we shall presently advert, there was in his Benthamism a dash of Hobbism. He was a great admirer of Hobbes, and excused the latter's anti-Liberal views, on the ground that, when he lived, the experiment of constitutional government had not been tried. Hence his own sympathy with Hobbes was limited. Indeed, he concurred with De Tocqueville as to the certainty of the ultimate triumph of democracy; and any one, however anti-democratic in temperament, who anticipates

MS. by Mr. Austin. It expresses views identical with those alike of Mr. Austin and of Mr. Grote.

this democratic triumph, is in a certain sense a democrat. Thus, Mr. Austin agreed with what some one has said about the House of Lords, that it was "not made for perpetuity." And he regarded nearly all our institutions as mere make-shifts. He was so far a Liberal as to be in favour of the Ballot, and to give an active support to the Liberal member for his county. I expressed some surprise that, with his uneasiness about democracy, he was nevertheless eager for a Reform Bill in 1866, when there was no great clamour for one. He explained that the outward calm seemed to him delusive: in 1829, there was the same apparent tranquillity; but the French Revolution of the following year extended its influence to England, and then all was in commotion. Profiting by the example, he deemed it prudent to compound with democracy, and to grant reforms in time. In short, his political as indeed most of his opinions were very like those of his friend, Sir George Lewis. Being more of an anti-ecclesiastical than of a democratic Liberal, he wished to see the moderate Liberals united under some such leader as Lord Granville. He was no advocate of military retrenchments. Indeed, he was rather an alarmist about invasion. Once, on hearing that the Government had sent an order for some torpedoes to defend part of



the coast, he spoke of the news as the best he had heard for a long time. He was far less eager for the abolition of purchase than for the improvement of the national defences. But, in general, his views on promotion by merit were the strongest possible. He often said that there will be no security against jobbing, until kinship to a dispenser of patronage is considered, not merely no qualification for appointment, but a positive disqualification. In the late war (at least before Sedan), he sided with Germany; and he took altogether a desponding view of the prospects of the French. He considered that they had thrown away their best chance when they dethroned Louis Philippe. He especially condemned their love of military glory. On this last subject he felt strongly. He could not conceive why Macaulay regarded Julius Cæsar as a greater man than Cromwell; and the fulsome homage that used to be paid to Alexander and other conquerors seemed to him to be a dead or dying superstition. He assuredly felt that a perfect being (or a personified morality) would give to philanthropists and moral reformers a palm which would be withheld from this world's greatest hero; and that Napoleon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Indeed, for Bonaparte himself he expressed the antipathy which all Liberals ought to



feel. He declared that all that the Allies had done by making war on France after the great Revolution, was to open a field for "that horrible genius of Napoleon." He hated the Second Empire; but was inclined, at least before the Mexican expedition, to think very highly of the Emperor's ability. He quoted the saying current in Paris, that perhaps, after all, Napoleon I. was not the great Napoleon; and he said that, though he had a "horror" of Louis Napoleon, and though Louis Napoleon's memory would be "gibbeted" by posterity, he was the only crowned head in whom Mr. Austin himself felt the least interest. In the American war, Mr. Austin, unlike Mr. Grote, took the side of the Northern States.

With regard to political economy, he could not remember a proposition in Ricardo's book from which he differed.\* He was sensible of the value of small holdings as a Conservative agency; but he thought that the Conservatism thus secured was, at the best, of a narrow kind; the peasant proprietors in France would support the Empire,

\* On a different occasion, he qualified the assertion by maintaining that Ricardo teaches only pure science, whereas Mill teaches both pure and applied science. Hence, the former's conclusions must be taken conditionally, while, in those of the latter, allowance is made for what may be roughly described as friction.

or any other bad Government which undertook to leave each man in possession of his plot of land. Nor, again, was he one of those who wish property in land to be dealt with by the legislature as something apart and *sui generis*; he regarded landed property as differing from other property only as being exceptionally an object of desire. It will thus be seen that Mr. Austin differed widely from Mr. Mill. But he always spoke of him with an admiration which he expressed for no other of his contemporaries. He was pained at the peculiarities, which he regarded as the aberrations, of Mr. Mill's later works. Yet, puzzled as he was with what he deemed Mr. Mill's weaknesses, he yet regarded them with tenderness. I remember his talking of his friend, when he happened to be eating a melon. "John Mill," he said, "is very like this melon. There is a great spot in him, just as there is in the melon; and, just as the melon owes all its richness to the spot, so it is with John Mill also."\* He had little sympathy with Mr. Mill's views on the rights of women; and much of the language commonly held on that subject he described as

\* In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is said of cowslips:—

“In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours.”

“nauseous.” That men and women could ever so far unsex themselves as to enter Parliament or the professions together, in a brotherly and sisterly sort of way, seemed to him incredible. Other social questions, such as euthanasia, and divorce for incompatibility of temper, he liked to discuss, and wished to bring under discussion, but deemed unripe for legislation.

Mr. Mill says that Mr. Austin

“presented the Benthamic doctrines in the most startling form of which they were susceptible, exaggerating everything in them which tended to consequences offensive to any one’s preconceived feelings. All which he defended with such verve and vivacity, and carried off by a manner so agreeable as well as forcible, that he always either came off victor, or divided the honours of the field. It is my belief that much of the notion popularly entertained of the tenets and sentiments of what are called Benthamites or Utilitarians had its origin in paradoxes thrown out by Charles Austin.”

This could not have been said of Mr. Austin as I knew him. Unless pressed by logic, he seldom indulged in paradoxes; and, when he did, he hardly seemed in earnest. For instance, there was a report, some years ago, that a lost decade of Livy had been found; and Mr. Austin remarked that this was of more importance than the patriotic movement in Hungary. But I did not take this quite seriously, any more than the following exclamation which he had heard made by Sydney

Smith,—“ Would that it had pleased God to place me in that happy time between the Jacobite troubles and the American war ! ” Those times, explained Mr. Austin, were the times of the most universal torpor and corruption. But, though I am not disposed to lay much stress on casual sayings of this sort, there is one point on which Mr. Austin was really paradoxical. Like Plato and Bishop Butler, he regarded pain as a rule, and pleasure as the exception, in life ; and he had a wonderful way of looking his pessimism in the face.\* Now, the existence of society must rest on the assumption that life is, on the whole, worth having ; this is what Kant might have called a postulate of the practical reason. Indeed, as Voltaire said of God, and as Bismarck said of Italian unity, so may we say of the optimistic assumption,—*If it did not exist, we should have to invent it.* As all ethical systems are in the main Utilitarian, the assumption is *really* necessary to all of them ; to the Utilitarian system it is *obviously*

\* It should be explained that he was a pessimist only in this sense ; for he was a firm believer in progress. In speaking of scientific progress, he made the suggestive remark that mankind advanced more during the last 50 years than during the 150 years before, and more during those 150 years than during all the previous ages. He rejoiced in this progress as slightly increasing pleasure, and slightly diminishing pain. But he did not expect this increase and diminution ever to reach such a point that pleasure and pain would be at par.

necessary. The difficulty may be seemingly evaded by saying that we should aim, not at the greatest amount, but at the highest kind, of happiness; and that, in the scale of existence (though not of happiness), an unhappy existence is a *plus* quantity—is higher than mere non-existence. But Mr. Austin disdained any such subterfuge. What he wished to secure for mankind was “the greatest number of agreeable sensations” (together with the smallest number of disagreeable ones); and he maintained, with his wonted courage, that if we could be sure of more enjoyment by being slaves in a plantation, slaves in a plantation we should wish to be. Obviously, Utilitarianism, when thus interpreted, and combined with pessimism, leads to some queer consequences. Mr. Austin was far too wise not to see those consequences; and, when pressed by logic, he admitted that, if by lifting a finger he could annihilate the sentient universe, he should feel bound to lift it. Of course, he only held such language when he was discussing first principles—was *inter apices*, as he called it; and he would have objected strongly to a less wholesale deliverance. He would have censured the drastic philanthropy of the Scandinavian pastor, who, to secure the salvation of his flock, resolved that they should die in the odour of sanctity, and put poison in the sacra-



mental wine. But how he would reconcile such a censure with his pessimistic Utilitarianism, I could not get him to explain. He would probably have contended that the too kindly theologian, by making men's lives insecure, added more to the general misery than he deducted from it by taking a few miserable lives out of being. Perhaps, after all, it is better to assume than to try to prove that, as a rule, happiness preponderates in life; though Mr. Austin might well have rejoined that to assume this is to deal summarily with the Gordian knot.

To field sports he personally had an aversion, and he spoke of Sir Edmund Head as the only very able man that he knew who was devoted to them. But Mr. Austin was tolerant on the subject; and, in his last few years, his dislike seems to have been modified. I sent him Mr. Freeman's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, and received a letter of acknowledgment, from which I am tempted to quote, though it hardly represents him at his best, and hints at a line of argument which might be used to defend gladiators:—"Freeman's article is very good. I should like to have had the revision of it. A few things should have been struck out, and a few expressions modified. Is it impossible to make an equation between so much diversion in the chase, and so much suffering in



the animal chased? . . . . I am loth to give up any pleasure—the balance of pain in the world being far too heavy.” The last words are characteristic.

It will be seen that, in the passage we have just quoted, he interpreted Utilitarianism after the fashion of Mr. Mill: he regarded it as aiming at the happiness, not of mankind only, but of all sentient beings. But he was aware that this view is exposed to logical difficulties; nay, that it cannot be easily reconciled with much that we do every day. How (to put a familiar example) are we to reconcile it with the use of insecticide powder? Observe that the question is not between the happiness of a single man and that of a single fly: the question is, on what principle we are to justify the conduct of a man who, for a slight personal convenience, sends hundreds of innocent flies to an untimely grave! And this difficulty is set in a stronger light by the teaching of Darwin. For evolution shows us that it is, peradventure, to our distant kinsfolk that we offer this uncousinly welcome. When pressed by reasoning of this sort, Mr. Austin would unwillingly admit that, in defending our empire over the animal world, we cannot wholly ignore the right which Pericles pleaded for the empire of Athens over her allies—the right of the stronger. Our

relation to the races of lower animals may be instructively compared with our relation to the lower races of men. Mr. Austin had a just abhorrence of slavery. I remember his being asked whether, in the American war, our sympathies ought not to be divided between the Northern Abolitionists and the Southern Free-traders. He answered that he considered slavery "such an enormous evil," that Protection is a mere trifle in comparison with it. Nevertheless, he was not proof against the pitiless logic which may be put in the form of the following question, — *Why is it worse to domesticate our thousandth cousins than to kill and eat our millionth?* When brought face to face with this difficulty, he was fain to acknowledge that it is on account of its demoralising effect on the higher race that slavery is to be especially condemned; and he even declared that, if the Earth could open her mouth and swallow up the American negroes, he would rejoice in the cause of civilization. It may, however, be presumed that this was said more or less in jest; and, at any rate, the negroes have no special reason to take umbrage at his wishing to consign them to the fate of Dathan and Abiram; for we have seen that, when pessimistically inclined, he desired a similar euthanasia for us all. But it is not only as touching our relation to the

lower races that the Utilitarian (or rather every) theory of ethics abounds in logical pitfalls; they also beset our path in our dealings with all persons (such as the unborn) between whom and ourselves there is no reciprocity. Why these pitfalls should exist can, perhaps, be in some measure explained. A doctor will often prescribe for anæmic patients more iron than they can possibly assimilate, because he calculates that, within certain limits, the more iron they take, the less little (so to say) will be absorbed; and, on a somewhat similar principle, Aristotle and M. Renan have come to the conclusion that—*Pour obtenir moins de l'humanité, il faut en demander plus.* To love our neighbour as ourselves is impossible; but the exaggerated ideal must be kept in view. If we did not seek to love our neighbour as ourselves, we might end by not loving him at all. This is, I suppose, what Goethe meant by his paradox, that “all direct incitements towards the ideal are dangerous”; and also by his paradox to the effect that, if you try to make the actual square with the ideal, both the ideal and the actual will vanish altogether. This, at any rate, is what Mr. Austin meant when he acknowledged; sorely against the grain, that it is impossible to be “quite logical in practical matters”; in fact, we cannot apply first principles to details. An illustration will make my meaning clearer. I

once mentioned to Mr. Austin that, suffering from an extreme and peculiar defect of sight, I refused to let my eyes be experimented upon, unless I could be assured that the experiment would be without danger, and would tend to my own personal good; and, by way of drawing him out, I suggested that I might have better promoted "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by risking my eyesight in the cause of science. "If that is so," he said, "in strict theory you were wrong." "But would you have acted otherwise?" "I certainly should not," he answered, with a grim smile; and presently added, "No; you could not be expected to make a scientific martyr of yourself. But, in a healthier state of society, a policeman would knock at your door and say, 'You must come with me, that experiments may be performed on your eyes; and, if you go blind, remember that a few persons, some centuries hence, will probably see the better for it!'"

He had many scientific friends, and very considerable scientific knowledge. But his chief interest lay in the frontiers, so to speak, between Science and the widest questions, and in the singular process by which, notwithstanding the disclaimers and protests of many of her leading men, she annexes province after province from

theology and metaphysics, and seems (like ancient Rome) to have universal empire forced upon her.

Οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς  
Αἴτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.

He often dwelt on the modern theories of evolution. As he used to say, the solar system was originally a kind of "hasty pudding, going round and round," until certain portions became hardened into worlds; and he went on, with grim humour, to point to the conclusions towards which astronomy seems to be tending, that the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burned in the sun; or, as he used to express it in the poet's language, *Una dies dabit exitio*. He inclined to Darwinism because, as he said, it is so antecedently probable; but, long before this theory broke the back of final causes, he himself had given them up.\* He replaced them by what St. Hilaire calls the conditions of existence; for he contended that the whole case in favour of final causes resolves itself into

\* Practically, reasoning from final causes is always optimistic; hence Mr. Austin's pessimism may help to account for his extreme aversion to such reasoning. Not, indeed, that pessimism is logically incompatible with the belief in final causes; for the universe might be conceived as a vast torture-house, where the thumbscrews and boots show skilful workmanship, and where the respites are ingeniously contrived so as to make the pain more felt. But such an aspect



the simple proposition that, where the conditions required for the life of an animal or plant are not present, that animal or plant cannot live—*natura absterruit auctum*. To do this position justice, it should be added that, if once, in a practically infinite number of times, the kaleidoscope of the universe presents a combination from which civilized men can be evolved, the existence of civilized men proves that this combination has occurred. In the innumerable portions of space and time in which Nature fails to rear a *vates sacer*, no *vates sacer* can taunt her with failure. It is only just when and where she manages to produce writers of *Bridgewater Treatises*, that there are writers of *Bridgewater Treatises* to blow the trumpet for her success. When one reflects on this reasoning, one feels how much the case against final causes has been simplified by Darwinism; but it is by no means clear that the reasoning, seemingly cumbrous as it is, is inconclusive. After all, it is substantially identical with that which Dr. Whewell adopted, with a few of theology—the aspect which must have presented itself to the Miltonic devils—would make the study of final causes far from attractive. At any rate, this theology was not Mr. Austin's. I need hardly add that final causes are rejected by many firm theists, as, for instance, by Mr. Tennyson,—

‘I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye.’



clerical reservations, in his *Plurality of Worlds*. And I may add that, in connection with this subject, he informed Mr. Austin how extremely small a proportion of laburnum seeds come to maturity. Hence it appears that Mr. Austin's rejection of final causes arose partly from a sense of the wanton prodigality with which Nature produces abortive seeds, and flowers that blush unseen—a prodigality yet more conspicuous in the fact that she produces so many men like himself, who have every mental and moral qualification for public usefulness on a large scale, but to whose public usefulness on a large scale physical infirmities have set a bar.

His estimate of the argument from design may be further illustrated by an anecdote which he was fond of telling about an interview between Paley and John Hunter. The surgeon explained the structure of the knee to the theologian, who noted down this wonderful adaptation of means to ends as a singular proof of creative wisdom and goodness. "You little know," observed Hunter, "to what manifold disorders this complicated contrivance, through its very complication, is exposed." In fact, the great anatomist held that the brittle mechanisms of organic nature are evidence, not of Omnipotence, but of limitation; the world is both fearfully and wonderfully

made, but it would be more wonderfully made if it were made less fearfully.

Another subject which furnishes a common ground for the scientific specialist and the man of general culture, attracted his notice. He often dwelt on the psychological anomaly that, not single enthusiasts only, but large bodies of men, have what may be termed waking dreams; so that, without being either authors or dupes of imposture, they declare that they have seen what they have not seen. He knew that, wherever there is much religious excitement, and little or no criticism, the craving for the marvellous creates marvels, and miracles come by spontaneous generation. He illustrated the mythopœic tendency of unscientific minds by insisting on the apparently overwhelming testimony which supports the miracles both of Catholicism and of Spiritualism; and he considered those and other religious delusions as the result, not of deceit, but of a mysterious hallucination. When I told him that a Catholic peer had informed me that a man, to all appearance blind for many years, had been cured by the sacred waters of Holywell, Mr. Austin recoiled from the explanation that there had been a prolonged and motiveless imposture. He was equally averse to regarding the miracle of St. Januarius as the result of a fraud, con-

tinued through generations; just as Mr. Grote, who took exactly the same view, contended that the founder of Mormonism was probably sincere. There can be no doubt that the two great thinkers were right as to the main issue;\* though they may, in some cases, have carried their generous belief in human honesty too far.

We need not pause to connect these speculations with views as to the worth of that oral testimony on which so much of what the *vox populi* counts as the *vox Dei* must ultimately rest; for it is not proposed to give an explicit account of the religious opinions of Mr. Austin's later years. To avoid all mention of his theology would be a serious omission; for, throughout his life, a strong theological bias was one of his most marked characteristics. Therefore, it is less to be regretted that the religious opinions of his youth are so well known that reticence about them would be of no avail. He told me of Bentham, that he used to show his tendencies on the subject by marking theological works with the syllable

\* A great French writer has remarked, to the same effect, that we are apt to attribute widespread delusions to artifice and dissimulation; but that study and experience alike make it certain "qu'un homme vraiment supérieur n'a jamais pu exercer aucune grande action sur ses semblables, sans être d'abord lui-même intimement convaincu." — *Philosophie Positive*.

“Jug,” as short for Juggernaut. And the two Austins, when young, were followers of Bentham. One of Charles Austin’s Cambridge friends, being required in an examination to state and to refute Hume’s celebrated argument, stated it with the utmost clearness, adding the words, “I have forgotten the answer to this argument.”\* Mr. Austin himself was not the man to be guilty of such an act of imprudence. On the contrary, he startled his friends by winning the prize for an essay in support of the *Evidences*; much as Mr. Wilson, the anti-Unionist, has lately written a prize essay in defence of Trades Unions. Lord Stanley of Alderley heard Mr. Austin say, “I could have written a much better essay on the other side.” At the time, Mr. Austin defended his juvenile *tour de force* on the principle of *Audi* (or rather *Dic*) *alteram partem*; but he afterwards spoke of it with regret. In his early years, Mr. Austin, like Mr. James Mill and Mr. Grote, regarded orthodoxy, not merely as false, but as having from the first been mischievous. But, in later life, he modified this opinion, and set a juster value on the great system which has so

\* A yet more dangerous experiment in an examination is said to have been tried by a grandson of Paley, who, having to answer questions on Paley’s *Evidences*, subjoined the words, “Tales of my Grandfather.”

well adapted itself to Western conditions, and under whose shadow Western civilisation has flourished. Yet he always exercised the Protestant right of private judgment to the fullest extent, and obeyed the Pauline precept to "prove all things." To a lady whom he knew well, he expressed his reverence for "the Essence of all things, before whom I bow, but of whom we know nothing." Being asked by the same friend about religion, he replied: "The religion of Socrates and Plato I understand, and that is my religion; of mystical religion I understand nothing." To me, there is something mystical in this disavowal of mysticism; and the words hardly recall his manner as I was most used to it. He spoke more characteristically when he alluded to the great rock on which the Eastern and Western Churches split asunder, and in consequence of which each of the two Churches in her public services dooms every member of the sister Church to everlasting fire. "The schism," he said, "between the Greek and Latin Churches arose out of the controversy as to the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son; this is exactly the subject for an ecclesiastical dispute, as there is not a particle of evidence either on the one side or on the other." He did not desire that all the dissensions in Christendom should be removed,



lest the religious sects should unite to persecute the philosophers; in fact, it is when theologians quarrel that honest thinkers get their due. He was well versed in theological literature, including the writings of the Fathers. Like many philosophers, he had a certain intellectual sympathy with Catholicism; and he regarded the Catacombs as proving the extreme antiquity of Catholic doctrine and practices. He was fond of quoting Dryden's line that "priests of all religions are the same"; and his natural tendency was to claim the same toleration for Catholic priests and their flocks as for Protestants—nay, to do battle for the Catholics in England as being the weaker party. But it must be owned that in later life he somewhat modified this opinion; for he was gradually brought to the conclusion that, in judging of an ancient, highly organized, and unbending system like Catholicism, he had drawn too close an analogy between great things and small, and had not made due allowance for the enormous difference *in kind* which separates Rome and her institutions from ours, and from all other institutions in the world. Truly might he have exclaimed with Tityrus:—

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi  
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem."



He at one time hoped that Catholicism would adapt itself to modern ideas ; but this hope, he told me, was thoroughly shaken by the Syllabus. In a parish where there was no Broad Church party, he exerted all his influence on the Low Church side as opposed to the High Church ; for he regarded the latter as the greater enemy of progress. He once took me into a parish school, and pointed to a map of Palestine on the wall. As we were leaving the school he remarked : " Those children can tell you all about Jericho and Jerusalem ; but they know nothing whatever about Berlin or Paris."\* This shows how much Mr. Austin regretted the anomalous manner in which ecclesiastics are wont to conduct education ; and he knew that with the Catholic hierarchy, above all, it is hard for a modern State, on this debatable ground, to avoid an open collision. He told me with some emphasis that it was by sheer persecution that Popery was got rid of in England ; and I fancy that he would have made allowance for the Continental statesmen who are

\* Ampère somewhere expresses his conviction that French children owe much to their knowledge of biblical history. But he was speaking of a Catholic country, and his standard was less exacting than Charles Austin's. Ampère meant to say that children had better know Jewish history than nothing ; Mr. Austin meant that this they should have known, and not have left other things unknown.

driven in their own despite to put an undutiful restraint on "the ancient Mother Church," who, as *Aurora Leigh* suggests,

"would fain still bite,  
For all her toothless gums."

In fact, he learnt the unwelcome lesson that the Catholic Church (like Lot's wife) has a suicidal propensity to look backwards; and that it may be said of the dogmas of Italy, as Virgil says of her fields, that they are *semper cedentia retro*. But, though he felt thus towards Catholics, he had scarcely more in common with those Protestants who think that the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible is the word of God, and that *aurea de cælo demisit funis in arva*. The doctrine of justification by faith seemed to him one of "the most monstrous that ever entered the mind of man." I conjectured, therefore, that he would be attracted by the epistle of St. James, from which this doctrine is conspicuously absent. But he objected to that epistle as being designed as "a polemic against St. Paul." Yet peradventure his feeling on this head may have been partly due to another cause: his liking for the epistle would be in nowise increased by its levelling tendency, and its exhortation to rich men to "weep and howl"!

He called attention to the significant language now used by the more enlightened of the clergy, that the doctrine proves the miracles;\* and, in a like spirit, he held that the precepts reported in the Gospels are to be obeyed in so far as they are good, not that they must be good because they are reported in the Gospels. He would, therefore, have emphatically agreed with what Mr. Justice Stephen has written in regard to resisting evil (in the obvious and literal meaning of those words):—"If the Sermon on the Mount really means to forbid this, it ought to be disregarded." Indeed, even the Gospels contain passages of which Mr. Austin could not wholly approve. Little need be said on this subject; but I may mention that he regarded the mysterious passage about "Raca," and also the passage about the kingdom of heaven suffering violence, either as being misreported or else as belonging to a part of the Master's teaching of which other traces have been lost. He censured as "most immoral" the partial impartiality of the lord of the vineyard who gave as much to the labourers who

\* This principle is carried a step farther by Locke, who maintained that the "miracle is to be judged by the doctrine, and not the doctrine by the miracle"; and a step farther still by M. Renan: *Chez le monde vulgaire, le miracle prouve la doctrine; chez nous, la doctrine fait oublier le miracle.*

came at the eleventh hour, as to those who had borne the burden and heat of the day. Nevertheless, he gave a general assent to Bentham's famous motto, "Not Paul, but Jesus." He differed from the opinion which the Church burnt Bruno for holding, and now herself holds—that the Bible is not meant to teach science. If the beginning of Genesis is not meant to teach science, Mr. Austin, like the Inquisitors, wondered what it *is* meant to teach. When past seventy, he examined the various readings in Tischendorf's New Testament; but, unlike Tischendorf, he held that, as, before the Sinaitic MS. was written, the Church had already had two centuries during which to manipulate the canon, the marvel is, not that the text underwent so few subsequent changes, but that it required so many. He considered that Mansel's *Bampton Lectures* are more shocking than Butler's *Analogy*, only because they are more logical; and that, if the premises of the two divines are admitted, their reasoning amounts to "a demonstration of atheism." This expression was suggested to him by a conversation which he heard at a dinner party at Dean Milman's, between Bishop Wilberforce and Dr. Jeune. The Bishop praised (without quite understanding) Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*; whereupon Dr. Jeune made the oracular remark,

that he had not expected to see the time when atheism would be demonstrated from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and when the Member for the University of Oxford would advocate the worship of the Pagan divinities. The latter allusion is to the inferences which have been drawn from the fact that *numero Deus impare gaudet* in the Homeric as in the Catholic Pantheon. Mr. Austin remarked that the Apocalypse had narrowly escaped being rejected from the canon, and he was sorry that it had escaped at all. He complained that M. Renan, in the first volume of his series, shows neither the practical good sense of an Englishman, nor the solid erudition of a German; but he valued the book as giving "a covering of flesh and blood" to characters in whom we all take an interest. He was fond of the story of Dryden's Lord Shaftesbury (which I have heard others tell of Rogers), that he was thus accosted by a lady: "What, my lord, are your religious opinions?" "Madam, they are the religious opinions of all sensible men." "And what are the religious opinions of all sensible men?" "That is what all sensible men keep to themselves."\* This is not unlike the

\* It should be explained that Mr. Austin's anecdotes, and most of his quotations, are given from recollection of what he said; there may, therefore, be verbal inaccuracies. Also,



saying of the great Humboldt, who, being asked what was his religion, answered that it was "the religion of all men of science." Mr. Austin related the anecdote of St. Simon's, that Louis XIV., being about to make some one a bishop, but hesitating on hearing that he was a Jansenist, asked one of his ministers if the report was true. "Sire," said the minister, "I know his opinions; not only is he not a Jansenist, but he does not believe in God." "Then make him a bishop at once." A somewhat similar story is told of an Egyptian fellah who, some years ago, claimed the protection of Great Britain on the ground that he was a Protestant. Being asked in what sense he was a Protestant, he answered: "I eat meat on Friday and do not believe in God." I think it is in Vaux's *Nineveh* that a native of Kurdistan is reported to have addressed a European as follows: "Our religion is very like that of the Franks. We eat hog's flesh, we drink wine, we keep no fasts, and we say no prayers."

he must not be regarded as committed to any opinions in virtue of such anecdotes or quotations. He informed me that Horne Tooke, being embarrassed by a certain great mystery, was thus reassured by a friend: "The doctrine presents no more difficulty than what I have just seen—three men in one cart." "It would have been more to the purpose," replied Horne Tooke, "if you had seen one man in three carts."



Mr. Austin admired the definition by Hobbes: "What is the Papacy? It is the ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting enthroned on the grave thereof."\* He had no wish to see the Church disestablished. This was partly due to his Hobbism, and partly to the fact (which, by the way, is easily explained) that the orthodox Dissenters are, as a rule, somewhat narrow; the only great theological writer, as he remarked, who has lately arisen among them, is Dr. Davidson, and of him they are not very proud. The Conservatism of Mr. Austin was yet stronger in relation to the more important of those "little systems" which, as Mr. Tennyson observes, must "cease to be." He was astonished, and somewhat alarmed, by the rapid strides which Rationalism had made since his youth. He did not, indeed, entertain the vulgar notion that the national morality is bound up with the belief in hell; but he thought that any sudden wrench from old associations and traditions is attended with danger. Hence he came to do justice—which philosophers seldom do—to the Broad Church party, regarded as a religious breakwater. Indeed, the apprehension

\* It was at Mr. Austin's suggestion that Sir William Molesworth edited Hobbes. Mr. Austin told me two other definitions by Hobbes:—"Fear of powers invisible, feigned by the mind, or believed from tales publicly allowed—Religion. Not allowed—superstition."

we have named, combined with his admiration for Hobbes, made him take a statesman's view of religious beliefs; and thus it was that, wisely or unwisely, in his later years, he accepted the religion of his country in the manner sanctioned by Elisha,\* and practised by Socrates. But the Christianity which this excellent man wished to see taught was of the purest kind; it was the Christianity of the Good Samaritan, and of the best passages of the Sermon on the Mount. Also, he expressed a tolerant sympathy for those who acted differently from himself. He told me that the Utilitarian writer [John Austin] whom he most loved and honoured, was thanked by his clergyman for subscribing liberally to a charity; the clergyman took the opportunity of suggesting that so benevolent a man should attend divine service. "I am too religious," replied the philosopher, "to go to church."

Though Mr. Austin was always thus given to theological speculation, his chief passion was for the classical writings. He was jealous of the encroachments which physical science is now making on them in education. Science, he held, can take care of itself; while the classics, being less obviously useful, may be neglected. He valued the ancient writers, partly on account of

\* 2 Kings v. 18.

their neatness and felicity of expression; but chiefly because they give us a sort of intellectual change of air, and transport us out of our own modes of thought into those which existed before the conquered East conquered Europe, and the Orontes and the Jordan flowed into the Tiber.\* In fact, his love of the classics was probably not unconnected with his speculative opinions; for, being (so to say) thoroughly Western in his tone of mind, he was attracted by the infancy of Western ideas. At any rate, he told me that the ancient writings gave him greater pleasure than any others. His favourite tragedian was *Æschylus*, and his favourite tragedy the *Agamemnon*; and of modern plays he liked *Macbeth* best, because the witch-scenes reminded him of such Greek plays as the *Eumenides*.† Of Roman poets, he said that his favourite was Horace; but he seemed to take a far deeper interest in Lucretius. Many persons, at the present time, are much attracted by Lucretius's wonderful poem, through feeling that in it modern discoveries and modes of thought cast their shadows before, and that he was,

\* See Juvenal iii. 62.

† Possibly *Macbeth* may have recalled to him the *Agamemnon* in consequence of the striking resemblance between Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth; and especially between the "protesting too much" of the former's address to Agamemnon, and of the latter's address to Duncan.

as it were, the John the Baptist of science. But I never knew any one go Mr. Austin's length in the way of admiring the poem, quoting it, and not finding even the scientific parts tedious. He cared little for Virgil; and he thought that William Pitt showed bad taste in so often quoting Lucan.

He expressed his views about some of our English poets, by quoting Byron's lines :—

“Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;  
Thou shalt not worship Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey;  
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,” &c.

He preferred *Comus* to *Paradise Lost*; and he did not see why Milton should be preferred to Dryden.\* He valued Shakespeare more as a poet than as a dramatist; and he was provoked by the strained efforts of the Shakespearolaters to find dramatic propriety in the most inappropriate passages—as, for instance, when Romeo, under strong excitement and meditating suicide, pauses to give a sort of inventory of the apothecary's

\* A passage was pointed out to him in the *Quarterly Review*, where a saying of Canning's is quoted, that “whoever says he likes dry champagne, lies”; and the reviewer adds that a genuine preference for blank verse is about as rare as a genuine preference for dry champagne. Mr. Austin disputed the statement in regard both to the champagne and to the poetry. He held that, in judging of poetry, an uneducated taste is most at fault in preferring, not rhyme to blank verse, but a jerky, anapæstic metre to the regular flow of iambs.

shop. Indeed, Mr. Austin declared that commenting on Shakespeare has the effect of narrowing the mind.\* But he held that Shakespeare is the first of our poets. In this latter view, he was opposed to Mr. Grote; as also in his great admiration for *Atalanta in Calydon*, which he considered the first poem by any living Englishman. Of Mr. Tennyson's poems, his favourites were *Enone*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, and the *Morte d'Arthur*. His taste in regard to novels would not find much favour now; but it may have a sort of antiquarian interest. He judged *Gil Blas* to be the first novel in the world, and, next to it, *Tom Jones*. On hearing it suggested that one of the characters in *Pickwick* is equal to Falstaff, he called the comparison a "profanation." He liked Mr. Thackeray, but disliked his novels; just as an unmusical person (Dean Stanley) said of Jenny Lind, that she would be faultless, but for her singing. I persuaded him to read *Silas Marner*, but he complained that it gave him "no new ideas." So far as I remember, the only modern novel for which he cared at all was *Ten Thousand a Year*; and the only parts of this which he liked were the exact

\* "If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators."—*Hazlitt*.



descriptions of the great lawyers whom he had known.

His social intercourse displayed a remarkable faculty of putting people at their ease, so as to make conversation general. But, in other respects, his conversational powers had more in common with Macaulay's than with Sydney Smith's; his epigrammatic sayings were few,\* and had not that peculiar stamp which is needed to pass such sayings as current coin of society. But he told many anecdotes, and had remarkable powers of quotation. When the Queen was married, several persons were asked to suggest a motto. Mr. Austin, Hallam, and others, independently proposed *Majestas et Amor*. His attention being called to some statements in the well-known article on *Frisky Matrons* in the *Saturday Review*, he confirmed those statements in Byron's words—

“For married ladies always have the preference  
O'er the fair single part of the creation;  
And this I say without peculiar reference  
To England, France, or any other nation:  
They know the world, are always at their ease,  
And, being natural, they naturally please.”

One of his anecdotes referred to the late Lord

\* Here is one of his *bons mots*. A friend, travelling with him in Durham, pointed out a rock of magnesian limestone, which was being gradually demolished for the manufacture of Epsom salts. “It should be called *Monte Purgatorio*,” was Mr. Austin's remark.



Durham, whom he described as *not* the most unassuming of men, and who, going in mature life to see his former school, said, rather patronisingly, to the French master, "Do you remember, Monsieur, that you once nearly had me flogged?" "Ah, Milor', that was the one flogging which you did always want." Another favourite anecdote was the following, which Ste Beuve and others have since made familiar. The celebrated Grammont, having been attentive to Hamilton's sister, wished to make his escape without marrying her. He was on the point of embarking, when he saw Hamilton, whom he knew to be an expert swordsman, approaching. "I think," said Hamilton, "that you have forgotten something." "To marry your sister," was the prompt reply; and married they were.

He said that Mrs. Grote's wittiest repartee was addressed to Louis Napoleon when Prince-President. The Prince, during his exile, had seen much of the Grotes and other Liberals; but, as the hour of his ambition drew near, he gave a wide berth to his old democratic friends, and, when Mrs. Grote happened to be staying in Paris, he studiously ignored her. One day, however, when the Bois de Boulogne was crowded, their carriages came so close together that he could not, without gross incivility, avoid speaking to her.

“ Ah, Madame, vous êtes ici ! Restez-vous longtemps à Paris ? ” “ Pas longtemps, Monseigneur ; *et vous ?* ” What might the true answer to this question have been, but for the *coup d'état* ?

I mentioned to Mr. Austin that an Englishman, who had been much in the East, was reported to have turned Mussulman. He laughed, and declared that this eccentric conversion was a “ great weakness.” Without disputing the justice of his censure, I hinted that the proselyte at least showed a power of entering into foreign modes of thought, and of perceiving that there might be more than one side to a question ; and that this faculty is wanting to the vast majority of our sporting squires. “ Yes,” he said drily ; “ it is better to be a Mahometan than a foxhunter.”

He told a story about Dr. Abernethy, who was consulted by a well-bred young doctor as to the manner that ought to be assumed in dealing with patients. The great physician’s advice was, in substance, this : “ *Follow the bent of your own nature.* I am naturally abrupt and outspoken, and I find that this manner succeeds. But do not attempt to imitate it. Nature has made you courteous and deferential ; and such you should by all means remain.” If Dr. Abernethy really was a *stulti* (or rather *inculti*) *sapiens imitator*, who so turned his natural abruptness to account

that it enabled him to inspire confidence, to advise with authority, and to tell home-truths, he embodied the ideal of the Shakesperean Casca,—

“This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.”

Education has been defined as “everything of something and something of everything.” Mr. Austin would have approved of both parts of this definition, though he would perhaps have especially desired that the former part should be impressed on men, the latter part on women. At any rate, he would have insisted that the “something” of which “everything” should be known must be something of which everything is worth knowing. In higher pursuits, he feared that cultivated persons, especially women, often seek to be skilled overmuch. Prince Bismarck is reported to have said that he feels a prejudice against an Englishman who can talk French like a Frenchman. And it was perhaps from a feeling not wholly unlike this that Mr. Austin was unwilling that his friends should become specialists in such a degree as to *denaturalize* themselves; above all, in certain accomplishments not unvalued by women, he dissuaded amateurs from poaching on the manor of professionals. And, in illustration of his meaning, he quoted with strong approval the

censure which was passed on Sempronia by Sallust—"She danced too well for a lady."\* This censure may recall a more extreme application of the principle of μηδὲν ἄγαν, which seems to have been common in the time of Shakespeare. Hamlet, when describing how he made his companions' names do duty for his own name on the death-warrant, adds the remark:—

"I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service."

We have adverted to the contrast between the careers of the two Austins. At one time, Charles was expected to be the more celebrated of the brothers; but now John Austin has left a great name, while to the rising generation Charles seems to be almost unknown, or to be known chiefly as John Austin's brother—*fraterculus esse Gigantis*. In one respect, however, the fate of the brothers was similar. What John Austin did showed so much power as to cause disappointment that he did not do more: people would not make due allowance for his state of health,

\* The original is very curious, and reads exactly as if it had been written by a modern hater of blue-stockings: *Literis Graecis et Latinis docta, psallere, saltare, elegantius quam necesse est probae.*

and his friends complained loudly of the general injustice. Charles Austin has been treated yet worse. The cause of his retirement is distinctly mis-stated. Hence has arisen the notion that he had no higher ideal than that of the "rich fool" who said unto his soul, "Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry"; the fact that Mr. Austin was by no means a "fool," making his shortcoming seem all the more blameworthy. One object of the present article is to remove this misconception by showing why he retired, what his pursuits were in his retirement, and how, when disabled for most public duties, he fell back on a cultivated leisure. His leisure, let us add, was not void of results. He was chairman of quarter sessions for East Suffolk. Also, he had the less ambitious, but more frequently recurring, duties of a landlord in the management of his estate. Moreover, he laboured in the cause of education. First and foremost, he devoted himself to the task of developing the family talent, and of implanting his own and his brother's tastes in his children; seeking to discover in them—

"Quid pater *Æneas*, et avunculus excitet *Hector*."

He likewise took under his special care the middle-class college at Framlingham, where he made



one of the best of his later speeches, in defence of educational endowments. He regarded the Oxford curriculum for classical honours (1860) as "almost perfect," except that he would have made the study of Aristotle's *Politics* compulsory; and he supported our present system of competition for Government appointments, a system which (though aware of its defects) he thought "democratic in the best sense." Nor was his zeal for education confined to that of the young. He strove—warily, indeed, but on that account all the more effectually—to admit some Liberal twilight into a neighbourhood which stood sadly in need of it—a neighbourhood almost literally made up of agricultural peasants and of Evangelical parsons.\* What was still more important, he resisted the solicitations of so-called Liberals to promote Liberalism by immoral means. Being himself the

\* He was amused by hearing one of the local clergy talk of "the Roman Catholic religion, if indeed it is to be called a religion." On another occasion he attended a lecture, in which an Oxford first-classman defended verbal inspiration by the dangerous argument that, without it, a revelation would be useless or impossible. Being subsequently asked by Mr. Austin how he accounted for the existence of various readings in the Bible, the lecturer explained that his language had reference only to the Divine Word as originally inspired. "All the arguments," said Mr. Austin, "which you employed to prove that a revelation would be useless unless the very words were supernaturally given, tend likewise to prove that it would be useless unless the very words were supernaturally preserved."



chief supporter of Colonel Adair (now Lord Waveney) at the elections, he yet declined to bring even the gentlest pressure to bear on his tenants, though some of them were astonished, if not hurt, at such unusual and unpatriarchal indifference. His remaining pursuits, and the few pleasures which his wretched health left to him, cannot be more briefly or more happily indicated than in the words of one of his nearest relatives, who writes : " He had no turn for what are called country amusements, but he took a great interest in the land, agriculturally, if I may so say. He loved the peace and quiet, and, from his school-days, he had all manner of classical and poetical associations with the country sights and sounds."

To the charge of idleness, so recklessly brought against Mr. Austin, we have given, we hope, a sufficient answer. A yet more serious and startling accusation is, that he forsook Benthamism, "having loved this present world." Whether he modified his opinions through love of this present world, or through love of truth, it is surely needless to ask. That, in fact, many of his opinions were modified, we neither deny nor regret. But the extent of the change is exaggerated. We have seen that, when he was young, his Benthamism was not quite orthodox with respect to the franchise. On the other hand, in his old age, he never so deserted Benthamism as to forget

his obligation to his great master. He insisted that the noble tribute of praise which was originally given to Epicurus, and which Macaulay transferred to Bacon, should of right belong to Bentham :—

“ E tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen  
Qui primus potuisti, inlustrans commoda vitæ.”

The last three words he applied to Bentham's Utilitarianism. He himself, too, was a Utilitarian ; and, when one recalls the *tenebræ tantæ* of one's bringing up, one would fain dedicate to his memory those two lines, or rather the entire passage,—

“ propter amorem  
Quod te imitari aveo . . . . Tu patria nobis  
Suppeditas præcepta, tuisque ex, *optime, dictis*,  
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea *verba*,  
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ.”

His *patria præcepta* to myself—fatherly in manner as well as in substance, and all the more valued from their contrast with the Stoical coldness and reserve which those who knew him little, attributed to him—are of too personal a nature to be published. But they are not therefore unremembered ; and I am weighing my words when I say, as William III. said on the death of Tillotson, “I have lost the best friend I ever had, and the best man I ever knew.”

## PHYSICAL AND MORAL COURAGE.

A FRAGMENT.\*

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“I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more, is none.”—*Macbeth*.

ELEVEN years ago [in 1864] the question was raised, in the presence of Mr. Mill, as to whether the charge of personal cowardice, brought against Louis Napoleon by Victor Hugo and others, was refuted by the lamentable boldness which he showed on the occasion of the *coup d'état*. Mr. Mill's attention was called to a passage which I had seen in the writings, I think, of Louis Blanc, to the effect that Robespierre, though he had less personal courage than Danton, had more moral courage ; and it was asked whether Louis Napoleon might not, in this respect, have been like Robespierre. Mr. Mill recognised the importance

\* This essay is reprinted (with slight additions) from the less weighty part of an article called “Courage and Death” (*Fortnightly Review*, January, 1876). In preparing this volume, it was needful to detach the less important parts of the article from the rest. Hence the fragmentary character of the *disjecti membra libelli*.

of making the distinction between the two kinds of courage, and observed that the type of character which combines great physical courage with an utter want of moral courage is only too common. This remark of our great philosopher may serve as a text for a short comparison and contrast between the two forms of courage; and for an inquiry how far physical fear, and how far what may be called moral fear, is a chief ingredient in the fear of death.

At the outset we are met by a difficulty in the use of terms, which is indicated in the motto prefixed to this article. Is moral courage necessarily laudable? The courage of Lady Macbeth, like that which prompted the *coup d'état*, was atrociously immoral; but it is difficult, without doing violence to language, to refuse, in a sense, to give the name of moral courage to the courage of those who "fortem animum præstant rebus quas turpiter audent," and whose "faith unfaithful keeps them falsely true." At any rate, their courage has reference to moral sanctions, and is a form of moral courage, if moral courage is the only alternative to physical. It was this dubious kind of courage which Xenophanes disclaimed, when charged with cowardice for refusing to gamble: "Yes," he said, "I am the greatest coward in the world, for I dare not do

what is wrong." It may be instructive to remark that this cowardice was in nowise the failing of a late dignitary of the Church, who was nicknamed "Presence of mind," in consequence of a story told by himself. "A friend," he used to relate, "invited me to go out with him on the water. The sky was threatening, and I declined. At length he succeeded in persuading me, and we embarked. A squall came on, the boat lurched, and my friend fell overboard. Twice he sank, and twice he rose to the surface. He placed his hands on the prow, and endeavoured to climb in. There was great apprehension lest he should upset the boat. Providentially I had brought my umbrella with me. I had the presence of mind to strike him two or three hard blows over the knuckles. He let go his hold and sank. The boat righted itself, and we were saved."\* Presence of mind, under almost identical conditions,

\* Quoted from a striking article on *Essays and Reviews* in the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1861), of which there is little doubt that Dean Stanley was the author. The hero of the story is said to have been an Oxford don, who continued to perform Divine Service when he was so old that he seldom got through it without a mistake. A late proctor assured me that the veteran once prayed for "the maintenance of wickedness and vice, and the punishment of Thy True Religion and Virtue"; and that, on another occasion, he perplexed his hearers by informing them that "heaviness may endure for a joy, but night cometh in the morning."



was shown by a profligate man, who on his death-bed, after confessing many misdeeds, seemed to think they were outweighed by one meritorious act—he had converted a Jew. On surprise being expressed that this Saul had ever been among the prophets, he gave the following explanation: “I was in a shipwreck; and as many of us as could leapt into a boat and rowed away. We passed by an unfortunate Jew who was struggling in the water. He implored us to take him in, but, on my asking whether he would turn Christian, he refused; and we let him sink. He soon rose to the surface; and, on the question being repeated, he again refused. Once more he rose; and this time, being thoroughly exhausted, he consented to abjure his errors. It might have been dangerous to take him into the boat, so I pushed him away and he sank for the last time. *But he died a Christian.*”

Nevertheless, even if this presence of mind is in a certain sense moral courage, it is plain that, when Mr. Mill spoke of the rarity of such courage, he used the term in a good sense; he lamented that all but a very few are willing to follow the multitude to do evil, or to abstain from doing wrong. Such, also, is the meaning that is nearly always attached to moral courage; and perhaps it would be hard to show more clearly what



moral courage in this, its best, sense is, and how easily physical courage may exist without it, than in the well-known lament of Hamlet—

“Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? . . .  
Why I should take it; for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter.”

This hybrid courage may be well illustrated by examples from actual life. But I must premise that what I call moral fear is often, if not always, a development from bodily fear. The schoolboy, in dread of his master's displeasure, knows of the possible application of the rod; and, in some cases, the distinction which I draw between moral and physical courage might be otherwise expressed as a distinction between a higher kind of physical courage and a lower. Having called attention to this vagueness of language, I will begin by giving a few instances, taken at random, of the common or Hamlet type of character, which possesses physical courage in excess of moral. An apologist of Governor Eyre wrote an account of the adventurous boldness which he had shown in early life; and asked triumphantly how such a man could be charged with cowardice. The answer was obvious, that, as Governor of Jamaica, he had not been wanting in what a soldier un-

derstands as courage, but that he lost his head in a panic. Mr. Hughes, in his kindly memoir of his brother, says that George, though braver than himself in boyish sports, was more sensitive to ridicule.\* The Scythians, says Herodotus, had a long and indecisive war with their revolted slaves. At last, one of the masters complained that they must lose by the struggle, whether they fell themselves or killed those who belonged to them; and he proposed that they should arm themselves, not with swords, but with whips. The hint was taken; and, on seeing the old instrument of oppression, the slaves trembled, and submitted to their bonds.

We now pass on to an opposite and less familiar type of character—that of remarkable men whose physical courage has, on important occasions, fallen short of what might have been expected; the shortcoming being often due to youth and inexperience. Turenne, being asked whether he was frightened at the beginning of a battle, said, “Yes, I sometimes feel great nervous excitement, but there are many subaltern officers and soldiers who feel none whatever!” Condé was much agitated in his first campaign. “My body trembles,” he said, “with the actions my soul medi-

\* To put a very different case: almost every sane suicide has physical, without moral, courage.

tates." Frederick the Great, at Molwitz, gave but little promise of ever becoming a soldier. It is reported of one of the ablest friends of Washington that, in his first battle, his nerves quite gave way, and that he had to be held to his post by two soldiers; it was as if the hero's legs tried to carry him off in spite of himself. It is obvious to remark that distinguished men, whose nerves have thus completely broken down, may thank their stars for being distinguished. Much is forgiven them, for they did much service. Had they been common soldiers, they would have received as little indulgence for the automatic action of their feet, as the poor receive for the malady of kleptomania. There is, however, a special reason why allowance should be made for generals whose presence of mind has failed them. A private has only to shut his eyes to danger, and to confront it with that *chien de courage* of which a great commander spoke with envious disparagement. But the skilled courage of a general is a virtue of a very different order. He must, as it were, have two selves. In deliberation, he must calculate the exact amount of danger to which he exposes his troops; and then, in action, the calculation must be erased from his mind. He must often say to himself, "Peace, peace," when he feels that there is no peace; and,

by a sort of military faith, he must fight as seeing a safety which is invisible. It is true that Nelson exclaimed, "What is fear?—I never saw fear." But, at the time, Nelson was young; and against his remark may be set the saying of Charles V., when he saw written on a tombstone, "Here lies a man who never knew fear!" "Then," observed the Emperor, "he can never have snuffed a candle with his fingers"; or, as we should say, such a man can never have felt the first touch of the forceps of a dentist. Charles V., no doubt, spoke from a commander's point of view; and he may, like other commanders, have felt the difficulty of emulating the happy fearlessness of his soldiers. By eating of the tree of knowledge, a general loses the military virtue in its intuitive and unconscious form.\*

In the above examples, the timidity shown by

\* It is possibly owing to there being such various forms and aspects of courage that philosophers differ so much in their estimate of it. Lord Bacon, perhaps on the principle of damning sins (or virtues) he had no mind to, depreciated boldness, and described it as "a child of ignorance and baseness." Aristotle, on the other hand, set courage on a pedestal, and specially distinguished it from the counterfeit form of it which comes from ignorance. Johnson went yet farther, and maintained that "courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues, because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other"; which is like saying that the watchdog is the most august member of the household, because necessary to the safety of the other members.

great men is admitted to have been a serious defect, however readily explained; but this is hardly so true in the case of those who may roughly be called artists, including under that term poets and orators. In estimating the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," as shown by artists, it is scarcely too much to say that their fear is an element in their bravery, and that their folly is bound up with their wisdom. That courage should ever rest on a basis of fear seems at first sight a paradox; but to the readers of *Romola* the difficulty should not seem insuperable. Savonarola was a man of heroic moral courage; yet George Eliot admits that he was remarkably ready, under torture, to confess whatever his tormentors chose. His biographers bring his timidity into a yet stronger light by pointing out that his courage failed him in the presence of infectious disease; and that his persecutors, in applying the torture which so utterly unmanned him, seemed to have followed the plan which long afterwards was *naïvely* recommended by Burleigh, and to have applied it "as mercifully as such a thing might be." No doubt, it is easy to exaggerate the proofs of moral courage which the reformer gave. His eloquence was a powerful conductor of such courage, and one is tempted to credit him with the sum total of the courage which he inspired; but,



first, we have no reason to suppose that he was as enormously superior to the mass of men in moral courage as in the power of imparting that courage; and, secondly, his hearers, in their enthusiasm, failed to realise the risk they ran, so that the courage they derived from him was not of the highest kind, but was rather the courage of excitement, if not of ignorance. Still, after all such deductions have been made, Savonarola's courage was very great; and we are naturally surprised that a man of his aggressive boldness should have so shrunk from tasting the natural, though bitter, fruit of that boldness. The common solution of this mystery is probably right, so far as it goes: his nervous organisation was unusually sensitive to pain.

We are thus led to ask—Are artists, and especially orators, peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear? and, if so, why? It is clearly impossible, in a short article, to answer these questions satisfactorily; but a few facts may not be out of place. Peel is believed to have owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator described Bishop Wilberforce as “a bundle of nerves,” and as the most sensitive patient he had known. Sheridan was, I think, also very sensitive. It would be easy



to bring forward more instances to show that, granting

“There was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,”

there was hardly ever an orator but would endure it most impatiently. It would seem natural that, if artists are thus peculiarly sensitive to pain, they would be also peculiarly liable to the fear of pain, and of what is likely to bring on pain. The case, however, is not very clear as to their want of military courage. For example, in the brightest period of Spanish history there were instances in which poetry and soldiering seemed to go together. Æschylus, Sir Philip Sidney, and Körner are obvious cases on the same side. But other artists (in our sense of the term) have been less brave. “The divine power,” says Plutarch, “gave Demosthenes and Cicero many similarities in their natural characters, such as their passion for distinction and their love of liberty in civil life, and their want of courage in danger and in war.” Demosthenes was believed to have deserted his colours at Chæronea, and to have excused himself by saying “that he who flies may fight again.”\* There is at least no doubt that orators,

\* *Bacon's Apophthegms*.—Stories of this sort, however mythical, have a certain dramatic interest. If they do not show what a particular poet or orator did, they tend to show

as a rule, show a painful anxiety about their own speeches, and that toilsome uneasiness is a condition of their success. An eminent man told me that, when about to serve as junior to Follett in a great case, he congratulated his leader on the perfect composure which he must have acquired by long practice. Sir William merely asked my friend to feel his hand, which was "wet with anxiety"; and my friend added that this is the sort of man most likely to succeed.\* The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what he should say, the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better; and, in like manner, Cicero is said to have had a bad night before his speech *pro Murenâ*. Indeed, according to Plutarch, he "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also: he began timidly, and in many cases he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current

what, in the opinion of the myth-makers and myth-transmitters, poets and orators were likely to have done.

\* Mr. Galton has a suggestive remark about some men, eminently distinguished in the Indian mutiny, but wholly undistinguished before and since. "They had the advantage of possessing too tough a fibre to be crushed by anxiety and physical misery, and, perhaps *in consequence of that very toughness*, they required a stimulus of the sharpest kind to goad them to all the exertions of which they were capable."

and substance of his speech." The fact is, that of those who, in the most different times and circumstances, have achieved the highest eloquence—*eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Gladstonis*—almost all have paid the penalty of great nervous sensibility.

The same may, in some measure, be affirmed of other artists. We are all familiar with cases in which poets, under temporary excitement, have imparted a delight that must have contrasted utterly with their own habitual state of mind: for example, Hood whose "Comic Annual" was at its gayest when he was dying of consumption, Cowper when he wrote "John Gilpin," and Statius who, *cum fregit subsellia versu, esurit*. Victor Hugo commends what he calls the *trouble* of Shakespeare, and adds words to the effect: "C'est cela qui manque à Goethe, loué à tort pour son impassibilité qui est infériorité." So important is this *trouble* both to poets and to orators, that one is tempted to say of many of them, in Biblical phrase, that they are like the troubled sea which cannot rest; and that, though they often commune with their own hearts, they cannot possibly "be still." Not actors only, but all artists, find their great peril in what M. Taine calls *l'habitude de jouer avec les passions humaines*; and, in order to acquire and keep up this habit,

they must have an abundance of passions wherewith to play.

Having said thus much, we have gone far towards answering our second question, *why* men of genius are so often thin-skinned? It is no mere quibble to say that their sensibility is accompanied by sensitiveness, and that, having so much "feeling" about them, they are particularly liable to feel pain. Nor, again, is it hard to see why fear is so often the beginning of wisdom and success. First, it is a moral anti-soporific. If "fear hath torment," torment at least keeps one awake. To take a comparison from tapestry, fear is the underside, or wrong side, of zeal. When a man longs to win, he fears and trembles to lose; and a great man often owes more than he suspects to that nervous self-dissatisfaction which he will not acknowledge even to himself, but which in fact raises his ideal, so that he is disposed to count a merely partial triumph as a total failure—*Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum*. So much may be said of almost any great man. But we have further seen why, in the case of an artist, we must not look to find that laborious self-mastery which is needed for the highest kind of courage. Possibly even any great effort of self-control might be hurtful to the artist as such; for genius is of spontaneous growth, and is in danger of being bent out of shape. It is true

that the poet is born, not made; but by much overtraining he might be unmade. The possession of strong emotions and passions is at once the necessity and the danger of an artist's life; they are the Pegasus which he has to ride, and to ride without being thrown. The artistic mean in this respect may be illustrated by the extreme: the thinness of the partition between great wits and eccentricity or madness is shown by the number of great wits who break through the partition. They are, in fact, the Bellerophons who cannot hold their heavenly steed in. Hence it may not be irrelevant to call attention to the complaint of one great poet about the *genus irritabile vatum*; and to the confession of another, that

“ We poets are, upon a poet's word,  
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd.”

Plutarch says that orators and sportsmen, whom he unequally yokes together, are of all men the least capable of controlling their tempers. Lord Chatham was sometimes afraid to make a speech, lest he should lose his self-command, and betray State secrets. It is probably through this want of self-restraint and adaptiveness that the marriages of poets are often so unhappy. Nor are other artists—artists commonly so called—free from the characteristic failings of men of genius, as may be seen from the following case; let us,



however, hope it is an extreme one. It is said of Giorgio Benda, the violinist, "that, after his wife had died in his arms, he rushed to the piano to express his grief; but soon becoming interested in the airs he was originating, he forgot both his grief and the cause of it so completely, that when his servant interrupted him to ask about communicating the recent event to the neighbours, Giorgio jumped up in a puzzle, and went to his wife's room to consult her."\* In like manner, the author of the touching epitaph, "Heu! quanto minus esset cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!" is reported to have married again within the twelvemonth. Yet, in fairness, it must be owned that this speedy forgetting of a conjugal bereavement is not confined to artists. In Waddington's *Monograph on Clough*, it is related that "Sir Richard Clough, and Morris Wynn of Gwydir, accompanied Katherine Tudor [the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII.] to her first husband's funeral, and that Morris Wynn, when leading her out of the church after the service was concluded, requested the favour of her hand in

\* *Hereditary Genius*, p. 243. The opposition, amounting almost to incompatibility, between the Greek, or artistic, and the Roman, or self-disciplining, type of character is eloquently expressed by Mommsen. He sums up by saying that "it is only a pitiful narrow-mindedness that will object to the Athenian, that he did not know how to mould his state like the Fabii and the Valerii; or to the Roman, that he did not learn to carve like Phidias, and to write like Aristophanes."

marriage, to which she answered that she had already promised it, as she went in, to Sir Richard; but that, *should there be any other occasion, she would remember him. . . . .* After Sir Richard's death she kept her promise to Morris Wynn and became his wife." Need I add that the lady so much in request was an heiress?\*

The extremesensitiveness of the artistic temperament may account for the comparatively early deaths to which, as statistics show, great artists are liable. It may be said of this short-lived class, that their spiritual fire is too much for them, and that, like jelly on a hot plate, they waste away in continual agitation. At first sight, Lord Palmerston might seem a signal exception to the principles we have

\* It may be confidently pronounced that one at least of the successful suitors was in the army. Envious civilians are at a loss to understand the moral "scarlet fever," as it is called—the irresistible fascination which the physical courage and red cloth of military men are wont to exercise on the female mind. Alas! may it not be said of most pretty girls, as Clough said of the Romans in 1850, that

"the priests and the soldiers possess them—

Priests and soldiers; and which is the worst, the priest or the soldier?"

Undoubtedly the soldier. And yet are there not cynics who contend that a priest has the weakness of womanhood without its winningness, and is, as it were, a *femme manquée*? George Sand divided her schoolfellows into *sages, diables et bêtes*. Perhaps, on a somewhat different principle, girls may be thus classified in order of merit: (1) those who consort with philosophers; (2) those who are led by priests; (3) (*numero plures, virtute et honore minores*) those who run after soldiers.

laid down. His relatives were struck by his insensibility to pain, and Sir Henry Holland has confirmed their testimony: "I have seen him, under a fit of gout which would have sent other men to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business, almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room."\* But, in truth, Lord Palmerston is no exception to our rule, or, rather, he is an exception which proves our rule. He was an able speaker; for so able a man, with so much practice in speaking, could hardly fail to be such. But an orator's passion and self-forgetfulness were just what he had not. Indeed, his freedom from the oratorical vexation of spirit may have helped to enable him to continue prime minister of a great nation at an age unsurpassed except by Fleury, whose political longevity Lord Palmerston spoke of with a sort of envy, and who, with his fourscore years and nine, seems to have furnished another instance of life being lengthened by its burdens being borne easily.

It appears from what we have said that, in making moral estimates, it is often impossible to

\* A similar remark may, in some degree, be applied to the late Mr. Babbage. It might be an interesting matter for inquiry whether mathematicians, with their unexciting and, at the same time, engrossing study, may not, on the one hand, be less sensitive to pain than many men, and, on the other hand, more capable of distracting their minds during it.

allow for extreme sensitiveness of whatever kind ; for the quality cannot be tested. In regard to physical suffering, we have no *painometer*. A man's fortitude under given painful conditions is a function of two variables : it depends on the degree of his insensibility to pain, and also on his power of repressing the signs of pain. Even these two conditions of fortitude are sometimes hard to distinguish, as will be seen from the following examples. It is an admitted fact that men in the prime of life bear pain much better than either old men or young children. Yet one can hardly doubt that men in their prime are more sensitive than men whose faculties have been benumbed by age. But strong men have abundant resources on which to fall back, and a fund of animal spirits from which to draw in the intervals of pain. In fact, they have a set-off against their pain ; and, for practical purposes, the difference between such a set-off against pain and an actual diminution of pain is almost as purely a matter of form and of statement as the difference between placing a quantity in *plus* on one side of an equation, and placing the same quantity in *minus* on the other side. The capriciousness of courage set forth in the motto, *Jactantius mœrent qui minus dolent*, may be further illustrated by a fact which I owe to the courtesy of an eminent physician who practised many years in Egypt. There is a class

of Egyptian peasants who, having to submit to a small operation, make a most unseemly ado; but, if an arm or a leg has to be removed, they submit, without a murmur, to the will of God. Indeed, the anomaly of which we speak seems to have something very Egyptian about it. Psammenitus, the captive king of Egypt, remained passive when he saw his son led to execution by order of Cambyzes; but, on seeing one of his servants dragged away among the captives, he smote his forehead and lamented. On being asked concerning his conduct, he replied that the lesser sorrow admitted of weeping, but that his grief for his son was too deep for tears.\* Such a manner of keeping silence, even from good words, when pain and grief are intense, seems to a European extreme and affected. But it is a familiar fact that, within reasonable limits, sorrow, like opium, acts in small quantities as a stimulant, in large quantities as a sedative: *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*† Indulgence, however, can be granted to

\* Herod. III. 14.

† A similar idea is expressed in the lines, *Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est*; and also in a justly celebrated canto of *In Memoriam* (xxix., "The Danube to the Severn gave," &c.). I remember being amused by a phrase which George Sand applies to an excellent, but unsympathetic, Englishman, who always blundered over giving advice: "Ce malheureux n'avait pas le don des larmes." This sentence hits off to a nicety what the author's countrymen think of our phlegmatic people. At any rate, we could not retaliate the charge.



the stupor of grief only when it is genuine,—when the grief itself refuses to speak, not when it is ostentatiously silenced. And, on this account, some of us feel less sympathy with David, who refused to mourn for his son when mourning was of no avail, than with Solon, who, on a like occasion, being chid for weeping, answered, “I weep, *because* weeping is of no avail.” Perhaps, indeed, it may be doubted whether giving vent to grief, mental or bodily, is not often of some use—better, that is, than “bottling it up.” The late Professor Sedgwick, having dislocated his shoulder, was advised by his surgeon to call out when in pain, and on no account to act the hero. Epicurus not only permits, but urges, his wise man to cry out in torments. Montaigne tells us that some physicians in his time regarded screaming as a relief to women in childbirth; and he goes on to assure us, at rather unnecessary length, that, if in pain himself, he should scream likewise. Such statements, however, must be understood with a reserve; and the commendation must be limited to expressions of grief as harmless as what the Roman poet has called *lacrimæ inanes*, and what the English poet has no less justly called *idle tears*. Other signs of sorrow cannot be approved. Bion, the sage, seeing a mourner pull out his hair, asked “Does this man think baldness a remedy for grief?”

The Egyptian mode of courage, as we call it, suggests an Oriental peculiarity with which, since the Indian mutiny, every one is familiar. Natives of the East often show a remarkable composure in the presence or immediate prospect of a great calamity. I heard the other day a narrative of three sepoys, who were awaiting their execution with a plate of rice before each. Number 1 being dragged off before his meal was finished, Number 2 scooped the remains of it on to his own plate, and ate as fast as he could till the fatal summons interrupted him; whereupon Number 3 followed suit, and had just time, with unabated appetite, to get through his own portion as well as that last bequest of his two friends. Now, it is strange that such fortitude as this should be so one-sided. Charles Austin used to say that his great aim in life was "never to desire the unattainable, and never to regret the inevitable." This goal towards which he was laboriously plodding, the sepoys seemed to gain as it were by a leap; and one might have expected that, being so callous when death was certain, they would be bold and active when there was a chance of life.\* But the

\* Pepys gives a curious account of the state of mind of that *brave parmi les braves*, Prince Rupert, when told that he was dying. Lord Fitzharding "observed, from the Prince, that courage is not what men take it to be—a contempt of

fact is, that they were in a manner too patient to be brave. The very perfection of their passive courage was a hindrance to their possession of active courage. So hard is it often to distinguish between incurable ills, and ills just not incurable, that persons who find resignation easy when there is no hope, are apt to extend their passiveness to the borderland, and to think of the will of God when they might be striving for the good of men. We may illustrate our meaning by the converse proposition: the energetic courage of the most vigorous races is nearly allied to impatience. Mr. Mill has quoted the remark that, if anything goes wrong in politics, Frenchmen say, "*Il faut de la patience*"; while Englishmen cry out, "What a shame!"; and he adds, that the latter state of mind is the more conducive to success. Yet an Englishman is apt to carry his constitutional grumbling to the extreme of crying

death; for, says he, how chagrined the Prince was, the other day, when he thought he should die, having no more mind to it than another man. But, says he, some men are more apt to think they shall escape than another man in fight, while another is doubtful he shall be hit. But, when the first man is sure he shall die, as now the Prince is, he is as much troubled and apprehensive of it as any man else; for, says he, since we told him that we believe he would overcome his disease, he is as merry, and swears and laughs and curses, and do (*sic*) all the things of a man in health, as ever he did in his life."

“Shame” where there is no shame, and where the highest wisdom would dictate submission.

The superiority of lower races in passive endurance is a phenomenon not perhaps limited to races of men. In *Quentin Durward*, some gipsies about to be executed are likened to “foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.” At any rate, some of the lower animals, especially insects, display a wonderful indifference to bodily maiming. We are all familiar with instances of bisected wasps which have gone on drinking, like Munchausen’s horse; and with narratives of spiders having pins in their bodies, which have yet contrived to get about and devour their more securely transfixed neighbours. But perhaps the most marvellous story of the kind is one of beneficent decapitation, and may recall what Juvenal says of Pompey, that his *servatum caput* was a misfortune to him. Colonel Pringle, it seems, could not keep dragon-flies alive in confinement more than a few days; so he bethought him of the plan of cutting off their heads. This ingenious method lengthened life about thirty-fold; for one of the *capite minores* lived four, another six months.\* What-

\* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, III. 177, old edition, s. v. *Animal Kingdom*.

ever view we may take of this singular example of sanitary headlessness, it is certain that "the poor beetle that we tread upon" does not suffer anything approaching to the dying pang of a "giant," or even of a dog. It may have been natural that Shakespeare, writing when he did, should have thought otherwise; but humanitarians of the present day are less excusable for often holding language that involves the old error. It is, however, not my present purpose to enter on the delicate task, delicate especially for a Utilitarian and a Darwinian, of defending the rather sweeping prerogative which man claims, and must claim, in disposing of his cousins, the brutes. Perhaps it may be doubted whether the Utilitarian principle can be applied to those distant relatives quite so unreservedly as Mr. Mill wished to apply it.\* I will merely remark that there

\* "Dissertations and Discussions," II. 483: a very strong passage. After all, it is hard for the Utilitarian, or any other theory of morals, to bear the strain of the most extreme cases. Suppose that some angel or fairy had made the offer that a single inhabitant of another planet, who would otherwise be painlessly annihilated, should be made happy *for ever*, on condition that all mankind, to be ultimately annihilated in any case, should be tortured for billions of years; it is plain that, in strict theory, an infinite amount of happiness, even if concentrated on an individual, should enormously outweigh any finite amount of misery. Yet, if such an offer had been virtuously accepted on behalf of the human race by any saint or sage—in other words, if he had loved



have been persons, merciful to the lower animals, who have *taken it out* by injustice to their fellows. "The Turks," says Bacon, "are a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds." And the murderer, Eugene Aram, is said to have removed worms from his path into a place of safety. A few instances of this kind should be commended to the notice of many excellent persons, who are alike indignant with even the more moderate advocates of vivisection and with the advocates of euthanasia—with those who reluctantly make a few guinea-pigs suffer for the good of science and mankind, and with those who object to their fellow-men being forced to suffer for the good of no one. Might not the torrent of philozoic wrath be profitably diverted towards certain field-sports which are morally hurtful to men, as well as physically hurtful to their victims; or towards the game of Polo, where *immeritis franguntur crura caballis*?

Be this, however, as it may, there can be little doubt that the savage is, comparatively speaking, "like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains"; and that generally, among both beasts and men, the higher the organization,

his unseen neighbour as himself, and as his neighbour whom he had seen—would not the latter have thought him righteous overmuch?

the greater is the sensitiveness. Hence it follows that the brutal punishments and deeds of violence, so prevalent in ancient times, must not be measured by the standard of modern suffering; for probably our forefathers were by nature less sensitive to pain than we are, and they certainly were far more inured to it. These considerations are yet more important in judging of the too frequent violence of the poor, who are remarkable for what they bear, as well as for what they inflict, and whose roughness may be associated with their toughness. Some of my readers may remember the anecdote of the wife who was advised by the clergyman to bear her husband's ill-treatment with patience, and to heap coals of fire on his head. When next her counsellor met her, he asked whether she had taken the hint. "No, sir," was the answer; "I thought of putting fire on my husband's head, *but I tried boiling water.*"\* On hearing this story, one is struck, not merely with amazement at the woman's stupidity, but also with the suspicion that her husband can hardly have been so bad after all, or she would not have been left, with bones unbroken, so quietly to announce her too warm reception of him. Possibly, however, the unpleasantness of

\* This incident was mentioned in the House of Commons in 1873, and, I believe, purports to be authentic.

such a bath would be less felt among the classes trained to hardship than among the rich.\* At any rate, the poor have a wonderful way of making light of severe accidents, even when those accidents have just befallen them. Not long ago, a sawyer in Derbyshire was exhibiting his skill before his master, and had the misfortune to cut off his own hand; his first thought was to apologize for his awkwardness. This may pair with the story of the Roman soldier in Gaul, who, being publicly thanked by Cæsar for a dangerous service in reconnoitring the enemy's position, knelt down and begged forgiveness for having lost his shield in crossing a river. It must be admitted that such abject loyalty lies near the border of servility, and that, when shown by an educated man, it decidedly crosses that border. A French king paid one of his nobles the compliment of visiting him during his last illness. "Pardonnez-moi, sire," said the dying courtier,

\* Bacon gives examples of extreme indifference both to heat and to cold. The Indians, "I mean the sect of their wise men, lay themselves upon a stack of wood, and so sacrifice themselves by fire." The opposite case is less familiar. "There be monks in Russia, for penance, that will sit a whole night in a vessel of water till they be engaged with hard ice." Last autumn, in an Alpine hotel, I met a veteran hydropathist who derived comfort from bathing every morning in an almost freezing lake, and who rolled, in a state of nature, on the snowy mountains above.

“si je fais des grimaces ; je suis dans mon agonie.”

It has already been remarked, how various is the estimate, and how mean was Bacon's estimate, of courage. A yet lower value was set on it by Rochester in his well-known saying, that “every man would be a coward if he durst.” According to this view, a general exhorting his soldiers to be brave, is a sort of homœopathist, who cures like by like, and who can only remedy the lack of physical courage by means of the lack of moral courage :—

“Still heaping on the fear of ill  
The fear of men,—a coward still.”

Rochester's disparagement of courage may have arisen from his own courage having, at one time, been under a cloud. Yet in his cynical epigram there lies some measure of truth. Divested of exaggeration, and somewhat expanded, his thought may be expressed thus :—military courage, like other virtues, is in great measure maintained and directed by public opinion ; but it is sometimes right to be cautious when public opinion is opposed to caution : hence will arise cases in which great moral courage may incur the reproach of cowardice ; and, on the other hand, cases in which a display of physical courage may denote a want of moral courage. The first class of these cases was

illustrated by the great Fabius, who was upbraided by his soldiers for wisely refusing to meet Hannibal in the field. The second class may have been exemplified in the Balaklava charge, of which the French general said, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. If this criticism was just, the magnificence was akin to the *splendide mendax*, and wisdom would have preferred something homelier. Here, then, moral courage should have been the moderator of physical courage. Our meaning may be made yet plainer by adverting to the fear of assassination. A great philosopher has observed that it is by sudden and uncertain perils that our presence of mind is most sorely tried; for they admit of no preparation, and, in order to withstand them, our courage must have become a second nature. This is why the fear of assassination has so often thrown brave men off their balance. It acts in two opposite ways. On the one hand, many men, such as Cromwell and Gentz, have been made by it moody and suspicious. But, on the other hand, this fear often simulates rashness, and drives people into a fatalistic indifference. It is as if they could only avoid thinking of the overhanging sword too much, by refusing to think of it at all. Cæsar, unwisely, as the event showed, neglected all precaution for his safety, on the ground



that "he had rather suffer death once than always live in fear of it."\* In like manner, Queen Elizabeth, when advised to have a guard, declared that she "had rather be dead than put in custody." Wellington used similar language to Lady Aldborough, who, during the occupation of Paris, remonstrated with him for risking his life in the French theatres. But the most fallacious, because the most explicit, aphorism of the kind is attributed to Henry IV.; it assumes the imposing form of a dilemma, yet it involves a principle which might be extended to the omission of precautions against criminals of all sorts. "He who fears death," said the king, "will undertake nothing against me; he who despises his own life will always be master of mine." The answer is obvious, that mankind cannot be thus sharply divided into those who do fear death and those who do not. Suppose a given risk of failing and a given risk of being executed to be just short of what will daunt an average assassin: if either or both of these risks be much increased, almost every assassin will be deterred. Possibly, however, the passive attitude so often assumed by persons whose lives are threatened, on whatever ground they defend it, is often the result of a wise calculation. They may think that, in their

\* Plutarch's *Lives*.

own case, valour is the better part of discretion, and that the best chance of averting assassination is to defy it. If such is their principle, it resembles that of Van Amburgh, who, being asked what he should do if he met a lion in the desert, answered, "If I wished for certain death, I should turn and run away."\* As Shakespeare says,—

"To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us."

\* Colonel Higginson's "Outdoor Papers."

## THE UPPER ENGADINE.\*

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“Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ  
Nescit tangere; tu frigus amabile  
Præbes.”

THE crowd of visitors that spend the summer in the Upper Engadine is continually increasing. Many of them return thither more or less regularly; and nearly all retain some interest in the place and its inhabitants. As I am myself probably the most regular of all the visitors—going to the Engadine each year, and staying there, as a rule, from June till November—it may be possible for me to give some information not unacceptable to those for whom St. Moritz already has an attraction, nor perhaps to those who may intend shortly to visit it for the first time. It is, however, hard to mention all that is needful for the latter class of readers, without stating much that must seem superfluous to the former class. Moreover, St. Moritz being mainly frequented as a health-resort, some account must be given of its climate; and the materials for such an account, being in our case wholly derived from our experience and that of others, and from the statements of experts, have no foundation

\* *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1876.

whatever in medical knowledge of our own. Hence our remarks on this head will be useful only as a reminder to those delicate persons who, before going to St. Moritz, have inquired of the best medical authorities; that is, of medical men who, like Dr. Yeo and Dr. Hermann Weber, have made St. Moritz their special study. But very many invalids seek the mountain-cure without taking this precaution; and mischievous results sometimes follow from the wild notions current about the Engadine, and even from the advice of physicians who have not been there. On the whole, therefore, the difficulty of being all things to all readers must be our excuse if, in any instance, we be thought either to poach on the manor of the doctors, or to give a *crambe repetita* of Murray.

Mr. Freshfield, who is certainly no flatterer of the Upper Engadine, affirms that its climate is "the most bracing south of the Arctic Circle."\* The statement, however, needs qualification. There are isolated hotels on various spots among the Alps (such as Mürren, Belalp, Eggischhorn, and St. Gothard) where the air is little, if at all, less cold—there are hotels on the Riffel and on the Furca and Stelvio Passes, where the air is much colder—than in the neighbourhood of any hotel or hospice in the Engadine. Nevertheless,

\* "Italian Alps."

none of these spots comes anywhere near the Engadine as a bracing place for invalids; for none of them furnishes the same civilised comforts. The Engadine—with its very accessible position and excellent roads, with its numerous and good hotels, with its supply of doctors throughout the year (of one or more English doctors generally during the season), and with its chemist's shop (the highest in Europe)—defies all comparison on the part of any of the places I have named. Also, among cold places it is distinguished by the dryness of the air, and by the number of its bright days. Moreover, the extent of the valley gives great opportunities for enjoying a change of scene; and this is an advantage in more ways than one. An invalid (in the widest sense of the word) who has succeeded in clambering up to one of the solitary mountain-hotels of which I have spoken, is likely soon to get tired of his seclusion, and to want to go elsewhere. But he will probably be unable to dip by halves. He must plunge at once into a low valley, and thus pass suddenly from coolness to heat, and from a rare air to a dense air. In the Engadine, on the other hand, he may avoid these trying changes. For, in the first place, this long valley, with its numerous villages and its manifold variety, has attractions which may well detain



him till the summer heat is quite over. It has, moreover, what may be termed a graduated scale of bracingness; for, as will be seen presently, it contains at least one hospice where the air is much more bracing than at St. Moritz, and very much more so than at Samaden. And, secondly, when the Engadine is left, the descent to the low ground may be broken by a stay of a night or two at one of the villages (such as Mühlen or Tiefenkasten) between St. Moritz and Chur. It should be added that there appears to be no place at all like St. Moritz, on the Pyrenees or on any other European range; and that—to judge by the number of Americans who come to the Engadine, and by the information with which some of them have favoured me—there is no such place in America. Hence, from the point of view of those delicate persons who can bear, and who require, bracing *ad libitum*, the Upper Engadine may be described as the summer resort of the world; it is without an equal anywhere, and, for Englishmen at least, without a second.\*

\* Davos, the only other place where the various requirements of a summer resort are in any degree combined, is, in every one of them, inferior to the Engadine. It has, further, what our countrymen would find a great drawback—its hotels are almost exclusively filled with Germans; and the passion of Germans for shutting all windows is most trying to Englishmen (especially invalids), and is perpetually the

We may well be amazed that a place thus utterly unique should appear so completely to have dropped out of the tourist's map, that many English travellers who visited the Alps some twenty years ago, not merely never saw the Engadine, but never so much as heard of it. It was not always thus unknown. The Romans are said to have used the iron-waters. I heard an accomplished archæologist maintain that the victory which was won by Tiberius and Drusus in the Rhætian Alps, and which Horace has celebrated in two of his finest odes, must have taken place in the Engadine. The end of the valley near the Maloja Pass might well have served for a battle-field; but I am aware that the actual site of the battle is generally placed farther east. At any rate, the Engadine lay in the Rhætian Alps; and with that

cause of disputes. Wherever Englishmen and Germans meet in hotels, these disputes arise. Sometimes, in defence of *fainting* ladies, Englishmen are driven to break windows with their elbows; and I am assured that, three years ago, at a German watering-place, one of the disputants so far forgot himself as to knock his antagonist down. Even at the St. Moritz *Kulm*, where the English are predominant, matters are quite bad enough. It was there contemplated to put the English near the windows in the dining-room, and to separate the Germans from them by a screen. Surely such an arrangement, however unsociable, would be wise. If the English and their excellent kinsmen are so prone to quarrel at watering-places, is it not better that, like Abraham and Lot, they should keep asunder?

entire district the Romans were familiar. At Chur (Curia Rhætorum), there is a tower in the bishop's palace, which is held to be Roman. The village of Bivio (Bivium), on the road to St. Moritz, is so called from its marking the point where the roads over the Julier and Septimer Passes meet.\* The Septimer Pass was much used by the Romans; and traces are still left of the Roman road.† To this day, the language of the people is Romansch, which is commonly described as a mixture of Italian and German, but

\* It is a curious instance of the inconvenience arising from the conflict of languages in this neighbourhood, that the Italians and the Swiss respectively call the same village by the wholly unlike names of Bivio and Stalla. Some years ago, a chambermaid in the Hospice on the St. Gothard Pass, driven to distraction by the polyglot visitors, exclaimed, without a thought of profanity:—"Ah! Le bon Dieu a fait une grande erreur à Babel." Certainly pious foreigners sometimes speak of *le bon Dieu* in a manner that sounds flippant to English ears. Only the other day, the housekeeper of a large French hotel said to me, in reference to the bad weather:—"Il faut envoyer une dépêche au bon Dieu pour demander un meilleur temps."

† Some authorities affirm that the word *Julier* is derived, not from Julius Cæsar, but from a local name. Still, the word, if not Latin in its origin, is Latinised in its present form; and its history may be compared with that of the word *Maleventum* (originally derived from the Greek). On the top of the Julier Pass are two pillars without any legible inscription, but probably either of Roman or præ-Roman date. Is it possible that these pillars, if they cannot be a last vestige, may mark the site, of the *arces Alpibus impositae tremendis* which Drusus demolished?

which is in truth a Latin dialect.\* It, however, contains a few foreign ingredients; amongst others, an ingredient of Spanish, left by the Spaniards during their occupation of Milan and the Valtelline. It should be added that some Engadiners have Spanish blood in them, and that in a few cases the Spanish type of countenance is strongly marked. This is a most impressive fact. In a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Professor Tyndall called attention to the singular phenomenon, that the vibrations of "invisible music" can be transmitted through a silent rod. It is a yet more stupefying thought, that in the Engadine the *δύναμις* of the Spanish physiognomy has been unwittingly passed from generation to generation—passed, perhaps through a single line of descent, certainly in spite of numerous intermarriages with a most un-Spanish race—passed, in at least one instance, by a parent in whom personally the Spanish physiognomy does not appear. So that, though now the Spanish occupation is long since over and forgotten, and is unsuspected even by

\* Mr. Tylor has kindly called my attention to the fact that the Romansch word *cudesch*, a book, comes directly from the Latin *codex*, and not from any Italian word. He has also favoured me with the beginning of the Romansch national hymn, which resembles Latin so closely that it might almost be given to schoolboys as a specimen of bad Latin for correction.

some who bear the impress of it in their features, still the old Spaniards, being dead, yet speak ; *et, quasi cursores, vitai lampada tradunt.*

At the time of the Reformation, the Engadiners espoused the new faith, and offered a brave resistance to the Catholics around. The old Protestant Church of St. Moritz was one of the very southernmost churches of the Reformation ; Luther is said to have preached in it. About this period, an event occurred which ultimately worked a complete change in the history of the valley. Paracelsus of Hohenheim discovered (or, some say, rediscovered) the more powerful of the two iron-springs, which now bears his name ; and, in 1539, he wrote an account of the iron-waters. In regard to the earlier use of these waters there is much obscurity, and that for a characteristic reason. "It is not improbable that other records of the ancient use of the springs may have existed in the archives of the commune, but it happened that, some time ago, the then President, who, in addition to his municipal duties, also dealt in groceries and small wares, thought the old official books and papers would make excellent wrappers for sugar and soap, and disposed of them accordingly."\* In the year 1614, the Engadiners took a sudden fancy

\* Pole's "Iron Cure among the Glaciers."



for travelling.\* A large number of them—it is said, several thousands, which must have amounted to a complete exodus—emigrated to North Italy, chiefly to Venice, all adopting the single business of shoemaking. They continued this occupation for a century and a half; till, in 1766, their exclusion from Venice forced them to abandon it. Still, however, they formed a sort of guild, and stuck to a single trade; but the trade was a dissimilar one: from cobblers they all became pastrycooks.† They were soon the first pastrycooks in Europe; and, to this day, in almost all continental countries, many of the best pastrycooks' shops are in the hands of Engadiners. But they never penetrated to the British Isles, and this may be one reason why, till within the last few years, our countrymen have been so exceptionally ignorant about them. It is said that the old editions of Murray's *Guide* have little information to give about St. Moritz, except that the Protestant church contained the fire-engine. One cause—which was also a sign—of the prevalent want of

\* Many of the following facts are derived from "Das Engadin und die Engadiner," an anonymous work written in 1837, seemingly by a German pastor.

† As the German pastor phrases it, they took to selling pastry, and other such dainties "as tickle the palate." In several of the neighbouring districts, nearly all the inhabitants are brought up to a single trade; amongst others, in Val Bregaglia, whence they emigrate as chimney-sweeps.

interest in the Engadine may have been the badness of the roads. Those who know the valley as it is now, may be amused to learn that, as late as forty years ago, it was thought safer to ride than to drive over the pass, and that any stray visitor who might come for the sake of the mineral waters was advised to keep a horse of his own; if the horse was not used to the fare of black bread, oats had to be brought from Chur, as there were few or none in the valley. The post came only once a week, and then only to Ponte; every Thursday, when the weather permitted, the visitors at St. Moritz made an expedition to that distant village, and returned home with their letters.

In this primitive state of society, and in the jealousy and dislike of intruders, the Engadiners were not wholly unlike the Japanese; and withal in the Engadine, as in Japan, the irrepressible foreigner has appeared, and the nineteenth century has followed close on the Middle Ages. At the present day, St. Moritz is easily reached from Chur by either of two excellent roads of about equal length, one over the Albula, and the other over the Julier Pass. The former of these roads is often preferred as being grander near the top of the pass. But the Julier road has the great advantage of giving a better first impression of the Engadine. By this route the traveller is at

once brought *in medias res*. As he comes down from the pass, he has a fine view of the main valley, with its lakes and villages; and, on his arrival at Silva Plana, he has the opportunity of examining in detail one of the most characteristic of those villages. In many respects the Engadine villages resemble those in other parts of the Grisons. The houses have a half-Italian look; they are solidly built; and, with their frequently renewed coat of whitewash, they present a strong contrast to the dark wooden *châlets* which abound in many parts of Switzerland.\* Thus far the Oberhalbstein and the Engadine villages are alike. What is peculiar to the latter is a kind of patch-work appearance. The small sunk windows are being replaced by large modern ones; modern doorways, too, are beginning to be substituted for the wide-arched doorways through which carts and sledges are admitted into the primitive entrance-halls, which serve both as coach-houses and as barns; and some of the ancient cottages have the air of being refurbished to delight the eyes of visitors.

When I spoke of the half-Italian look of the

\* Mr. Freshfield has well remarked that, "In their passion for whiteness and cleanness, fresh paint and bright flowers, and, I may add, in a certain slow persistency of character, the Eastern Swiss seem to me the Dutch of the mountains."

villages, I was partly referring to the tall slender campaniles, whose summit is not quite that of Italian campaniles, but which are more akin to these than to anything else.\* A good number of these campaniles may be seen during the ascent from Chur; and it is worth while making that ascent on a Sunday morning, in order to witness the hearty devotion that prevails, at least among the women, and especially, I think, among the Catholics. In part of the Grisons, the valleys take it almost in turns to be Catholic and Protestant; and between the Catholics and Protestants there is no friendly feeling. An Engadiner told me that the Protestants of St. Moritz dislike taking even a maid from the Catholic Tiefenkasten; for the Catholics are thought to have "Jesuitical notions of morality." On a ridge, within sight of Tiefenkasten, stands one of the most picturesque of the churches, the Catholic church of Brienz. Nearly all the village has lately been burnt down—

\* In some of these church-towers there are old clocks which strike the hour twice with an interval of a few minutes, in order to facilitate the counting of the strokes. This assistance is not of much use at St. Moritz, as the clock is almost invariably wrong. What at St. Moritz makes the effect most singular is, that this clock is on the Protestant church, and that the Catholic church is hard by. One's first impression was that one heard the stroke of two clocks, the Catholic and the Protestant, both of them much behind the right time, but the Protestant somewhat the less behindhand of the two.

a fate not uncommon among the older and less substantially built villages of the Grisons. But, happily, the church is left; and, on its conspicuous height, it looked last year all the more impressive from its being in solitary grandeur among the ruins. The Catholics, we may be sure, never imitated the Protestant economy by using churches as engine-houses; and I have sometimes thought how triumphantly their controversialists at Brienz must appeal to "the God who answereth by fire," and who spared his undesecrated sanctuary when He was consuming the rest of the village. A small chapel near the neighbouring village of Lenz is described by an old tradition as the scene of a very different deliverance. A peasant, some centuries ago, was leading a kid past this chapel, and, being called away for a few minutes, he tied the kid to the handle of the door. During his absence a wolf attacked the kid, which thereupon in its struggles pushed against the door; the door, opening inwards, let the kid into the chapel; whither, however, the wolf followed. With the courage of despair, the kid jumped over the wolf through the doorway; and thereby, being still tethered, shut the door on its assailant. So the man, on his return, found his kid still safe outside the chapel, and the wolf a prisoner within. It is feared that the captive's right of sanctuary was straightway disregarded.



Perhaps the most surprising feature in many Grisons villages is the wrought ironwork, which often shows great artistic skill, and which contrasts strangely with the otherwise homely exterior of the houses. Some of this ironwork is full two hundred years old; and its present state of preservation is a noteworthy proof of the extreme dryness of the air. In a few houses, it is the knockers that attract attention; these represent dragons and other fantastic forms, and hardly any two knockers are alike. But the most striking specimens of the ironwork are the curiously and variously wrought gratings outside the windows. Of the original object of the gratings, the Engadiners give random and discordant accounts. It is variously stated that they were put up by peaceful citizens for protection against robbers, and by jealous husbands for the incarceration of their wives. A pleasanter, and perhaps truer, explanation of the iron grating is, that it was designed as a barrier, behind which a girl might be permitted, without peril of elopement, to talk to her sweetheart, who stood outside. At first sight, this notion seems refuted by the character of the Engadiners. *Ils sont froids, comme leur climat*, was said to me by one who did not love them; and certainly their unromantic temperament would seem as little suited as the cold-

ness of their air to the fashion of nocturnal serenades.

Nevertheless, the conjecture we are considering has much to recommend it. In parts of Spain, and I believe of Italy, there are window gratings closely resembling those of the Engadine; and these, at least, were avowedly contrived, by parental forecast, for the tantalizing communion of lovers. With Spaniards, as we have seen, the Engadiners once had relations; with Italians their relations are constant. Thus it seems likely that the practice of barring the windows in the Grisons was, so to say, imported ready-made from abroad. If this view is correct, the custom may roughly be called a "survival." But it is a survival of a peculiar kind; it belongs to the class of what may be termed *foundling* survivals—descendants, that is, of a custom of which their country shows no trace.\* In other words, these finely wrought

\* I am tempted to illustrate my meaning by giving another example of these engrafted customs—customs which would be survivals if there were any native custom that they survived. A traveller told me that, on entering a room in some remote part of Canada, he observed projecting from the centre of the wall a solitary shelf, which, though there was no vestige of a fireplace, he recognised as a rudimentary mantelpiece. Evidently, the builder had introduced this purposeless excrescence with the view of carrying out, as far as possible, the plan of an English house. The oddest part of the story was, that the woman of the house, knowing nothing of open fireplaces, had no idea why this mysterious shelf was there.

gratings merely commemorate a purpose which they once served elsewhere. Yet, therewithal, it must not be surmised that they have become wholly unprofitable. They have acquiesced in the principle of *ci-près*, and, their ancient use being no more, they have sought out for themselves a modern and a kindred one; for, having been originally devised for the retention of young ladies, they are now employed for the retention of flower-pots and saucepans.

At their weddings every one is dressed in black, including even the bride, who, however, sometimes puts on a white veil. When a married woman dies, it is the custom to bury her after the exact fashion of the Lady of Burleigh: the people,

“ Softly treading,  
Bear to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit may have rest.”

I once remember, first a wedding, and afterwards a funeral, taking place on the same day in adjoining villages. Some of the guests contrived literally to rejoice with them that did rejoice, and then to weep with them that wept—the same black dress and phlegmatic temper being equally suited for both occasions. They, however, are not alone in this happy faculty of passing suddenly from the house of mourning to the house of feast-

ing. A still more extraordinary rise of the emotional thermometer is said to take place at Argentières, where it is (or was lately) the custom for the funeral baked-meats to be laid out in the cemetery, the relatives occupying the place of honour at the table nearest the grave. The entertainment turns more and more into a revel, and ends with the nearest of kin proposing a toast *à la santé du pauvre mort*.

From noting the features common to the different villages, we pass on to the distinguishing characteristics of a few of them, so as to enable the reader to judge of their comparative merits; and, that our inquiry may assume a practical shape, let us ask: Whither should our supposed traveller, whom we left at Silva Plana, now direct his steps? If, being content with homely fare, he wishes to see the most picturesque, and one of the most primitive, of Engadine villages, he should visit Sils Maria, where he will find many pleasant excursions, and be within easy reach of the Fex glacier. But, in fact (unless he prefers abiding in his present comfortable quarters at Silva Plana), he will almost certainly take the opposite road. At this point, much may be said in favour of Campfer and Samaden, with their excellent hotels. But the air of these villages is less bracing than that of St. Moritz; and the view is less fine than

that either at St. Moritz or at Pontresina. On the whole, these last-named villages are by far the most popular in the Engadine. Pontresina is the more central for excursions, and has become the head-quarters for guides. St. Moritz is the chief resort of persons more or less delicate.\* Perhaps we may best sum up our comparison of the different villages, by saying that the division of labour which has arisen between them, and which has adapted each to its special function, should by all means continue. Let athletic mountaineers keep to the easterly villages—Pontresina and Samaden; invalids to the westerly villages—St. Moritz, Campfer, and Silva Plana. One thing, at any rate, is clear. Athletes are, of all men, the most

\* The *Krone* at Pontresina has long been the favourite hotel of the Alpine Club. Their constancy is partly due to their strong personal regard for the landlord and his family. A similar cause has contributed to the immense success of the Kulm Hotel at St. Moritz—the most popular, and, as I think, the most deservedly so, in the Engadine. Both these hotels are scenes of unremitting attention on occasions when such attention is most needed, as the numerous delicate persons who have been at St. Moritz, and the one or more climbers who are annually laid up at Pontresina, because much mountaineering has made them cripples, will gratefully acknowledge. The Kulm Hotel is situated, as its name implies, on the ridge—the highest and driest point—of the main valley. It has one great advantage peculiar to itself—a covered arcade, where, on wet days, people can walk, enjoy the air and the view. Why the new hotels have no such mountain cloister I cannot conceive.



likely to be irritated by the victimized air and frequent grumblings of invalids; while invalids, if not reminded of their own weakness by the jarring vicinity of exuberant strength, at least object to their wakeful slumbers being broken by heavy footsteps, to the midnight knock at their neighbour's door, and to the other vicarious penalties of mountaineering. Thus athletes and invalids are only an eyesore to each other, and had better live in separate hotels.

We do not, however, mean that invalids and non-invalids should keep asunder in the Engadine, as some Englishmen and some Germans should keep asunder. Happily, mankind, is not made up wholly of athletes and invalids. There is a large class of middle-men—of persons, that is, neither very strong nor very weak—who have points in common with both the extremes, and whose presence at health-resorts is invaluable. A person of this kind—one who can be thus touched with the feeling of infirmities—is the best possible companion for nervous sufferers. Indeed, it is he alone who can keep them from becoming victims either to solitary brooding, or to each other's society and a dolorous exchange of confidences, or, far worst of all, to the clumsy and disdainful exhortations and the spurious and odious attempts at sympathy of prigs who do not know what ner-

vousness is. Philanthropy, therefore, should incline the half-invalid towards the delicate region of the valley—the region on the side of St. Moritz. But probably, in fact, his movements will be determined by what he likes in the way of scenery, and in the way of air. On the former point, each person must judge for himself. It may be said, roughly, that the view from St. Moritz is a lake view, and that the view from Pontresina is a glacier view; and, if I personally prefer the view from St. Moritz, my preference is doubtless owing to some of the accidental, often fanciful, associations which regulate that most capricious of tastes—taste for mountain scenery. The comparative worth of the two villages as bracing resorts admits of a more accurate measurement. Pontresina is sometimes preferred in this respect, on the ground of its having close to it an enormous natural refrigerator in the shape of the Rosegg glacier. St. Moritz, it is true, has also a glacier in sight, the Surlei glacier, which is so called from its being over the lake, and which, Cassandras tells us, will one day, from its present rickety height, fall bodily on the Kurhaus—not perhaps to the great dissatisfaction of lovers of Alpine beauty. But this glacier is so small and so isolated—standing as it does on the top of its dark mountain, like a solitary sugar-plum on the

top of a cake—that, while it adds little to the scenery of St. Moritz, it certainly makes no appreciable addition to its cold. The appearance of the Rosegg glacier from Pontresina is far more striking; and this village is often assumed to be more bracing than St. Moritz by reason of its nearness to that glacier and to the Morteratsch. It is probable that these huge glaciers perceptibly affect the temperature of the comfortable little restaurants, or small inns, near their respective bases; and, therefore, these restaurants make excellent quarters for a person, especially a glacier climber, who finds his own society enough for him, and who wants to compress the utmost amount of bracing into a short time. But I am confident that, in spite of its two glaciers, Pontresina is much less bracing than St. Moritz—the difference being due, not to its having a slightly less altitude, but to its lying in a narrower valley, and being less exposed to the winds. Hence, from the point of view of invalids as such, Pontresina gains little, if at all, by the glaciers. But, from the point of view of artists and of all lovers of scenery, it gains immensely. The view of such vast masses of ice, amid summer scenes and summer heat, leaves certainly a most singular impression, and probably affects us all—even those most accustomed to the sight—more, and in

more ways, than we suppose. Some imaginative people bethink them that looking at ice on a hot day makes them feel cool; and it is probably true that with certain temperaments, and under certain conditions, the sight of a glacier during the dog-days—even though it be a mere sight and nothing more—may yet (like Moses' view from Mount Pisgah) be a blessing rather than the reverse. Solomon may have had this feeling when he beautifully observes that snow in harvest is as “a faithful messenger to them that send him: for he refresheth the soul of his masters.” But if the mere sight of snow on distant peaks is here meant—and in what other sense could there be snow at harvest-time in Judea?—the writer must have gazed too intently at the summit of Lebanon, and at last have grown surfeited and impatient. For, in the next chapter, he changes his simile, and pronounces that, “as snow in summer, so honour is not seemly for a fool.” In fact, Solomon's feelings were mixed; and of such mixed feelings, in presence of this and similar contrasts, most of us have had experience. Such contrasts take very divers shapes. Sometimes the stroke of a cuckoo-clock, heard unexpectedly in the dreariest time of year, tantalizes one for the moment with the thought that it is spring. But one soon wakes up to the conviction

that one vernal sound (like one swallow) does not make spring—nay, that it may stand to it in the same equivocal relation in which much that glitters stands to gold. And, in like manner, those who in a hot Swiss valley are panting for cold, will find that gazing on snowy but distant peaks has in nowise the same restorative effect that gazing on the brazen serpent had on the Hebrews. Rather can they feel for the poor demons on the walls of an ancient Campo Santo who, from their yet hotter abode, are straining their eyes towards the cool regions above.

A further consideration, quite as potent as either scenery or air in determining an invalid in the choice of an abode, is the quantity and quality of food. When means of communication were scanty, places of great altitude were deficient in this respect. The defect was indeed very obvious, and was pointed out by Milton in a passage remarkable in itself, and more remarkable from being put into the mouth of Adam when “fatherly displeased” with the “execrable son” who would one day tempt or force his brethren on to the summit of the tower of Babel:—

“Wretched man! what food  
Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
Himself, and his rash army; where thin air



Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?”\*

In these physical and economical reflections—reflections, it must be owned, which have the air of proceeding rather from Adam Smith than from Adam the patriarch—two objections are specified which may be urged against all high places, from the tower of Babel to St. Moritz: want of food, and want of air. In fact, the charge of giving bad dinners has frequently been brought against the Engadine; and, only a few years ago, when the valley was still a *terra incognita*, and when the natives were as yet unprepared for the bewildering change that was in store for them, the accusation was probably well-founded. But the last few years, one may say, have done the work of centuries; so that now, in all the chief Engadine hotels, the dinners are, not indeed such as to tempt an invalid into over-eating, but generally good enough either for him or for any one else; and what they are generally now, in a few more years they will be universally. In any case, the Engadine is the abode of all others where there is the least excuse for fastidiousness about food; for it unites a physical and a moral condiment, not often found together. In an often-quoted comparison between Plato and mountain air, Joubert

\* “Paradise Lost,” xii. 74.

says of that air, “Il aiguise les organes et donne le goût des bons aliments”; and some one else has said that a dinner well talked over is half digested. In both these ways, St. Moritz in the summer should make men omnivorous; for it is then a place—its worst enemy would admit—where the appetite proceeding from mountain air runs no possible risk from mountain solitude.\* The other count of Adam’s indictment against great altitudes is more serious; for the evil, if real, is irremediable. The rarity of the air on mountain tops was the chief cause of the inveterate prejudice against them. Till quite lately, it was thought incredible that the numerous invalids whose blood requires oxygenation, could gain strength on heights where every cubic foot of air contains less oxygen than on the plain. Nor indeed does the objection admit of a complete answer. It is quite true that, to meet the various requirements of mountain air, the breath has to be drawn quicker or deeper; also, the pulse beats more frequently; and, in short, the working of

\* People who are now and then dissatisfied with the meat in the Engadine, may be reminded that the milk and cream there are excellent. A few persons, staying on in the autumn, have derived benefit from a modified form of the grape-cure; the kind of grapes medically recommended (*raisins fendants*, as they are called) can be obtained from Meran or elsewhere at small cost.

the human machine is more rapid. So that a person who seeks health on mountain-tops, may be likened to a trader who puts up with small profits in order to turn over his capital fast. But, whenever such a trader cannot thus recoup himself, he finds the low rate of profit an unmixed evil; and, in like manner, in certain disorders of the respiratory organs and of the heart, the human mechanism cannot increase its speed, and then there is no gain to compensate the loss. A most melancholy case in point occurred in 1872, when a young lady in an advanced stage of consumption was taken to Campfer, and died of sheer suffocation in two days. Likewise, persons whose vigour is impaired by age can seldom quite adapt themselves to these high regions. Even among the Engadiners themselves, it is remarkable how few old people are visible. Except a solitary old woman at Sils Maria, I can hardly remember to have seen any very old person in the valley. The rarity of old *men* should cause little surprise; for many of the men spend the best years of their lives on the plain, and not a few may have suffered from the change of abode, and the sudden and violent change of temperature. But the women mostly stop in the Engadine; and yet women of great age are seldom seen there. I am assured, indeed, that the Engadine contains several aged

men and women, who keep indoors. Yet the number of old people who appear must bear a more or less definite proportion to the number of old people who exist; and, hence, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the Engadiners, as a rule, are not long-lived. But it by no means follows from this that visitors to the Engadine are committing a slow suicide. I am inclined to think that the normal Englishman should regard dry cold only as an alterative; and that (looking merely to health) he should, when his short change of air and scene is over, take Clough's hint, and—

“Turn to

England, which may after all be for its children the best.”

That there are very many exceptions to this rule—absolutely very many, though relatively few—and that these exceptional persons are immensely invigorated by a long stay in the Engadine, admits of no question. But what makes them find the air so invigorating, it is hard to say. In truth, St. Moritz is the extreme opposite of the land of the Lotos-eaters; in the former, it “seems” *never* “afternoon,” but almost always early morning. Not, indeed, that the climate is always cold. But there is something about it which imparts a feeling of perpetual motion and excitement. To some persons—to many on their first arrival—this excitement brings sleeplessness; and to those in-

valids who require absolute repose and a sort of "afternoon" treatment, it generally proves injurious. But, with an opposite class of invalids, the same excitement seems to be the parent of vigour. May not this invigorating restlessness be connected with that quickening of the pulse and winding-up of the human clockwork to which we have referred as invariable symptoms on great altitudes? A somewhat similar explanation of the exhilarating influence of mountain air is founded on the comparative absence of atmospheric pressure; it is argued that, on great heights, people have a less weight of air to support, and that they feel like Christian when the burden fell off his back. This solution sounds plausible; nevertheless, there is reason to doubt whether, from the mere diminution of atmospheric pressure—in fact, from the falling of the barometer—any sanitary good can be predicted. The vulgar method of cutting the knot as to the good results of mountain air, is to refer them all to ozone—that unfailing scapegoat of medical ignorance, on whose back climatic effects that cannot be explained are so unceremoniously laid. On heights like the Engadine, there undoubtedly is much ozone; but, as to the action of ozone on health, there is still much obscurity. The least ambitious, and probably the wisest, course is provisionally to ascribe the good wrought on invalids



by the Engadine air to its cold, dryness, and purity. Other causes of that good—causes which would not operate in an equally cold, dry, and pure air on low ground—may exist; but, if so, they are not fully ascertained.

The popular conceptions are scarcely less hazy about the results of the Engadine climate, than about the climate itself. It is commonly judged of by the specimen presented in July and August; and the snow which sometimes falls, and even lies for a night or two, in that short season, leaves such an impression on witnesses, or at least on reporters, as to cast its white veil over all the fine weather that precedes and follows the snow. Last June, there was a choral festival at Samaden, with singers from all parts of the canton. The 19th was the day fixed for its commencement; but, through the falling of several inches of snow on the 18th—only three days before the longest day of the year—the festival had to be postponed. In 1872 and 1874, the snow lay for a night in August. More than once, I have heard Engadiners say in August that the air was “trop froid pour la neige”; and these words, whatever they exactly meant, have certainly a wintry sound. Perhaps it is natural that snowstorms in the dog-days should beget fears of being snowed up, if not frozen, in autumn. But the fact is, that

those whom the Engadine thoroughly suits, would find the Alpine September and October the very months for them. September is almost always the finest month in the year. It frequently begins with a few wet days; but, in all the five Septembers that I have spent at St. Moritz, the weather was, on the whole, magnificent—cloudless day often following cloudless day, till sometimes, like the faultlessness of Aristides, the uniformity of cloudlessness became wearisome. October is occasionally wet (as in 1873); but more often it is fine. It nearly always has a very fine and warm week—in fact, the Indian summer, or, as the natives call it, the old woman's summer. Several of those who have derived the greatest permanent benefit from St. Moritz, agree that the air only begins to brace them in September; they hold that the actual summer is more stimulating than strengthening—nay, that, in July and August, St. Moritz has only the negative merit of being non-relaxing while other places are relaxing, not the positive merit of being bracing. No absolute rule can be laid down on this subject, both because the temperature varies much in different years, and also because the standard of what braces is relative to the person braced; those whose opinion I quote need much bracing, and fix their standard very high.

But, when thus explained, their estimate seems to me not far wrong. At any rate, one happy change comes over the weather in September. The hot Italian winds, so frequent and so trying in the summer, gradually diminish; and the air, as it becomes colder, becomes also stiller. When the winter has fairly set in, there is generally a complete calm, which, indeed, together with the dryness, is what enables many people to bear the winter cold so easily.

Nor is it only on persons seeking to be braced that the Engadine autumn has claims. Many English tourists are, no doubt, restricted as to the time of their holiday; but to a large proportion of them there is, at least, some choice; and to these latter—especially to the painters and botanists among them—I say emphatically that they take their trip to the Engadine at the wrong time. In the late Alpine spring, there is a great profusion of wild-flowers; but most of these are over (or cut with the hay) before the end of July. Not so very long afterwards begins the autumnal colouring, when the deciduous trees (mainly larches) are seen in that “desolation clothed with loveliness” which belongs quite as much to the Italian autumn as to the autumn of Italian greatness.\* But the British tourist makes these two

\* See Shelley's “Ode to Liberty.”

beautiful seasons his Scylla and Charybdis, which cannot both be avoided without dexterous steering, but to avoid both of which he somehow contrives. Between these two seasons comes a rather dull interval in August, when there is nothing to relieve the barely distinguishable colouring of the pines and larches, and when, in short, the scenery and sky present a monotony of green and blue. Our countrymen have a way of choosing this dull time for their visit, and can seldom be persuaded that the Engadine has any trees except evergreens, or any autumn worth waiting for. To all these human birds of passage, the snow that often lies for a few hours early in September gives the signal for flight. But, for the "stranger that sojourneth" — for the traveller, that is, who makes a long stay—this passing snow has manifold attractions. First, it is a sign, if not a cause, of that change in the weather from non-relaxing to bracing, of which we have spoken. Secondly, and chiefly, it rids the neighbourhood of the buzzing superfluity both of tourists and of flies. Nor, again, as affecting the scenery, is the September snow otherwise than agreeable; for, when one has in a manner been looking at green for weeks, a glimpse of white is a pleasing variety. It is made all the more pleasing by the thought that there will presently be a yet further change,

when the snow begins to melt, and the snow-line appears gradually to climb up the mountain. Thus, the "snow in summer" has associations wholly unlike those of the winter snow; it differs, one may say, from the winter snow, just as the powder wherewith a beauty adorns her hair for a fancy ball, and which is brushed off next morning, differs from the last sad whiteness of age. The winter snow does not fall till the middle of November. It is important to remark that, except occasionally for a few days, the Julier Pass is always open. As soon as possible after a heavy fall of snow, the snow-plough does its work; so that communication remains easy throughout the winter. The winters vary greatly in severity. In 1799, the French artillery is said to have crossed the Sils Lake on the ice in the month of May; but such severe cold, so late in the spring, is extremely rare. In the winter of 1871-2, some Cambridge undergraduates came to the Engadine to skate. The skating on the Sils Lake was excellent, and the ice was so clear that through it were seen remains of ancient lake dwellings, said not to be visible in summer through the water.\* Young Engadiners, being freed in the

\* In that winter the skating was unusually good, and lasted long; but, generally, soon after each lake is frozen over, the ice is spoilt by fresh snow. But the lakes begin to



winter from the incubus of visitors, count it their favourite season, and devote it to sledging parties and dances. So little is the still cold felt, that, once in February, the small party at the Kulm Hotel, after clearing away the snow from a sufficient area, had a picnic on the flat roof—the sun being so hot that some had to hold up parasols. Encouraged by the apparent warmth, one of the ladies tried sketching out-of-doors; but she was stopped by an untoward event—the paint froze in her brush. It should be further remarked that the food is not less good, while the attendance is much better, in the winter than in the crowded season; and also that the winter cold, though severe in the Engadine, is less so than in Canada.\* Nor should it be forgotten that, in case an invalid

bear at different times. I have known a shallow lake (or pond) near Crestalta to bear by the end of October; on the other hand, the St. Moritz lake seldom bears before Christmas. Hence, for skating purposes, the different lakes can be taken in succession. Also, when the Kulm Hotel is kept open in winter, arrangements are made for flooding the croquet ground. But, in fact, this hotel is not kept open unless there are visitors enough to make it pay. [Since this article was written, the Kulm Hotel has been much enlarged, and the accommodation for winter visitors is in every way improved (1883).]

\* I stayed at St. Moritz till December 4, 1870. That winter being unusually severe, there were, even before I left, more than 40° Fah. of frost, three nights running. But it is rare for that amount of cold to come before Christmas.

or an invalid's friend should find the cold too intense, an easy descent of six hours over the Maloja Pass—a *descent* all the way, as the pass is lower than St. Moritz—will deposit him in the mild climate of Chiavenna. I am careful to give these details, as extravagant notions are current about the hardships and perils of the Engadine winter, and as cases even occur where persons, having a real object for going to St. Moritz late in the year, are subjected to copious remonstrances, and regarded as bad imitators of the Arctic explorers—imitators who volunteer, without friends or experience, to enter an undiscovered country from whose bourne return is very doubtful.

It appears, then, that, if invalids are to be frozen into health, there is no reason why the candidates for freezing should not go to St. Moritz. But, in fact, at St. Moritz the wintering visitors have been very few. On the other hand, at Davos, where the conditions are nearly the same, their number is great and increasing. It now amounts to about 500, nearly all Germans, and all either invalids or their friends. A large proportion of the invalids are what, in popular language, are vaguely, but conveniently, called consumptive. It is well known that, in the treatment of such cases, medical opinion has undergone a change so astounding as to look like a leap

in the dark, or, at best, in the dim twilight. As the remedial agent, the extreme of dry cold has suddenly replaced the extreme of moist heat; and some patients who, only twenty years ago, would have been more or less boiled in Madeira, are now frozen on Alpine heights. How far has this bold experiment succeeded? In the Engadine, certainly, the results (so far as they go) have not been encouraging. Out of the very few who, within my knowledge, have spent winters (or parts of winters) there, at least six have died—a startlingly large portion of the entire number; whereas consumptive cases where the cure of certain disease is itself certain, and certainly due to the Engadine winter, are—I will not say unknown—but exceedingly rare.\* But, on the

\* Our threefold repetition of the word “certain” may be thus explained: 1. By the older school of doctors lung disease is sometimes said to exist where, in truth, it does not. Quite lately a young Englishman was told by a German doctor that his lungs were affected, and was ordered to winter at St. Moritz. Not content with this opinion, the patient consulted a physician of the Brompton Hospital, who discovered that his lungs were perfectly sound. If he had consulted the English doctor *after* wintering in the Engadine, his soundness would have been ascribed to his so wintering, and his case, though really valueless as evidence, would have been held up as conclusive. 2. Some instances, till lately quoted in favour of the winter-cure, have broken down through death or relapse; perhaps, however, the cure in these cases might have been more effectual if it had had a longer trial. 3. An occasional

other hand, there are consumptive patients whom the air seems to have kept alive, and who are, though not well, quite well enough to enjoy life. The list might be swelled with examples of native Engadiners who, having become ill in the plains below, are much better since their return home. It is true that evidence founded on native constitutions is of doubtful application to Englishmen. But, in this inquiry, we must make the most of what evidence we can get, for so few invalids have wintered in the Engadine, that the freezing process should be said, not to have failed there, but never fairly to have been tried. With Davos, of course, the case is different. The experiment has there been tried on such a scale, and for such a time, as, I think, to leave no reasonable doubt that it has, in many instances, been successful. On the whole, the best medical opinion seems to be that the freezing-cure promises well where there is tendency to disease rather than actual disease, or where the disease is either dormant or counteracted by a constitution otherwise sound and vigorous; but that the remedy is always a very strong one; and that, both in Scotland and in Switzerland, it has been used too indiscriminately.

recovery from lung-disease on Alpine heights proves little; for, even in the bad air of London hospitals, such recoveries occur unexpectedly.

Hence the general remark with which this article opened applies with the utmost force to consumptive patients; it is sheer madness for these to seek the mountain-cure without the sanction of a physician *who has made the subject his special study*.

From this doleful topic, it is a relief to pass on to a class of invalids who, without doubt, profit immensely by the Engadine air. I refer to those (overworked students and others) who, though free from organic defects, suffer from cerebral anæmia, and in general from nervous debility. With these, moreover, the experiment of a prolonged stay is a safe one; for, not being liable to be bedridden, they can depart instantly if they feel less well; and, being organically sound, they can rely on such natural indications as their feelings offer. In the infantine phrase, so long as they like the Engadine air, it probably *likes them*. That many will be thus drawn to St. Moritz, may be inferred from the large and increasing number of nervous sufferers who prefer the English winter, with all its drawbacks, and without its field sports, to the English summer. This preference is mainly restricted to the younger generation, and seems unaccountable to veterans, who fail to perceive that, on this head, the public taste is being modified scarcely less suddenly than,



in Pope's day, it became modified in a very different relation ;—

“ Our fathers praised rank venison ; you suppose  
Perhaps, young man, our fathers had no nose.”

We now sometimes credit our forefathers with a no less felicitous inexperience of nerves. Not, of course, that among them functional disorders of the nerves and brain were unknown. But it seems that such disorders are now growing more frequent, and that they exhibit symptoms novel in their commonness and in their occasional intensity. One of these symptoms of cerebral anæmia is the very modern craving for cold, which may be said, like Pallas, to have sprung out of the brain, and to have come full-grown into the world. Such a craving is conspicuous in certain invalids who find the English climate, taken as a whole, too relaxing ; they can hold their ground well enough in the English winter and spring, but they tend to become ill in the summer and autumn. These are the persons already mentioned who, during July and August, are disappointed with St. Moritz ; they are all the time disposed to complain (slightly altering the famous stanza) that “ ’tis cold of which their nerves are scant ; ’tis cold, not heat, for which they pant, more cold and keener than they want.” Yet, murmur as they may, and do, it is to such as these that the

Engadine does most permanent good ; for, of all people, they derive most benefit from prolonging and repeating their visits.

It will perhaps be contended that hardly any Englishmen will ever be so akin to Polar bears as to wish or need, out of even a few years of their lives, to spend a third or a fourth part in the Engadine ; and that those who, with the desire, have also the leisure, for such a summerless long vacation, will be still fewer. Yet, in regard to the mere finding of leisure, we have ample evidence that where there is a will there is a way, and that whatsoever a man hath he will give for his health. The crowds that manage to winter abroad in the Riviera and other warm places, are among the many proofs of this. An experienced doctor once told me that he had lately discovered, with some surprise, how large is the number of delicate people who, having a sufficient competence to secure absolute leisure, devote that leisure to waiting, so to say, upon health. It is true that these patients (in every sense of the word) are quite as often attracted by heat as by cold. But the physician I speak of had been at St. Moritz ; and it was mainly to cold-seekers that his language referred. Indeed, we have many illustrations of the truth that bracing is becoming more and more the order of the day ; and that cold (unlike

gold) rises steadily in value. On this head, Davos, with its five hundred winterers, speaks volumes. Another indication, less weighty in itself, but more directly bearing on our present subject, is the fascination exercised over many visitors of the Engadine by the wonderfully keen air on the Bernina Pass, which is some 1,500 feet higher than St. Moritz. In 1870, a delicate lady found it worth her while to go almost daily from Pontresina to the top of this pass, a distance of ten miles, so as to breathe the fine air for a few hours. The hospice on the pass has been since much improved; and some health-seekers, undaunted by the loneliness and the smell of stables, find that a few weeks spent there make a pleasant change from the noise and occasional heat of St. Moritz—*ego vel Prochyta[m] praepono Suburrae*. Of course this preference is restricted to the physical Irreconcilables, who allow of no compromise with heat. But of this small (though increasing) body, a few have found their stay at Bernina the turning-point after a long illness; and how enthusiastically do they now dwell on its abnormal combination of charms! In fact, they go to Bernina to have the summer of their discontent made glorious winter; transformed, indeed, into a sort of expurgated edition of the English winter—the English winter without its damp, and the East winds with-

out their pungency ; differing also from the English winter in the deep blue of the sky, and in the dazzling and enchanting brilliance of the sunlight. One drawback, however, there is to a long residence on this pass—there are absolutely no trees ; unless haply we count as a tree the dwarf willow (*Salix herbacea*), which rises barely two inches from the ground ! So that those only should dream of making a stay whose zeal for turning August into March is such as to reconcile them to the prayer,—

“Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ.”

Perhaps, after all, the absence of trees is not an unmixed evil. The superiority of Bernina to Pontresina in point of bracingness is out of all proportion to the difference between the two places in respect of cold. That superiority is, in great part, due to the extreme dryness of the Bernina air ; and the dryness must be increased by the scantiness of vegetation. It should, however, be explained that Bernina is by no means,—

“A mountain-top  
Where biting cold will never let grass grow.”\*

Many wild-flowers grow there, including some not found at the lower elevation of St. Moritz.

\* *Henry VI.*, Part II.

Also, the wildness of the scenery is heightened by the Cambrena glacier; and by sundry patches of snow close to the Hospice, which linger on into August. But the most striking features in the landscape are the Black and the White Lakes, which are only a few yards apart, and the latter of which owes its colour to glacier water. Possibly even the treelessness, and the rocks fantastically scattered about, help to give the scene a certain weird and unearthly attractiveness, and to make it look as if transported bodily from an Eastern tale or from an allegory. The two lakes especially, so close to each other, yet so marvellous in their contrast, recall the passage where Bunyan describes the mouth of the bottomless pit as hard by the gate of the Celestial City. Fact, however, in this case improves upon fiction, as the White Lake at Bernina is much larger than the Black one.

From the Lago Bianco and Lago Nero respectively issue streams flowing into the Adda and the Inn. But the finest watershed in the Engadine is at the Lugni See\* (not far from Maloja); where, from a single spot, a stone may be cast into the Inn, into a feeder of the Rhine, or into a feeder of the Po. Some enthusiastic mountaineers call this *the*

\* Called also "The Frozen Lake." After the severe winter of 1870-1, it remained frozen until August.



watershed of Europe; and, in one sense, it deserves the appellation. At St. Gothard, indeed, the watershed is, on the whole, grander; for it contains the sources of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss, and the Ticino. But there is, I believe, no single spot at St. Gothard within a stone's throw of these various sources; so that the Lugni watershed, though otherwise less impressive, has the advantage (one may say) in compactness.

Of the glaciers no minute account will here be attempted; for, unfortunately, such an account would have to be given at second-hand. The Morteratsch glacier is said to be the easiest to see thoroughly, and also to be the best worth seeing. Carriages can go almost to its base; and non-climbers can form a very fair impression of it from this point and (better still) from the road up to Bernina. The Rosegg glacier is less readily approached through its long valley; and the Roseggthal itself is, in parts at least, not very striking. The mountains do not seem high enough, and the valley is neither narrow enough nor still enough to come up to one's ideal of Alpine seclusion; and, near the glacier, the few stunted trees, suggesting as they do the impotence of Nature, are more destructive, either than a luxuriant growth or than complete barrenness, of all sentiment akin to that of the Psalmist who exclaimed,

“What is man that thou regardest him?” or, we may add, to that of the romancist who represented Monte Cristo as fascinated by solitude “dans le silence de l’immensité, et sous le regard du Seigneur.”

No part of the Engadine impresses me nearly so much as the beautiful valley called Beversthal. In it the number of creeping firs is said to be almost unexampled, that of *pinus cembra* is certainly very great. These with their dark foliage heighten the effect produced by this narrow valley, which is enclosed between high walls of steep and rugged mountains. It runs in a crescent round the back of Pitz Ot; and altogether its aspect has a peculiar charm—a charm which a German writer declares to be unparalleled. Nor is it less to the ear than to the eye that this dim, religious valley is impressive. Baedeker notices the pervading silence of the Engadine as *une particularité étonnante*. This remark may have been correct once; now, however, it can hardly be applied to the main valley of the Engadine—certainly not to St. Moritz and Samaden in the season. But it still holds in reference to the side valleys, especially to Beversthal, which is a sort of mountain *cul de sac*, wholly without traffic, and which the absolute stillness helps to make solemn and even deathlike. Perchance this eloquent silence may

be one reason why certain spots in the Engadine, when revisited from year to year, so frequently and so painfully recall such sentiments as are entertained for an ancestral home which has been known from childhood, which stirs every feeling of pride and affection, while yet it reposes in majestic dulness, and has the vault where those who have been loved lie buried. Such gloomy reflections gain force when one observes with what wonderful rapidity, in the cold, dry air of St. Moritz, the natives, especially the women, wither and shrivel up. One comes to associate this *rugosus frigore pagus* with human decay, and to think of it as a sort of gorgeous tomb. Not, of course, that such meditations as these are exclusively a growth of the Engadine. They belong more or less to all mountainous regions; insomuch that they make us feel that there is, after all, a real foundation for Buckle's too sweeping assertion about mountain-scenery overawing men, and disposing them to superstition. Assuredly such scenery enervates us with the reminder that the hills stand fast for ever; while we

ὁππότε πρῶτα θάνωμες, ἀνάκοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλῃ  
εὖδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτερμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.

It is obvious to remark that a similar train of reflections may be excited by the ocean. The ocean (as Byron has shown in a famous passage) has the same sort of effect in dwarfing our

dignity and humbling our pride that mountains have. But mountains have this influence in a greater degree. For the sea, with its bustling and tumbling, and its changes between calm and storm, has some analogy, and falls into a kind of sympathy, with human emotions. But, in an Alpine range, the steadfast peaks look down, from age to age, on human weakness and wretchedness with something of the brutal indifference of Epicurean gods. Moreover, a narrow and unfrequented valley, such as Beverthal, tends to stunt and paralyze us more than the sea does, because the mountains rob us of our horizon, and appear to cut us off from the world.\* It may be added that the sea, with its steamboats and breakwaters, has at least a few signs to mark "how grows the day of human power"; whereas

\* The sentiment of isolation springs up in Alpine gorges very commonly. But it affects people in different ways. It has been said of secluded valleys that "elles ont ceci de charmant, qu'on peut croire que c'est la fin du monde, que par delà il en existe un autre bien différent de celui que nous voyons, un monde où règne une divine harmonie, où toutes les femmes sont fidèles, où toute question obtient sa réponse et tout dévouement sa récompense, où les biens sont assurés, où les bonheurs sont éternels." In a like spirit, it may be added that the praise which Ovid bestowed on astronomers is even more applicable to those who get rid of their *Weltschmerz* in the elevated and elevating seclusion of the mountains:—

"Credibile est illos pariter vitiisque locisque  
Altius humanis exseruisse caput."

desolate heights merely penetrate and oppress us—as sunrise and sunset oppressed Catullus, and as the waxing and waning moon oppressed Horace—with the thought that the individual withers and natural forces are ever the same.

The foregoing sentiment tends, as we have said, to arise in all mountainous districts; or, at any rate, in all those districts, rare in civilised countries, where the natural features are so strongly marked, and where man has added so little, that an ancient inhabitant, if he could now rise from the dead, would recognise his home certainly and at once. But, in the lonely parts of the Engadine, the sentiment is exceptionally strong. A traveller, spending several weeks at the Riffel, has time to get his feelings into harmony with the solitude, and to become, as it were, part of the scene. But, in the neighbourhood of St. Moritz, such gleams of solitude as there are shine brighter through the contrast. After “communing with the universe” on the Fex glacier, the tourist returns at nightfall to the Kulm Hotel, where not unfrequently a ball (with various civilised appendages, such as invitation cards for outsiders) is given by the Italians and English, where once in the season there is a cotillon duly besprinkled with princes and princesses, and lasting till two in the morning, and where last year a newly arrived lady asked quite



seriously the scarcely surprising and possibly prophetic question: "N'est-ce pas qu'il y a un théâtre ici?" To some persons who make a long annual stay in the Engadine, and who object to being bored, a contrast of this sort has its pleasant side; they are not sorry that their summer home should have a time for every work under the sun, including even "a time to dance." But to the genuine lover of mountains, these dancing tourists are so many trespassers on his preserve; he looks upon St. Moritz as a sort of Ramsgate on the Alps, and hates it with a perfect hatred. Nevertheless, the fact is, that, through the Engadine being a favourite resort of over-worked students, a large proportion of the visitors consists of cultivated persons; and, as the autumn advances, the cockney element almost wholly disappears. But it is with the Engadine itself, as well as with its visitors, that the climbers are at war. Mr. Freshfield goes so far as to describe the Engadine rather enigmatically as bleak uplands "where a shallow uniform trench does duty for the valley which has never yet been dug out, and where the minor and most conspicuous peaks have a mean and ruinous aspect." So harsh a criticism is, we confess, to us incomprehensible; though, no doubt, when we gaze on the huge and hideous Kurhaus, and on the long and most in-

congruous street of bran new *pensions*, which already crosses the river, and will soon stretch for nearly a mile (from the Kurhaus to the village), we often think how different the stream and lakes would look *viridi si gramine cluderet undas Herba*, and if giant hotels (to say nothing of the projected railroad) did not violate the native rōck.\* But, at any rate, the hotels and *pensions* cannot “violate” the summits of the hills around; so that, at the worst, the immediate neighbourhood of St. Moritz will become—what both Ireland and Cheshire have been called—an ugly picture in a beautiful frame.

Another fault sometimes found with the Engadine is, that the valley might be in any mountainous country; it lacks some of the characteristic features of Swiss scenery. There are many places out of Switzerland to which it is compared. It is said closely to resemble Nynneetal in India; and it has been likened to various places in Norway, in Scotland, and in Wales. To me individually, the drive from St. Moritz to Sils and to the Maloja—with the chain of lakes on the left hand, which sometimes wear the aspect of a wide river—most forcibly recalls the ten miles, said to be the most beautiful in North Wales, between Dolgelly and Barmouth. Those who have never seen

\* See Juvenal, III. 19, 20.

the Engadine, will deem the comparison of Wales with it extravagant; but, in truth, though Pitz Languard is more than triple the height of Cader Idris, yet, when it is seen from the high Engadine valley, and through the clear Engadine air which makes mountains seem nearer but smaller, and also when the eye has been trained to judge by the Swiss standard of magnitude, the Swiss mountain does not appear much larger than the Welsh. Hence it arises that, by mountaineers who have become *blasés* for all mountain views short of the grandest, as well as by some busy men whose holidays are short, and who need a total change, the scenery of the Engadine is thought tame and unattractive. But, for persons obliged to spend a large proportion of their lives in it, the valley derives an additional charm from its comparative homeliness and its manifold associations; it calls up old times, and gives a picture—though a magnified and idealized picture—of familiar scenes. Possibly there is a certain attraction even in that “hardness” of the Engadine scenery which is the bugbear of artists, who seem to say of mountain views—as Principal Tulloch says of religious opinions—that they should be somewhat *hazy*. Still, this clearness or hardness helps one, as it were, to keep hold of the entire scene; the outline of the mountains, if

too sharp for painters, yet by reason of its sharpness sticks in the memory.

At all events, for the Engadiners themselves, the charm of the valley is irresistible. Their intense love of home may serve to explain a peculiarity which has often been noticed. When one considers their land and climate, one fancies that Nature has done her very best to keep the inhabitants in penury. Yet, on entering their houses, one almost always observes signs of easy circumstances, sometimes even of affluence. In fact, it may almost be said that, of Alpine valleys, the Engadine is at once the poorest and the richest. No doubt, this general well-being is partly a result, because a condition, of a successful struggle with nature ; those only can live and bring up families in the cold climate who can afford the comfort which the cold climate requires. Something, also, is probably due to the stringent rule which existed till within the last few years, restraining from marriage persons who had not means for the support of a family. But a similar regulation is said to have prevailed in other parts of Switzerland, and therefore does not account for the pre-eminent prosperity of the Engadine. That prosperity is commonly ascribed to the fortunes which the Engadiners throughout Europe have made as pastrycooks. The strange thing,

however, is, that these fortunes, having been made out of the Engadine, should ever find their way into it. Of the wealth acquired by Irishmen in America, only a small part is brought to Ireland; and even patriotic coolies enrich their native land, not with their money, but with their bones. But the emigrant Engadiners are still of the Engadine, and unto the Engadine they return; and the only reason they give for so returning is that from their beloved mountains they cannot permanently keep away. They come back to the heights from which they went forth—bound, so to say, by a mechanical law, like that which raises water to its own level. Natives of the Engadine use touching language to the effect that, even when they make their fortunes in foreign lands, they still cling to the valley and the family whence they sprung; they go forth, like *Œdipus*,—

εὐτυχῶς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὁμῶς,  
τὰ τῶν τεκόντων ὄμμαθ' ἡδιστον βλέπειν.

On a bitter day at St. Moritz, an old Engadiner, who had spent many years in Russia, and whom the cold did not suit, said to me with a shiver, “*C'est la Sibérie.*” He was very rich, and might have prolonged his life by sojourning in a warmer climate. But the love of his *Sibérie* constrained him; and thither he returned to die. It would



even seem that a Siberian climate often has a peculiar attraction for persons who are born to it. A Russian lady, when asked what she thought of Naples, answered, "C'est une ville charmante, mais ce n'est pas la Sibérie"; and, more strangely still, another Russian once declared that, "La Sibérie, c'est notre Italie, surtout en hiver." Is it too bold a conjecture that the latter paradox may have been suggested by the Engadine, where Siberia and Italy seem to unite?

Not long ago, at Tiefenkasten, attention was drawn to two sisters by reason of the marked difference between them in point of education. It was found that both had been to school at Munich, but that there the elder of them became ill and melancholy. The doctor pronounced the illness to be *Heimweh*—a recognised and not uncommon malady of the Swiss. The poor girl grew worse and worse, and drooped as if disappointed in love; till at last she was told to go home, and to save her life at the expense of her education. It is probable that her case was an extreme one. But of all the Engadiners, even of those who succeed best abroad, it may be said that, like the fallen angels, they count themselves strangers in the low country, and that their one hope is in after years

"To reascend

Self-raised, and repossess their native seat."

Hence, by comparison, it may be judged how strong a fascination this delightful valley exercises over the delicate people whom it exactly suits, particularly over those who can enjoy tolerable health by spending season after season in it, and who can enjoy such health in no other way. Some of these—such, especially, as have not had too much of a good thing by being obliged to spend entire winters in the Engadine—look upon it as their favourite home, and can say in regard to it : *Ubi bene, ibi patria.*

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NOTE.

Ἄπας μὲν ἀὴρ ἀετῷ περάσιμος,  
ἅπαντα δὲ χθὼν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πατρίς.

EURIPIDES.

“All places that the eye of Heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“Un beau ciel,” says Madame de Staël, “fait naître des sentiments semblables à l’amour de la patrie.” That the Engadine is abundantly capable of inspiring this sort of patriotism, is plain from various expressions in the foregoing article. Painful experience, however, has taught me that those expressions need to be qualified. A young man (who has since died) used to complain, when spending the winter in the Engadine, that he was in a strait betwixt two maladies: his lungs troubled him when he was *off* the mountains—his liver went wrong when he was *on* them. Others, also, have learnt to their cost that the strong air of St.

Moritz, while doing them good in some respects, may at length prove mischievous in others; and (what is worse) the mischief may go on for some time unperceived. In short, those invalids who follow health in the exact manner in which Horace was fain to follow Mæcenas—*per Alpium juga Forti sequuntur pectore*—have need to be admonished that a frequent and prolonged repetition of the experiment is not always free from risk.

After making this unpleasant retractation, I will relieve my mind by telling two or three anecdotes connected with the Engadine which have reached me on good authority. When Mr. Tennyson was staying at Pontresina in 1873, he was pointed out as *le grand poète Anglais* to a Frenchman, who enthusiastically cried out,—*Comment ? est-il donc Shakespeare ?* This would have seemed incredible if I had not been told by a friend that her grandmother, a Mrs. Shakespeare, was accosted by an Italian lady of education and position,—*Ah ! Madame, j'ai entendu parler du bon poète, M. Shakespeare. Est-il par hasard votre fils ?* In my undergraduate days, the Bishop of Columbia came to Oxford, and preached in one of the churches. It was reported that the common people were convinced that the worthy prelate was a great traveller and discoverer—the explanation being that the resemblance of sound between *Bishop of Columbia* and *Christopher Columbus* had embarrassed the popular intelligence!

The next anecdote I know to be authentic. Two sisters were wandering in the woods near Campfer, when they came upon a piece of beautiful foliage. “How Cox would like this!” said one of them, who was a skilful artist. “And why not hens?” asked her puzzled companion.

A game of Definitions being played at Pontresina, a lady, who was asked to define the words “meeting” and “parting,” joined the two words together, and defined “meeting and parting” as “hotel-life.” This definition (or rather exemplification) is quoted, because it well illustrates one of the chief peculiarities of that unique mode of life—the life of the

tourist. In one of Coppée's *Contes Nouveaux*, the heroine, being asked her nationality, gave the unexpected answer, "Je ne suis ni de Londres, ni de Paris, ni de Vienne, ni de Saint-Pétersbourg. . . Je suis de table d'hôte." Most of my readers have sojourned in the land of the *table d'hôte*; but I doubt whether this nondescript country and its usages are so familiar to any one as to those who have been thrown with a small miscellaneous party spending the winter at St. Moritz. There, if anywhere, the mode of life renders us, to say the least, in less good condition intellectually than physically; insomuch that, on our return home, our friends find us, like Juvenal's turbot,

"Desidiâ tardos et longo frigore pingues."

But the land of the *table d'hôte* is a land whereon the sun never sets; and everywhere it has its own customs and by-laws. In this pleasant, if not very edifying, country of cosmopolites and butterflies, the conventional note (so to say) is pitched a full octave lower than in any other civilized society; confidences are poured forth—*experto crede*—by mere strangers, although (or *because*) they never expect to see one again; and friendship grows and is lost with the rapidity of a serpent's skin, or rather of Jonah's gourd. Our concluding anecdote is designed to show from what deep grounds of sympathy such friendship may spring. Not far from St. Moritz, a young lady was overheard telling her father how very much she liked one of the chaplains. The watchful parent began to ask his daughter which of the reverend gentleman's discourses had so impressed and affected her. "Oh! It's not that," interrupted she; "*but he hates Mayonnaise, and so do I.*"

## NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

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SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

THE following notes, though short and desultory in themselves, may derive an interest from the distinguished men to whom they relate; for assuredly in the philosophical Elysium, as we may call it, a conspicuous place should be assigned both to scientific discoverers or inventors, and to spiritual reformers,—

Inventas et qui vitam excoluere per artes,  
Quique pii vates et *Christo* digna secuti.

To Sir Charles Wheatstone it is rather late in the day to pay this compliment; for, strange to say, he is already canonized: nay, he, like Augustus Cæsar, has had the rare privilege of becoming a *praesens divus*. To speak more plainly, he was during his lifetime placed, as he told me with just satisfaction, in the Positivist Calendar. On verifying his statement, I found that his name was indeed inscribed in the month sacred to modern inventors,—in the month of Gutenberg, and in the week of Vaucanson: but



therewithal his position is anomalous and tantalising; for he is (as Oxford said of Ormond) a "Duke without a Duchy." It appears that, besides the 365 greater lights, each of whom rules over one day of the year, there are lesser lights who are in the unfortunate position of Members of Parliament who wish to bring forward motions, and to whom the Prime Minister would gladly give spare days, if only there were spare days to give. Sir Charles is one of those supernumeraries whose honours are but those of a *proxime accessit*, and who are not far from the kingdom of heaven. They are, as it were, the *petite noblesse* of the skies, who bear to the *grande noblesse* the same sort of relation that the twelfth man in a cricket match bears to the actual players. There is, however, this difference:—In a cricket match, one of the eleven may be taken ill or die; and, in that case, the twelfth man will be called into requisition. On the other hand, the 365 Eponymi of the Comtist Pantheon are already numbered with the immortals. So that, unless some of the greater gods are cast, like Lucifer, out of heaven, or unless the supernumeraries are allowed to preside in turn over the 29th of February in leap years, it is to be feared that Wheatstone and the other demi-gods "never are, but always to be" deified, and

that they will permanently be left out in the cold.

It may be reasonably thought that Wheatstone deserved a higher rank than the equivocal one conferred on him by Comte; for, as co-inventor of the electric telegraph and sole inventor of the stereoscope and pseudoscope, he was, if not the greatest, perhaps the most *versatile* inventor that ever lived. Not, indeed, that this is the greatest praise that can be bestowed on a man of science. Buckle has well said that minds of the first order seldom make inventions; and Sir Charles also, with characteristic modesty, used to place inventors below discoverers. But inventions, though not the highest product of human genius, are singular in this: they can be easily tested, and commend themselves alike to the few and to the many; nay, it is probable that their value, undisputed by philosophers, is often exaggerated by the world at large. This is especially true of what Mr. Mill, not usually given to rhetoric, has described as "the most marvellous of all modern inventions, one which realised the imaginary feats of the magician, not metaphorically, but literally, —the electro-magnetic telegraph." It was only natural that the author of this invention earned a speedy and world-wide reputation. And accordingly, if I remember rightly, when the great

Darwin received scientific honours at Berlin, the self-same distinction on the self-same day was conferred on Wheatstone,

Ὅς, καὶ θνήσκῃς ἔων, ἔπειθ' ἵπποις ἀθανάτοιςι.

He was a member of a commission appointed to examine improvements in the art of war. He told me that some of these so-called improvements are designed to destroy whole armies, or to put them into a sound sleep which their enemies may make yet sounder.\* All such schemes of wholesale destruction are rejected unexamined. Wheatstone, however, admitted that it is hard to see on what principle, in the ethics of slaughter, the line is drawn between the appliances which are and those which are not legitimate.

When I said above that, as a rule, the success of inventions can be easily tested, I was, of course, speaking of their *immediate* success. Wheatstone used to remark, that predictions as to their *ultimate* success often fail of fulfilment. Much at one time was expected from balloons, and at present little has come of them; and he might have added, that at first very little was expected from the

\* This expression is borrowed from an article by the present writer, entitled, "Do Military Inventions promote Peace?" (*Fortnightly Review*, March, 1871.) This article deals with the question now before us, but is too technical to be reprinted

electric telegraph, and that a great deal has come of it. He, however, quoted from Darwin, the poet, a very striking prophecy about steam :—

“Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam, afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.”

The poet was perhaps a less cautious prophet when he added that, with the aid of steam, there will be an emigration to the moon, and that—

“Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,  
Shall wave their fluttering 'kerchiefs as they move.”

This bold surmise may be compared with a yet bolder speculation which has lately been put forward, seemingly in earnest, by a great living writer. In the *Dialogues Philosophiques*, Renan intimates a hope that some future race analogous, if superior, to mankind, will carry science so far that they will be able to migrate from planet to planet; so that, when the temperature of their own planet becomes incompatible with health and vigour, they will take refuge in another planet; or, if need be, in another planetary system. “Les limites du développement de l'esprit seraient immensément reculées, si les êtres pensants des diverses planètes et surtout des divers mondes sidéraux étaient en communication les uns avec les autres. Peut-être un jour l'univers entier sera-t-il associé en une seule compagnie et un

seul capital. Les ressources de l'esprit seraient alors inépuisables." It is to be feared that the inhabitants of our poor little Earth will fail to accomplish this work. But what of that? "Des milliers d'essais se sont déjà produits, des milliers se produiront; il suffit qu'il y en ait un qui réussisse." Sooner or later, with boundless time and space at her disposal, Nature can hardly fail to produce a race capable of constructing what we may call the interstellar railway; and the railway, once made, will never be broken up. In a later work, he returns to this subject, and makes the characteristically French exclamation,—"Courage, Nature!" almost as if Nature were more likely to do her work efficiently under the stimulus of M. Renan's approbation.\*

Wheatstone remarked, how very uncertain are all forecasts of the weather. So far as distant forecasts are concerned, he considered that the most important fact hitherto ascertained is, that there are short cycles of eleven years, and longer cycles of thirty-three years, in which seasons more or less similar in temperature, in the number of falling stars, and of spots on the sun, have a tendency to recur. In this relation I cannot forbear quoting an instance, if not of a scientific prediction being fulfilled, at least of a popular generalisation being verified. In his very unequal

\* See the *Note* at the end of this article.



essay on the *Vicissitude of Things*, Bacon writes,—  
“There is a Toy, which I have heard, and I would not have it given over, but waited upon a little. They say, it is observed, in the Low Countries (I know not in what Part), that every Five and Thirty Years, the same kind and suit of Years and Weathers, comes about again:—As great Frosts, great Wet, great Droughts, warm Winters, Summers with little Heat, and the like: And they call it the Prime. It is a Thing, I do the rather mention, because, computing backwards, I have found some Concurrence.”

Sir Charles told me that he had a curious conversation with the Emperor of the French about Spiritualism. The Emperor gave an account of sundry marvels which he had seen, and asked whether Wheatstone could explain them. Sir Charles admitted that he could not; but said that many feats of legerdemain seem inexplicable until they are explained. By way of example, he told Louis Napoleon, without at first giving the explanation, of a trick by which a conjuror seems to read through a wall. When the Emperor admitted that he could not see how this was done, Wheatstone showed that the trick might be performed by means of manifold paper. The Emperor remained unconvinced, and merely said, “Mr. Home’s performances are not like that.”

It will be inferred from what has been said, that Sir Charles devoted some attention to the great *lusus naturae* (or rather, *supernaturalitatis*) of our century—the violent recoil against materialism which has driven tens of thousands into Mormonism on the other side of the Atlantic, and which on both sides has induced many good and not wholly insane persons to sell their scientific birthright and to serve tables. He felt so strongly on this point, that he disapproved of scientific men condescending to witness *séances*,—most of them are unwilling to suspect, and unable to detect, imposture; and he thought that, if any experts are to be present at those sad exhibitions, they ought to be professional conjurors. Not that he regarded all the reputed marvels as springing from imposture: many of them he ascribed to delusion. Both he and Mr. Babbage spoke of *Russian Scandal* as the most instructive of games; for it shows that a story, when passed on, will often gather bulk as rapidly as a snowball when rolled. On one occasion he heard that a friend of his own had pulled off the boot of a medium who was floating in the air. But his friend, being cross-questioned, said that he himself had not seen this feat performed, but that he had been told that other people had seen it! Another instance which Sir Charles related is more curious,

and involves a more momentous issue; for, if the fact were established, it might be thought both literally and metaphorically an *experimentum crucis* demonstrating Judaism to be true and Christianity to be false. He was told that a Jewish lady, when paying a visit to a noted Spiritualist, was shown into a room where there was a model of the great bell of Moscow, which is surmounted by a cross; suddenly, of its own accord, the Christian symbol broke away from the bell, and, as she approached, it fell at her feet, as the image of Dagon fell before the ark. My scientific and my orthodox readers will learn with equal satisfaction that this significant portent was explained away. On further inquiry, Wheatstone discovered that his informants had rightly reported the fact that the miniature cross had fallen at the Jewess's feet, but that they had omitted the previous fact, that the Jewess had been handling the miniature cross, and had unintentionally broken it off!

This is a short summary of what Wheatstone told me in regard to the spiritualistic belief,—a belief which endows material bodies with magical properties; but, before taking leave of this rank idolatry, I will myself add one observation. Suppose that at a *séance*, when the guests are assembled and the lights are extinguished, Mr. A. found that his purse had migrated from his own

pocket into that of his more astute neighbour Mr. B., and suppose that Mr. B. urged the plea that, as not only men, but tables, can fly about like birds, it is not incredible that purses may do the like,—what rejoinder would be given to this plea? If it was noted as a suspicious circumstance that the purse made its pilgrimage when the candles were out, it would be obvious to answer that table-worshippers are like pickpockets in this, that they love darkness rather than light. If it was further contended that all experience shows that purses are bound by the law of gravitation, it might be replied that, thirty years ago, to claim for tables immunity from that law was regarded as a novelty. In a word, if faith began to move tables in 1845, why may it not begin to move purses in 1885? And, conversely, if at a pickpocket's trial the notion of the "levitation" of purses would be at once hooted out of court, how long will public opinion tolerate the belief in the levitation of tables and of human bodies?\*

\* A distinguished advocate, who was employed at the inquest on Mr. Bravo's death, has assured me that no explanation of the occurrence is quite satisfactory. Science's deficiency is Superstition's opportunity. In default, then, of a rational explanation, why did not Spiritualists suggest that the poisoning was the work of the Devil? If spirits, both good and evil, are wont to play tricks with physical laws for no apparent purpose, what is more natural than that evil spirits should play such tricks for a very characteristic pur-

## DEAN STANLEY.

In undertaking to write about Dean Stanley, I am filled with apprehension,—

“Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor  
Vela darem.”

An orthodox clergyman once described a party at the Deanery as made up of “lordlings and atheists.” This cynical comment was most unjust; but I quote it as illustrating the wide scope of Stanley’s influence. He was universally as well as deservedly popular; and, like the Angel in the Apocalypse who stood “upon the sea and upon the earth,” he kept his balance while supported by elements the most discordant. In writing about such a man, one must needs raise expectations which, in the present instance, will not be satisfied. So I had better mention, once for all, that I only made (the future) Dean Stanley’s acquaintance when I was an undergraduate in 1856, and that (with one exception) my intercourse with him closed in 1868. The following notes are mostly compiled from conversations which occurred

pose—that of murdering one innocent person, and of casting suspicion on three others? Indeed, it is in nowise impossible that, if the sad event had occurred three centuries ago, the Satanic solution would have been accepted, and some luckless witch would have been burnt.



during that interval. And they make no pretence of being a complete portrait of one who eminently deserves the praise bestowed by Ennius on Scipio,—

“Quem plurimae consentiunt gentes primarium fuisse virum.”

I once asked Dean Stanley's greatest friend at Oxford whether he did not consider Stanley's memory to be unsurpassed. “No,” was the reply; “Conington has a better memory, but Stanley has a more useful one.” But retentiveness of memory was not the only point that the two Old Rugbeians had in common. I remember getting into a singular discussion with Professor Conington as to whether music at an evening party was or was not to be desired. Conington objected to it as a bar to conversation, whereas I (being then a shy undergraduate) welcomed it as an excuse for silence. Nevertheless, in our general estimate of music we agreed. It is well known that Stanley set a like value on it, and that, if he had chanced to take note of Keats's twofold statement that—

“Heard melodies are sweet, but *those unheard*  
*Are sweeter,*”

it would have been to the latter of the propositions that he would have limited his assent.

The following anecdote I can vouch for. When the Protestant persecution against Ritualism at

St. George's-in-the-East was at its hottest, the Dean, with his usual chivalry, gave his presence and support to Mr. Bryant King. Even his silvery eloquence failed to command attention, and the sermon was more than once interrupted by unseemly brawling. On leaving the church, the Dean, hard put to for some word of kindness and sympathy, remarked,—“At any rate, Mr. King, I can congratulate you on your music. I never remember to have heard more hearty congregational singing.” The fact was, that the Protestants had started “God Save the Queen” in opposition to the Rector’s choir, and the Decani and Anti-Decani had exercised their lungs *à qui mieux mieux*.

That a musical ear could have been wholly wanting in men of such imagination as Conington and Stanley, would seem incredible, if there were not many instances of the like kind. The anomaly suggests a question which has often puzzled me—Why is this unfortunate defect so often discovered in persons of intellectual tastes, but hardly ever in persons without those tastes? Is it that the failing is specially incident to studious persons, being (in theological language) a thorn in the flesh sent to buffet them, or (in scientific language) being the result of some mysterious “correlation of growth”?—or is it that unintellectual

persons are in an equal degree liable to the deficiency, but that they are ashamed to acknowledge it?

This, however, was not the only form of anæsthesia conspicuous in Stanley. He was wanting in the sense of taste, and is reported to have said that the only food he liked was bread-and-butter, because it *went down so smoothly*. Aristotle would have said that he had ἀφῆ, but not γεύσις. It will even appear that his appetite was not a sufficient guide to him as to the amount he required. His relations assured me that at breakfast he would (after the Pauline fashion) eat those things that were set before him, asking no questions; but that, when he had come to the end of his help, it was hard to induce him to take another. This difficulty, however, was evaded with an ingenuity worthy of the friends of Dominie Sampson. When the Dean was deep in conversation with his neighbour on one side, Lady Augusta or Miss Stanley would from time to time come on the other side, and surreptitiously refill his empty plate. They thus contrived that his childlike *aetas improvida ludificetur Labrorum tenus . . . deceptaque non capiatur*.

Mrs. Stanley told the writer's father that she found her son an admirable *cicerone* in the Manchester Exhibition. But his interest in the pic-

tures was historical rather than artistic. It has even been said that natural scenery, of which he has left such picturesque descriptions, was valued by him only for its associations. But, if we admit this, we must use the word *association* in a wide sense; for he was keenly alive to the grandeur and solemnity of certain places, especially of what may be called dim religious valleys. Thus, he told me that he (perhaps rather unwillingly) found the sacred sights of Palestine less impressive than those of Greece, especially than Delphi.

It may be convenient to take this opportunity of recording one or two more of his notes of travel. He made a tour in Spain in the autumn of 1880; and observed that, in some Spanish churches, the screen, instead of separating the choir from the nave, is brought down towards the centre of the nave. In this particular they reminded him of Westminster Abbey; and he regarded the resemblance as not merely accidental, but as capable of being historically explained.

Some readers may have heard the following anecdote which he used to tell in illustration of the familiarity of Hungarians with Latin. A Hungarian youth, of whom Stanley had made several inquiries, suddenly turned the tables on his cross-examiner, and asked what was *his* occu-

pation. Stanley replied that he was a teacher of Latin. Whereupon the youth exclaimed with disappointment : “ *Tu Latine doces ? Parvissimos ergo pueros !* ”

The Dean gave a curious account of an interview with Pius IX. He said that the Pope expressed great regret at some trifling illness or accident which had befallen the Queen, and that it was difficult to make him understand that the great sorrow of her Majesty's life was her widowhood. Perhaps, however, this difficulty may have been due to the fact that the Dean was not a good French scholar, and that the Pope was a very bad one. Indeed, a lady who was privately presented to his Holiness assured me that he spoke with the warmest sympathy of the Queen's bereavement, and said he was “ *très ennuyé de l'entendre* ” (meaning, of course, *fâché*).

The Dean went on to say that the Pope asked him : “ *Connaissez-vous Pusey ?* ” Stanley thought that he said : “ *Etes-vous épousé ?* ” (the correct word, I need hardly add, would have been *marié*). After this little misunderstanding had been cleared up, and the answer duly given, the Pope exclaimed : “ *Pusey c'est une cloche qui sonne, sonne, sonne, pour inviter tout le monde à l'église, et qui lui-même n'y entre jamais.* ”

The Dean was curious to learn whether the



epigram was the Pope's own; on inquiry, he came to the conclusion that it was original, but not extemporaneous. The comparison is certainly a happy one, and may recall a beautiful passage in the *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse*, in which Renan speaks of a legend current in Brittany, that a town, called Is, had been submerged near the coast, and that oftentimes its church bells may be heard from beneath the waves, mingling with the anthem of the day. Speaking of the chords of his Catholic education which still vibrate, he says: "Il me semble souvent que j'ai au fond du cœur une ville d'Is, qui sonne encore des cloches obstinées à convoquer aux offices sacrées des fidèles qui n'entendent plus."

From these few remarks on Dean Stanley's travels, I pass on to his views on politics and literature. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Scott's novels; and once, when he had been present at a debate in the Oxford Union, in which Claverhouse was vehemently attacked, he intimated that modern Liberals are too apt to apply the standard of their own day to the Tories of former times. Like most of us, he inclined more and more to Conservatism in advancing years. Indeed, I suspect that, in certain states of mind, he was disposed rather to accept than to welcome democracy; and that he acquiesced in it with the

sort of resignation with which, according to his friend Clough, an imaginative philosopher might acquiesce in his future bride,—

“Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing he must even put up with.” \*

His conduct after the death of the Prince Imperial led some Liberals to think that he was a strong partisan of the Napoleons. It may therefore be interesting to record a few remarks which (in or about 1867) he made respecting the Emperor. Some years before, an Englishman of my acquaintance, who had been kind to Louis Napoleon during his exile, received from him, when the Empire was established, a very friendly letter, which was followed by more substantial marks of favour. On being asked whether he had not first written something very complimentary, which had led to this warm acknowledgment from his old friend, the Englishman answered: “I told him what I firmly believe, that he is the greatest man since Alexander the Great.” Arthur Stanley, on hearing of this incident, seemed

\* “Democracy,” some one has said, “is like the grave: it takes, but it gives not back.” Such a *démocrate malgré lui* as the author of this remark virtually likened our poorer classes to Hophni and Phinehas, who said, *Give unto us, or else we will take by force*; and who, I suppose, when they were constrained to use force, were not wont to moderate their exactions!

surprised that Louis Napoleon could swallow such audacious flattery, but spoke of his recollection of his old friends as a "very fine" trait in his character. He also referred to the Emperor's great affection for his son, though (as he truly said) there was in this nothing very remarkable. He strongly condemned the *coup d'état*. It being remarked that Louis Napoleon was described in the *Saturday Review* as "the most extraordinary adventurer of modern times," the Dean observed that in this comment "adventurer" was the emphatic word. When some one spoke of the Emperor's success as wonderful, he pointed out that this success was purchased at the cost of principle; and he insisted strongly and repeatedly that, in the struggle of life, if one party adheres to principle, while the other consents to lay it aside, the two parties are contending with very unequal weapons. Such was his judgment of the means by which the Empire was set up. What he thought of the Empire itself is another matter. Did he, like Mr. Grote, look upon the French as unfit for self-government? And did he, on that account, acquiesce in the Empire as a less evil than anarchy? I do not know. Yet I cannot help thinking that he regarded the manner in which the Imperial authority was exercised as less culpable than the manner in which it was obtained.

So that Louis Napoleon probably appeared to him—if not as an inverted Galba, *indignus imperio nisi imperasset*—at any rate, as a *τύραννος* rather than a tyrant.

French literature as well as French politics occupied his attention. He made some interesting remarks about M. Taine's *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*. He had been told that this work contains a curiously materialistic passage, to the effect that virtue and vice are as much material products as vinegar and salt. But he had failed to notice this passage. Indeed, he was struck by the great and even excessive praise which M. Taine bestows on the Church of England. The remark was made that M. Taine has passed an unfavourable verdict on *Paradise Lost*. He holds that Bunyan's picture of the celestial regions is attractive, if not natural; whereas Milton's heaven is a *Whitehall grossier*, and his god is a facsimile of Charles I. He also seems to think that Milton has transplanted English life and respectability amid the unfamiliar trees and the too familiar serpents of the Garden of Eden. With this last criticism Dean Stanley agreed, so far as to admit that the description of patriarchal life in *Paradise Lost* is far less accurate than in Lord Byron's "Cain." In reference to the other comment, he contended that the great charm of

*Paradise Lost* lies in the diction, and that this can hardly be appreciated by a foreigner.

He thought that people are apt to exaggerate the superiority of *Paradise Lost* to *Paradise Regained*. He discovered more "sustained grandeur" in the latter poem than in the former. *Paradise Regained* has, however, nothing so unnatural as the invention of gunpowder by the rebel angels; while, on the other hand, it has nothing equal to the famous passage about Abdiel. He spoke of Addison's Commentary on Milton as indifferent in itself, but as interesting chronologically, being the earliest criticism of the kind. I will take this opportunity of adding, that I consulted him as to the comparative merits of Carey's and Longfellow's translations of Dante. He thought that Carey's is the better translation, but that Longfellow's has the advantage in respect of the notes.

He agreed with Mr. Grote and Mr. Austin in thinking that the current estimate of Mr. Tennyson's poetry is too high.

He gave me some useful hints about *vers de société*. The occasion of his counsel was a serio-comic squib which I wrote about Fenianism, and which he most kindly looked over in manuscript. He remarked to me that editors are "funny people." They are bound to represent



the general reader; and, unless they are "very stupid," they soon find out exactly what that non-descript person will like. He owned that, to himself, the taste of general readers and of pliant editors was often an enigma. By way of illustration, he told me that he thought Mr. Trevelyan's "Ladies in Parliament," and the poems of Mr. Locker were much less popular than their deserts. He suggested to me, that the general reader is disposed to admire, without understanding, the classics; and that, in order to humour him, it would be prudent to call my squib by a classical name. He detected some resemblance between the verses and a parabasis of the Old Comedy, and accordingly, at his suggestion, they were published under the title of "An Aristophanic Chorus."

This advice well illustrates what may be termed the Dean's *practical* scholarship. What his friend said of his memory in general, is especially true of his memory in regard to the classics. Though many persons possessed wider and more accurate scholarship, few were able to turn their scholarship to better account in the way of general illustration. He was quick to discern resemblances and differences between ancient and modern modes of thought. In explanation of my meaning, the following not very satisfactory example must

suffice. He told me that, except the phrase ἡλίου δύντος ἀύγαῖς, he could hardly remember an instance in which a classical writer referred to the setting sun; the fact was, that they disliked the idea of sunset, and recoiled from the end of everything. Whether he was right—nay, whether he was quite serious in this opinion I am not certain. At any rate, in modern as well as in ancient times, the *finifugal* tendency, as we may call it, is apparent. It takes manifold forms and disguises. It is especially noticeable in friends who, like Shelley, have a morbid abhorrence of wishing one good-bye; who feel this abhorrence strongly in proportion as they like one, and are fearful that they will never see one again; and who, though truthful in other matters, will resort to any evasion or artifice to throw dust in one's eyes as to the day of their departure.

The Dean was amused at the Greek newspapers giving the name of ἡ ἐξέτασις τοῦ σαββατοῦ to the *Saturday Review*; and he laughingly said that this shows that the Greeks are not sabbatarians. He thought that Homer designed the word πολυφλοίσβοιο to represent the sound of the sea; and he added that, though the word, as we pronounce it, may resemble the roaring of the waves on our coast, the modern Greek pronuncia-

tion is more like the gentle rippling of the Mediterranean.

When first I made his acquaintance, Buckle's History was in everybody's mouth. Professor Conington thought that Mill was a great man, and that Buckle was only a clever man. Arthur Stanley praised Buckle far more warmly. If I remember right, it was at Stanley's table that a lady asked Buckle what he believed. "I had rather," he replied, "that you asked me what I do not believe." It was, I think, in answer to a question by the same lady that Dean Stanley thus expressed Buckle's view: "Physical science never faileth: but whether there be faith it shall fail; whether there be hope it shall cease: whether there be charity it shall vanish away." The Dean was a great admirer of Clough, and told me that Clough used to be regarded as the "Rugby genius." It is, therefore, not impossible that Stanley's epigram may have been unconsciously borrowed from Clough's lines:—

"Not as the Scripture says is, I think, the fact. Ere our  
death-day,  
Faith, I think, does pass and love, but knowledge abideth."

There is, however, probably a difference between the words "Faith" and "Love" as used by Stanley, and as used by Clough: Stanley em-

ployed the words in their natural sense ; whereas Clough may have designed " Love " to include zeal for human progress, and " Faith " to include belief in that progress.

The following account of an interview between Dean Stanley and Chunder Sen, which has been communicated to me by an eye-witness, may be worth inserting, though it relates very indirectly to the Dean. Theologians of various shades of opinion were invited to meet Chunder Sen at the Deanery, in the generous, if rather ambitious, hope of bringing about an alliance between the Brahmo Somaj and the English Church. Chunder Sen made the very plausible remark that the doctrine of the Incarnation seems to present an insuperable objection to such an alliance. Thereupon an enthusiastic clergyman rose up *calidus juventâ*, and used words to the effect that the doctrine in question may admit of modification, and that the Second Person of the Trinity will not hold the same rank in the theology of the future as in the theology of the past and present. When this startling speech was over, one of the champions of orthodoxy withstood to the face the presumptuous Elihu, who had been instant out of season, and had uttered opinions unwelcome to his elders. At the close of the evening the Dean made a few remarks, but, with admir-

able wisdom and moderation, forbore to express sympathy with either of the combatants.

Shortly after the appointment of the present Primate of the Northern Province, Stanley, being asked whether he was not surprised at his rapid elevation, made the oracular reply: "There has been nothing like it since Ambrose." Ambrose was chosen, before he was baptized, to be Archbishop of Milan.

The Dean once made the acute remark that "the Hebrews were not an *inscribing* people." Even in the account of their passage of the Jordan, they are represented as merely setting up a cairn of stones; the Greeks or Romans would have commemorated the event by a monument or tablet. It should, however, be borne in mind that the Moabites were, at least in one instance, *inscribers*; and that the inscription on the Moabite stone—which reads exactly like the first chapter of the Chronicles of the kings of Moab—would prove, even if other evidence were wanting, the kinship between Moab and Israel.

Dean Stanley was never a mathematician. I am told that in mature life, when his reputation was achieved, he revisited his first school, a private school at Liverpool, where Mr. Gladstone had been before him. He modestly told his former teacher that he was still as bad at figures



as ever. The teacher gave him an often-condemned but ever-welcome sort of consolation—the consolation which, not Rochefoucauld only, but St. Peter deduces from our “knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren which are in the world.” In fact, the pedagogue comforted his old pupil by the assurance that Mr. Gladstone had also been weak in arithmetic. If this could truly be affirmed of one who is now the greatest financier of the age, we are tempted to say that in his case: *Orator nascitur, mathematicus fit.*

It may be convenient to give two authentic examples of Stanley's inaptitude for arithmetic. Having occasion to pay a cheque for twenty-five guineas, he wrote—“Twenty-five Pounds Twenty-five Shillings,” adding in figures “£25. 25s.” It never occurred to him that the real sum was £26. 5s.! The second instance is even more remarkable. Stanley was examining at a public school; the papers were looked over, and nothing remained but to add up the figures representing the results, which were arranged, as usual, horizontally opposite each name. Unfortunately, instead of adding up the rows of figures from right to left, Stanley proceeded (as in an ordinary addition sum) to add up the rows from top to bottom. Hence it followed that each sum represented, not

the total marks gained in all the subjects by each boy, but the total marks gained by all the boys in each subject. The story goes on to say that Stanley went despairingly to the head-master, assured him that the sums would not come right, and asked him for the names of the half-dozen boys who were expected to head the list.\*

The Dean told a story about Westminster Abbey, which tends to show that this house of prayer used to be regarded, if not as a den of thieves, at least as a monopoly of beadles. Not long before his appointment, a lady, contrary to the Protestant fashion, knelt down in the sacred edifice to say her private prayers. A veteran beadle, shocked by the innovation, interrupted her devotions; he told her that if such an irregularity were permitted, there would be no end to it: either she must join a party of sightseers, or else leave the abbey!

Our notice of Arthur Stanley may conclude with a few trifles which derive their sole interest

\* This very summary method of cutting the examiner's knot recalls the story of the embarrassed judge who summed up to a jury as follows:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, the counsel in this case on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both men of such bad character that it is really indifferent to me which way you give your verdict."

from their relation to this most interesting man. As Shakespeare would have said,

“He mends the jewel by the wearing it.”

He was much amused by the experience of an old friend and neighbour, a Cheshire clergyman, who always wore a black necktie when travelling to London. The shrewd divine had observed that he was neglected by the porters at the Euston station; and learnt, on inquiry, that clergymen, being poorer or more scrupulous than other first-class passengers, seldom give the customary tip, and are treated accordingly. He, therefore, being wise in his generation, assumed the character of a *prêtre défroqué*. The Dean, on hearing this, playfully declared that he was quite willing to give the customary shilling; but he really dared not doff his ecclesiastical uniform. Was it impossible by some less violent method to appease the anti-clerical officials?

When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, my tutor rebuked me for using too frequently—if it was not for using *at all*—the word “adequate.” Shortly after the reprimand, I attended a public lecture by Mr. Matthew Arnold, in which the words “adequate” and “inadequate” occurred so frequently that I could not resist counting; and, so far as I remember, the word (“adequate”

and "inadequate" being counted as practically identical) was repeated little short of two dozen times. Not only did I relate the fact to my kind friend and tutor (the translator of Plato), but I also mentioned it to Arthur Stanley, who afterwards said to me, with a comico-mischievous smile, "I told it to Matt." My chief triumph, however, was that, within ten minutes after the lecture was over, my little computation had the honour of becoming anonymous, and was repeated to me as a piece of news.

The sympathetic and versatile temperament of the Dean was shown by the boyish pleasure which he took in puzzles and *jeux de mots*. I remember his being delighted with a rhyme—the only possible one, I believe—to the word *month*, which was invented by some Cambridge man:—

"He who would fain a senior wrangler be,  
Must eat but little and must drink but tea,  
Must burn his midnight oil from month to month,  
And solve binomials to the  $n+1^{\text{th}}$ ."

The Roman general who gave battle on the most inauspicious day in the whole Calendar—the common anniversary of Cremera and of Allia—was expected to lose: and he lost. No one felt a greater interest than Dean Stanley in extinct modes of thought, and in the strange accidents which, by impartially confirming contradictory

beliets, are the bulwark of all superstitions and of none. It may, therefore, be worth remarking that on this anniversary (July 18th) his own death occurred. The coincidence recalls a more extraordinary one which had relation to Ottfried Müller, who, after having written disparagingly about the Hellenic Sun-god, died at Athens from the effects of a sunstroke which he received on the site of the temple at Delphi! May not the scholar who was blessed with so appropriate a fate be likened to a soldier falling in the moment of victory? *Credibile est ipsum sic voluisse mori.*

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CANON KINGSLEY.

The apology with which I prefaced my short notice of Dean Stanley is yet more needed by my far shorter notice of Canon Kingsley. My intercourse with him was confined to a single day, which I had the great pleasure of spending at Eversley, and to the exchange of a few letters. One of those letters and part of another are published in the *Life*. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote to me about my article on *Longevity*. As the letter was unfortunately mislaid when the *Life* was published, the extract is now printed for the first time:—



"I have thought over the subject for some time. It seems to me that life over eighty is very rare (if you like, I will send you a *précis* of deaths of old folk in my parish, a very healthy one, for 30-40 years past, of those who have died of mere old age). But I have held that where races, as in Russia, Ireland, and other savage countries, are *épurés* of their weakly members by hard living, a few great strong ones might live on to any age, if their circumstances (food, air, habits, clothes) were not altered. And I should therefore look for cases of extreme long life, not among the higher, but among the lower classes; never among the town-dwellers, always in remote agricultural districts. Continuity of circumstance, I know from medical experience, is everything in keeping the very aged alive."

That Mr. Kingsley was a man of genius, no one doubts, and no one could talk to him long without feeling it. But it would be impertinent as well as needless to enlarge on this topic. So I will confine myself to the particulars of our intercourse.

He rather surprised me by his acceptance of the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity. He thought that there could be no doubt that our actions are determined by the preponderance of motives. Nevertheless, I venture to think that he did not do justice either to Comte or to Buckle. He held that the latter attached too much importance to the fact that for every twenty girls that are born, there are twenty-one boys.

He said that he was a strong Darwinian; and,

like many physiologists, he did not regard black men as by any means our equals.

He was opposed to the enfranchisement of women. Yet he considered that women, though in political capacity inferior, are on the whole superior to men. He came to this conclusion by assuming that mothers possess *ἐν δυνάμει* the qualities of their children. He would not acknowledge that these are as much the father's children as the mother's.\*

Dean Stanley used to say, more or less in jest, that he might congratulate himself on the badness of his handwriting, inasmuch as the best composers had to be told off to decipher it. Be this as it may, Canon Kingsley's compositions also afford an example that the most readable writings are not always the most legible. The following incident may illustrate this. I received

\* It is right to mention that, at an earlier period of his life, Kingsley was a supporter of Women's Rights. Even at the time of our conversation, he would hardly have gone the length of Renan, who says in regard to scientific studies: "Les femmes, non-seulement ne sont pas faites pour de tels exercices, mais de tels exercices les enlèvent à leur vraie vocation, qui est d'être bonnes ou belles, ou les deux à la fois." Perhaps Kingsley would have held with Mr. Hamerton that the female mind, though generally averse to self-culture, may obtain culture under masculine superintendence. Would he have acquiesced in Goethe's quaint assertion, that "every superior man is encompassed by a sort of *harem* of intellectual, artistic, and religious women"?

from Mr. Kingsley a most kind letter inviting me to Eversley, and containing in the postscript the seemingly harmless assertion, "My station is Wokingham." I showed the letter to an extreme Tory and Evangelical lady, in the hope that the sight of his autograph might soften, if not convert her. She read patiently through the arch-heretic's epistle until she came upon the fatal postscript. She then exclaimed, in a voice more of sorrow than of anger: "Ah! how mistaken he is!" I modestly suggested that, in different matters such as the name of a railway station, even a Liberal would generally tell the truth. "Oh! is that it?" she said; "I thought the words were '*My trust is the Working man.*'" I have kept the postscript by me as a curiosity, and I am bound to say that my Tory friend (whom, by the way, I failed to convert) was not without excuse for her misapprehension.

This mistake suggests an incident related by an eminent living person\* who, in a lecture at Exeter Hall, spoke of "that special invention of the devil—a double lie in the shape of half a truth." He told me that the next day he found, to his consternation, that he was reported to have said "a double eye in the shape of half a tooth." "But," he added philosophically, "the phrase was printed in inverted commas; and my readers

\* The late Lord Charles Russell [1894].

mistook it for a quotation fraught with some recondite and mysterious meaning."

Before taking my leave of these two distinguished clergymen, I would fain say a word about their intellectual positions; or, rather, about the intellectual position of the one whom I knew better than the other, and with whom I feel more in sympathy. I once heard a leading Broad Church divine complain that hardly 500 of his clerical brethren are Liberals; he, however, qualified this statement by adding, "Stanley is what I call a Liberal; Kingsley is not." Many of us may think this judgment too rigorous; but, at any rate, it testifies to the general impression that the school of thought which Stanley represents is wholly different from the school which Kingsley represents. In what does the difference consist? Perhaps we may answer this question roughly and in a few words by saying that Stanley had a firmer grasp of the truths set forth in the following sentences of Mr. Freeman:—

"The discovery of the Comparative method in philology, in mythology,—let me add, in politics and history, and the whole range of human thought,—marks a stage in the progress of the human mind at least as great and memorable as the revival of Greek and Latin learning. . . . And not the least of its services is, that it has put the languages and the history of the so-called classical world into their true posi-

tion in the general history of the world. By making them no longer the objects of an exclusive idolatry, it has made them the objects of a worthier, because a more reasonable worship. . . . The heroes of ancient legend, the worthies of ancient history, lose not, but rather gain, in true dignity by being made the objects of a reasonable homage instead of an exclusive superstition."

It is obvious that this remark applies just as much to the "worthies" of Palestine as to those of Greece and Rome; nay, in the case of the former, the admonition is more needed in proportion as they have been objects of a worship more exclusive, if not more idolatrous.

Many years ago I was much struck by a University sermon of Arthur Stanley, in which he said (as nearly as I can remember) that the great peculiarity of Christianity, which proves Christianity to be true and all other religions to be false, is, not that it has so many miracles, but that it has so few. Of course, this is a hard saying, open to very obvious logical objections. But Dean Stanley (as he himself frankly admitted) was not a logician. His interests were, in the main, personal. If it would be too much to say that he loved Canterbury Cathedral chiefly because it reminded him of Thomas à Becket, it may safely be affirmed that, when he read the history of the third century, his heart had little room for the subtleties of Athanasian disputants: it was pene-



trated with the wisdom and the zeal of Athanasius himself. In short, Stanley was a man of imagination (some might say a poet *manqué*) rather than a metaphysician. Such being his temperament, there is no paradox in maintaining that his views show their real import, not so much in himself as in his friends and followers. Yet, even so far as he himself is concerned, the passage which I have quoted from his sermon furnishes one among many proofs that in his mind (to borrow the phrase of his friend Mr. Matthew Arnold) "the comparative history of all miracles was a conception entertained and a study admitted."\* That is to say, he applied the Comparative method to religious beliefs; and, thus applying it, he was convinced that the conventional view of the relation of Christianity to other beliefs requires readjustment. His friends and followers, while agreeing with him on this essential point, will take their own views of the readjusting process, and will express them in their own way. Some of these, comparing other modes

\* In the admirable American Addresses, Stanley insists on the importance of "the belief that the revelation of the Infinite and the Divine is not confined to a single race or church, but pervades, more or less, all the religious instincts of mankind"; and he exhorts American students to go as far as they can "in the comparison of the sacred volumes of the Old and New Testaments with the sacred volumes of other religions."

of worship with their own mode, would rather regard their own as *facile princeps inter pares* than liken it to the Seraph who (in lines ranked by Stanley as among the finest in our literature) is represented as

“ Faithful found,  
Among the faithless faithful only he,  
Among innumerable false unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.”

In other words, they think that they are not betraying, but exalting and establishing their faith, when they maintain that Christianity is in the religious “grove the very straightest plant,” instead of being the Tree of Life in a forest of Upas-trees.

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In dealing seriously with Renan's castle in the air, or rather highway through it, I would suggest that the obvious objection to his theory is this: There is the same evidence (good or bad) for the opinion that Nature has had an eternal past as for the opinion that she will have an eternal future; and therefore, the *a priori* reasoning which purports to prove that she must eventually reach a perfect state from which there will be no relapse, refutes itself by proving that she must have reached that perfect state long ago. And, conversely, the too palpable fact that this ideal has not been attained makes us fear that the conditions of existence are and will always be incompatible with its attainment.

\* See pp. 356, 357.

Renan himself, in the charming preface to his *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse*, regards Nature as a sort of Melchisedec—without beginning of days as well as without end. The closing words of his exhortation to her are worth quoting:—“Vise, vise encore le but que tu manques depuis l'éternité; tâche d'enfiler le trou imperceptible du pertuis qui mène à un autre ciel. Tu as l'infini de l'espace et l'infini du temps pour ton expérience. Quand on a le droit de se tromper impunément, on est toujours sûr de réussir.”

Will it be said (as it is constantly said) that science, even if it does not disprove, can never prove that Nature was without a beginning? Personally, I avoid giving an opinion on this matter. But, as the question is very important and often misunderstood, I will submit to my scientific readers the plausible reply which an uncompromising evolutionist might make.

Let  $x$  be the number of seconds that have elapsed since the first appearance of man on the earth; so that  $x+1$  seconds will have elapsed since the second which immediately preceded that appearance.\* Let  $y$  be the number of seconds that have elapsed since the first appearance of life. Let  $z$  be the number of seconds that may be supposed to have elapsed since the time which, in the opinion of an anti-evolutionist, witnessed the Creative *fiat*.

In spite of the failure to discover semi-human skeletons, evolutionists are agreed that the state of the universe  $x+1$  seconds ago was the *natural* antecedent of the state of the universe  $x$  seconds ago. Indeed, so strongly does Professor Huxley feel on this subject that he declares that, in the absence of distinct evidence to the contrary, he will not insult any sane man by attributing to him the belief in special creations. In what follows it will be convenient to let  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$

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\* Objection may be taken to this expression on account of the difficulty of drawing the line between our semi-human and our human ancestors. But the line must be drawn somewhere; and the difficulty of drawing it does not affect the argument.

stand elliptically for the state (of course, including the laws) of the universe  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$  seconds ago. Having premised this, we may safely affirm that, in spite of the failure of the experiments designed to prove spontaneous generation, most evolutionists believe that  $y+1$  was the natural antecedent of  $y$ ; that is to say, they hold that, if the revolution of ages ever brings about an exact counterpart of the moment which preceded the dawn of life on the earth, another dawn of life will immediately follow. This view, be it observed, is a mere corollary to the belief—to many minds so irresistible—in the uniformity of natural laws throughout all time. Hence an evolutionist might feel bound to conclude that there never was a  $z$  which was not linked by natural causation to  $z+1$ .

The reasoning of such an evolutionist may be rendered clearer by being stated conversely. If there was a supernatural break between  $z+1$  and  $z$ , why not between  $y+1$  and  $y$ , and between  $x+1$  and  $x$ ? The argument which disposes of supernatural interventions on the ground of absurdity is *ex hypothesi* inadmissible. Nay, there is a presumption that the Power, once so portentously active, would not suddenly become passive and, as it were, *mechanical* for ever. Why, then, is Professor Huxley so much afraid of charging sane persons with the belief in special creations?

## THE EPICURIST'S LAMENT.\*

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*"Cogito, ergo sum periturus."*

*"Nimium vobis Humana propago  
Visa potens, Superi, propria haec si dona fuissent."*

Two things I view with ever keen surprise—  
Enduring Nature and Mankind that dies.  
The quenchless lamps that nightly radiance strew  
See not their light and know not what they do :  
Streams in unhasting and unresting flow  
Make joyless sport,—yet change to envious woe  
Our envied mirth : the everlasting hills,  
Like giant mummies, feign to mock our ills ;—  
They counterfeit to see, with sightless eye,  
Our pigmy generations live and die :  
While we, though fashioned mortal in the womb,  
Cast longing gaze beyond our night of doom  
To that eternal dawn unshadowed by the tomb.  
We gaze, we strain our eyes, we seem to see  
That—barren hills are less and more than we !  
  
To think, like Man, and yet, like Nature, bide,  
This boon, to Nature and to Man denied,  
The jealous gods enjoy—they give to none beside !

\* *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1880.



## NOTE.

It need hardly be explained, that our Epicurist's sentiment is this: Eternity is vouchsafed to stars and rocks, which cannot enjoy it; it is denied to man, who might have enjoyed it, and who is troubled with a vain longing for it: Eternity and the power of enjoying it, these together constitute a two-fold privilege which the jealous gods keep to themselves. We may compare this sentiment with Eccles. i. 4, and Job xiv. 1, 7-12; but it is still better illustrated by the following striking Pensée of Pascal:—

“L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais, quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce-qu'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui l'univers n'en sait rien.” In other words, man's superiority to nature consists in his being endowed with the knowledge that he perishes. Is not this endowment a  $\delta\omega\rho\omicron\nu\ \alpha\delta\omega\rho\omicron\nu$  and this victory a  $\text{Καθμεία νίκη}$ ? *Quid, victor, gaudes? haec te victoria perdit.*

Lines 6 and 7. As I have been taxed with obscurity, I am forced to act as my own commentator. The joyless streams, envying our mirth change it into woe, by making us envy their exemption from decay.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνός θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἄπειμι·  
Καὶ τί μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὄρων τὸ τέλος ;

Naked upon the earth I came,  
And naked shall descend :  
Why toil and travail without aim,  
When naked is the end ?

---

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον· ἢ μάθε παίζειν,  
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεὶς ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

Life is a pastime, light and short :  
So either live thy life in sport,  
Nor be disquieted in vain :  
Or boast thy zeal and bear thy pain !

Ἐμοῦ θάνοντος, γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί·  
Οὐδὲν μέλει μοι· τὰμὰ γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.

## AN EPITAPH.

Let earth, now I am gone,  
With hell be blended ;—  
Such ills I think not on,  
For mine are ended !

---

Τοῦτό τοι ἡμετέρης μνημήϊον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβίνε,  
Ἦ λίθος ἡ μικρὴ τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης.  
Αἰεὶ ζητήσω σε· σὺ δ', εἰ θέμις, ἐν φθιμένοισι  
Τοῦ Λήθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μή τι πύης ὕδατος.

This stone on thee, Sabinus, I have set  
Small recompense for all thy friendship gave ;  
Forlorn I seek thee ; nor do thou forget  
Our love, if aught thou heedest in the grave :  
E'en mid the Stygian floods, shun the Lethean wave.

---

Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλλ' ἀνεγείρειν  
Ἄτραπὸς εἰς πενίην ἐστὶν ἐτοιμοτάτη.

Dost rear thee many a proud abode ?  
Give many a choice collation ?  
Thou treadst the swiftest, broadest road  
That leadeth to starvation.

## LAMENT OF CATULLUS.

Soles occidere et redire possunt :  
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Suns rise to set, and set to rise again ;  
To us, when light is o'er,  
One sleep that wakes no more  
For ever and for ever shall remain.

L. A. T.

The sun may set and yet again return ;  
We, when our too short taper's light we burn,  
On through one endless night must sleep,  
While far off stars their vigils keep.

B. L. T.

---

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN'S DYING SOLILOQUY.

Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

Whither—thou wandering, fondling sprite,  
The body's mate and guest—  
Soon must thou fly?  
Wan, robeless, homeless, formless mite!  
Thy mirth and wonted jest  
With thee shall die.

L. A. T.

Little, fragile, wandering breath,  
The body's guest and friend,  
Now whither dost thou tend?  
Pallid, rigid, naked death  
Not one more smile will lend.

B. L. T.





POEMS

BY

B. L. T.



## POEMS.

---

### SPRING IN AUGUST.

Where the grey rock shadow throws,  
There the purple primrose grows ;  
Long ago her sister fair  
Blossomed in our English air :  
Spring is over in the dale,  
Where once bloomed that sister pale.  
He who will the mountain climb  
Feels again the sweet spring-time,  
Where the melting snow in rill  
Hastens down the lake to fill,  
And the rocks are blushing red  
With the tiny campion's head,—  
Not a footstep but doth press  
On some sweet new loveliness :  
Spring, too long asleep, alights  
Fresh and pure on these lone heights.  
From the hot and dusty vale,  
Where bold Summer doth prevail,  
Let us hasten here away,  
With shy Spring on hills to play ;  
Where she lingers we would fain  
Meet her year by year again.

*Bernina Hospice.*

## TO GABRIELLE VON B.

Who is under the beech-trees playing  
Now and again from green boughs swaying,  
Child Gabrielle?

Only an hour it was ago,  
Out of a book, in accents slow,  
You learnt to spell  
English words for your English friends,—  
One is so tall to you he bends  
His head grown white ;  
And as chestnuts 'gainst the Alpine snow  
Your tawny locks that curling flow  
Gleam warm and bright.

Time hurries on, there's no delaying—  
Are you grown old, or still love playing,  
Child Gabrielle?

Your merry laughter seemed to bring  
Again my own forgotten spring ;  
My eyelids fell,  
And other voices, other sounds,  
Beyond the present narrow bounds,  
The chorus swell.

But you, who thought me idly dozing,—  
Your little hand in mine enclosing  
Broke through the spell.



May never dream be broken through  
More rudely than by such as you,  
    Child Gabrielle.  
Life is a circle, incomplete,  
Till youth and age together meet,  
    And oft we tell  
Of days when in the mountains whiling  
You won our hearts with your beguiling,  
    Child Gabrielle.

---

## THE CHILD'S SONG.

Melt quickly, O snow,  
For the flowers below  
Are waiting to peep  
From their winter sleep;  
And the purple bell  
Shall ring out thy knell,—  
Nor needest thou grieve  
The pastures to leave,  
For thou shalt arise,  
And float in the skies,  
A cloud bright and fair,  
In the golden air :  
Then, why longer bide  
While the spring flowers chide ?

## THE ALPINE FLOWER.

Little flower, if I bear  
Thee from this thy mountain air,  
Bid thee 'neath our mists and gloom  
Open out thy tender bloom,  
Wilt thou strive with us to live,  
Foreign land thy fragrance give?  
I would fain to England bring  
Tokens of the Alpine spring.  
Ah! can I for thee secure  
Breath of heaven so fresh and pure?  
No, I will not bear thee home;  
Rather let me forth and roam  
To the Alps in search of thee,  
Where thou dwellest lone and free.  
On the rock-strewn windy down,  
Far away from smoke of town,  
There my steps to thee I guide,  
Through the sunny hours abide,  
And from thy sweet breath distil  
Purest joy my heart to fill.

---

## ALPINE HEIGHTS.

Like mighty thinkers, there they stand  
Above the soft green pasture-land;

They yield no common yearly food,  
To such lone heights ne'er climbs the wood.  
"What do these giants idlers there?"  
I asked; and streams the answer bear,  
Which, foaming through the summer heat,  
Rush down the rocks, and round the feet  
Of those grey mountains coolness bring,—  
The coolness of their glacier spring.  
"Oh, brown would all these pastures lie,  
If never peak had towered high  
Above the zone where corn and oil  
Can flourish and repay your toil.  
Those grand calm heights, like sages, hold  
Such treasures heaped from times of old,  
Such stores of ice and snow to yield  
Their cooling draught to thirsty field;  
Those rugged shoulders bravely bear  
New burdens for the coming year.  
But mortals will not read aright,  
Nor know that, from each barren height,  
Unquenched the living waters flow  
Which verdure bring to fields below."

---

SIC DONEC.\*

Not yet—not yet the light:  
Underground, out of sight,

\* The motto of the Egertons.

Like moles we blindly toil.  
On—though we know not where,—  
Some day the upper air,  
The sun, and all things fair,  
We reach through the dark soil.

---

### REST AND UNREST—HANDEL AND BEETHOVEN.

With step exultant up the music stair  
Hear how the mighty Handel marches on,  
Leaving this earth for happy regions where  
No storms disturb the breast, but peace is won.  
Were rest our guerdon here, this voice of praise  
Would lift us with its joyous notes aloft,  
But ah ! how far from rest the rugged ways  
Our lives must stumble o'er; nor smooth nor soft  
The path we climb. Beethoven's tangled chords  
That wail and struggle, panting to be free,  
And reach resolving sounds, this clash of swords  
In music stirs us ; " Whose the victory ? "  
We ask with ears intent, for thus our life  
Is wrestling ;—angels up and down the stair  
With equal step may tread, not theirs the strife,—  
Nor theirs the palm of victory to bear.

ΤΑ ΠΑΘΗΜΑΤΑ ΜΑΘΗΜΑΤΑ.

No royal road to learning leads,  
 They tell us in our childhood's days,  
 No gentle hand may pluck the weeds  
 Of ignorance, which choke the ways  
 Of folly, but the sharpened tool  
 Of toil and suffering must be used,  
 To clear the soil and cleanse the pool.  
 The grains of corn must first be bruised,  
 Ere they become the wholesome food  
 Of man, and man himself must bear  
 Stern discipline to work his good,  
 Each furrow ploughed by iron share.

---

THE POET AND THE BEE.

*Poet.*

The roses by my cottage door,  
 Dear Bee, you visit now no more ;  
 I miss the old familiar hum,  
 The buzz of wings that said you'd come.

*Bee.*

I came and robbed the honey store,  
 'Tis why I visit you no more ;



The fragrant petals soon will fade,  
The honey in my comb is laid :  
But, if I robbed, it was to keep  
Your treasure safe ; ah, do not weep,  
When summer's o'er that roses die,  
But watch where homewards now I fly.

*Poet.*

Can sweetness stay when life is fled ?

*Bee.*

Like verses when the poet's dead.

---

### THE MAGIC RIDE.

A little one climbed on my knee and said,  
" Play with me now awhile,  
Be a magic horse." I nodded my head,  
And answered with a smile.

She mounted her magic steed and flew  
Over seas and countries wild,  
And all that I told was fresh and new  
To ears of a simple child.

She saw it all with her dreamy eyes,  
The treasures and wonders rare,  
In lands where the magic courser flies  
Over castles in the air.

But twilight fell, the little one slept,  
And the magic ride was o'er,  
For only while childish fingers kept  
The reins could we freely soar.

Through Poesy's playground on and on,  
Where never a boundary lies;—  
The charm of the magic horse was gone  
When closed were the childish eyes.

---

## WORDSWORTH.

Poets are stars;—and some with eager eyes  
Watch for one star that slowly mounts the skies,  
And leads to lowly roofs where hidden lies  
The Lord of all.

This star, our Wordsworth, shone while many lay  
With eyes fast closed, or wandered all astray;  
This light shines on until the perfect day  
Our sight recall.

Bright star, still beaming o'er the vales, the meres,  
And mountain-tops, thy light this world endears,  
To wise men watching; for earth now appears  
Heaven's entrance-hall.

## PALINGENESIS.

What is old age that cometh on so fast?  
'Tis the ripe fruit that only waits to fall  
On withered leaves until some wintry blast  
Sweep through the forest with its shrill stern call.

Chestnuts, rough-rinded, seek the earth again,  
And children, tossing yellow leaves in play,  
Find treasures, cleaving prickly balls in twain;  
They keep the nut and throw the husk away.

What is old age that cometh on so fast?  
'Tis but a husk, that hides the germ within;  
Death shakes the fruit, he blows the cruel blast,  
That life may yet a richer harvest win.

---

## ST. MORITZ IN JULY.

The vale has doffed her vesture white;  
Here in July the cuckoo sings,  
And o'er the pastures flit the bright  
Brown butterflies on poisèd wings.  
On purple thistles crimson moths  
Lie dreaming of their plighted troths,  
Till dusk arouse them to their play;  
While bees intent on sweetness sip  
Pale nectar from the violet's lip,  
Or pierce through gentian bell their way.

The meadows, rich with campion pink,  
Grow blue beside the moistened brink  
Of foaming stream, and shining gold  
Is scattered with a lavish hand,  
While myriad insect eyes behold  
The lovely Alpine summer land.  
In coolest shadows of the mount,  
In kindly hollows, snowflakes rest,  
And, dying, feed from their pure fount  
The crocus white for bridal drest.

Time hastens on ; while flowers are gay  
Let us pluck some to bear away,—

Not the bright golden globe  
That loves in marsh to live ;  
Though rich its royal robe,  
No fragrance can it give.

Nor cull the lover's blossom blue,  
That fades, and, dying, leaves no trace  
How fair was once its heaven-lent hue,  
It has no still abiding grace.

Choose rather lowly thyme,  
And in a poet's book  
Let it by some sweet rhyme  
Lie, that our fancy took.

Then will two treasures there be stored ;  
A fragrant herb from green hillside,

And thoughts more precious that have soared  
With wingèd words, nor could abide  
Mute on this earth, like as when birds  
Sang in the woods, and our own heart  
Melted, and poured itself in words,  
Thus Nature taught the poet art.

---

### THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

Is this our ancient dwelling-place,  
This green and dancing foam-flecked sea,  
So full of ever-varying grace,  
That more and more appeals to me?  
I stand where drives the fine salt spray,  
And watch the heaving crested waves:  
Blue skies entrance me not to-day;  
I only hear the roaring caves;  
Hark! voices now in chorus swelling,  
“Shake off earth’s dust, thy fellows we,  
This is the old primeval dwelling,  
This fresh and glorious bounding sea;  
Here is no lot of toil and care,  
No curse has reached this happy realm,  
No groans or sighs from upper air  
Can grieve us or our peace o’erwhelm.”

I stooped and listened with amaze ;—  
Rest, peace, seemed all enough for bliss ;  
Perchance in those green depths where plays  
The mermaid I had sunk ere this,—  
But, ah ! what brushes by ? A soft  
And rapid touch of wing, and I,  
Bewildered, spell-bound, look aloft,  
And lo ! a seagull in the sky ;  
A bird that landward flew and took  
My troubled thoughts to homely ground ;  
That giddy height I swift forsook,  
Nor stayed to hear th' enchanting sound :  
“ Better earth's toil and cares,” I cried,  
“ Which all the nobler self will train,  
Than aimless, idly, there to glide ;  
White bird, good omen, come again.  
Our fate is not to sink, but soar,—  
Brave storm-bird, wheel aloft, and raise  
Our eyes above the clouds, the more  
We weary of earth's trodden ways.

---

## A SEA-CHANGE.

Whence comest thou, my soul, what mighty powers  
Urged thee to change unconscious life for hours  
Measured in turns by partial joy or pain,  
Leaving the depths where peace and silence reign ?



Unknown, unknowing, thou hast slumbered, till  
A billow rolling carried thee to fill  
The hollow 'mid two rocks, and now alone,  
An individual pool 'twixt walls of stone,  
Thou art left, a new-born self, a living soul  
No longer hidden in th' unfathomed whole.  
Alone, apart from the great heaving main,  
Thus must endure, enjoy, and thus attain  
The conscious self, throbbing with keen desire  
And new-felt need; for in the dull dark mire  
Growth has begun,—the pool is brimming o'er  
With life that listens for the ocean's roar.

How long, my soul, how long wilt here abide,  
Left a lone pool by the slow ebbing tide?  
Oh, for a little while 'tis well to lie  
A tiny mirror to the boundless sky;  
For in these hours of individual birth  
We learn alike our weakness and our worth.  
The soul, developed here, will watch and yearn  
For that full life to which it must return,  
When o'er the pool the flooding spring-tides sweep,  
And once again unite it with the deep.

---

## BIARRITZ SANDS.

Behold this narrow strip of earth  
That every day receives new birth,  
    Baptizèd by the sea.

These yellow sands we firmly tread  
Anon shall be the ocean's bed,  
    Whence we are fain to flee.

O faithless sands, that bask and sleep  
Beneath the sun and never keep  
    One impress on your shore ;  
'Tis fire ye need to fuse and mould  
Your shifting atoms, till, like gold  
    To coin from rugged ore

You change ; and in the builder's hand  
Ye are no more poor fickle sand,  
    But steadfast well-hewn stone.  
Then carved, as on a grave, shall be  
The wave-marks of a bygone sea,  
    And footsteps ye have known.

---

## GAV ON—GOOD-NIGHT.

Have you seen her, have you seen a  
Little maiden, Katalina ?  
On the wild ground near the shore  
Where th' Atlantic breakers roar,

There I saw her in the gloaming,  
In the winter twilight roaming  
With her comrades, merry-hearted,  
Laughing, chattering, till she parted,  
Calling to them out of sight,  
“Gav, gav on—good-night, good-night!”

Have you seen her, have you seen a  
Little Basque girl, Katalina?  
Soft brown eyes, and tangled hair,  
Not too shy a mouth to spare  
Smiles and answers in a tongue  
French or Basque that sweetly rung,

Needing oft an explanation,—  
Were we not of different nation?  
As one picks with glad amaze  
Primroses in wintry days,  
Thus she seemed a little flower  
Sent to brighten stormy hour.

When her path from mine diverged,  
Where the green waves wildly surged  
On the endless yellow sands,  
There she left me, waved her hand,  
And the strange soft sound, “Gav on,”  
Murmured as she wandered on.

Never once again I've seen a  
Little Basque girl, Katalina;  
But the strange soft words, "Gav on,"  
In my ears still ringing on,  
Bring again that winter night,  
Katalina, child, good-night.

---

## A PICTURE.

I know a garden where the soft green lawn  
Lured me to linger in the early dawn;  
The flowers, freshened by the drops of dew,  
Greeted my eyes with every varied hue.  
Onwards I wandered under flickering shade  
Of oak and beech, a wistful, dreaming maid.  
And now a poet's verse I called to mind,  
Or strove, in mighty thinkers' prose, to find  
Some problem solved; for oft, to those who think,  
Old puzzles with new faces bid them shrink  
From rashly grappling with the world of thought  
Or human life, ere they have humbly sought  
The great old teachers, Plato, Paul, and Him  
Whose life was more than words, for words are dim.  
His deeds are lamps, that brighter, farther shine,  
That men may see, and seeing, hail Divine.

But oft, when weary of each sect and school,  
I wandered down to where a sheltered pool,  
Far from trim beds and planted alleys lay ;  
Here nature ruled, and 'wildered was the way.  
The fresh air off the rippling waters blew,  
And thoughts in feelings merged, and cares  
    withdrew,  
While the loved scene engraved itself in me,  
Which now, though years have passed, I plainly  
    see.—

I see the lilies, each a fairy bed,  
Yellow and white, with smooth green leaves out-  
    spread.

The gleaming drake sails on with shining track,  
And sunbeams linger on his glossy back ;  
I see the shy coot gliding near the bank,  
Where the tall rushes in their serried rank  
Feel the cool wind above, the waves below,  
And shelter tender broods with whispers low.

Here the bright heads of purple loose-strife peer  
Out of the tangled growth around the mere,  
And the rich scent of drooping meadow-sweet,  
Like incense rises the new day to greet.  
Upon this bank I rest ; my eyes and heart  
Are filled with all the beauty, which is part  
Of Beauty higher, born of perfect Good.—  
I rose, as one who in that Presence stood.—

Had a new sun, with mighty power endowed,  
Shone on my soul? My humble spirit bowed  
To Love revealed anew; for the pure light  
Broke through the film, and I receivèd sight.  
Have I not since oft striven to unwind  
Some tangled problem of this life, and find  
That love of nature leads to love of God,  
And love divine is like the magic rod  
That points to hidden treasures? Men of old  
Followed its guiding till they found the gold.

---

## THE LEGEND OF ROSTHERNE MERE.

One summer morn in the stillness I heard  
The sound of the mower, the song of the bird;  
The heavy dew on the grass still glistens,  
The blackbird pipes out his note, and listens  
    For the tender reply  
    Of his mate who is nigh;  
And the cuckoo hid in the wood doth mock  
The sound of our merry Black Forest clock,  
Only he chimeth the hours all wrong,  
As if time were nothing while days are long.  
Oh! life is pleasant these mornings in June,  
While the heart with nature can keep in tune.  
Through the old lychgate onward I pass,  
And softly tread on the churchyard grass,



Down the steep bank to the cool bright mere,  
No ripple yet on its surface clear,  
Not a breath of wind to sway the reeds  
That guard the bank with the water-weeds.  
In depths below doth the mermaid dwell :  
Her bosom is lustrous as the shell  
With pearly gleams on the sandy shore,  
Her tresses are tangled evermore,  
And ever she combs those locks so bright,  
And bathes her eyes in the pure moonlight ;  
Those dewy eyes are so wan and sad,  
For never the sunlight made them glad ;  
She fain for love and pity would sue,  
But, banished under the waters blue,  
She bideth until the fearful spell  
Is broken by merry peal of bell.  
Folk say that bell should hang in the tower,  
But down it rolled to the mermaid's bower.  
No mortal could hang that wilful bell :  
" In the silver mere I fain would dwell,"  
It murmured, " where currents calmly flow ;  
I will not rock where the fierce winds blow,  
Nor mark each footstep of stern old Time,  
Nor toll a dirge, nor ring out a chime ;  
Many we call to the church within,  
But one is left out, and not for sin ;  
I will not ring in the upper air,  
Till she I love may be with me there ;

Only when cometh each Easter-tide  
She shall toll me, my water-bride,  
That he who heareth the sound may pray  
That we may arise some Easter-day."

---

## THE WANDERER.

Sweet bird, thy cage is broken,  
Take wing and fly ;  
Too long hast thou been captive,—  
Now seek the sky.

But tell me where thou flittest  
Far from my sight ;  
Thy song no more may rouse me  
In dim twilight.

Shall all the past days perish  
Like violets crushed,  
Or be as streams in winter  
Which frost has hushed ?

Come back, sweet bird, and tell me  
Of foreign climes ;  
I, too, some day must wander  
Beyond earth's chimes.

## ONLY AN ECHO.

Only an echo—but the note  
Lingers, and like a charmed boat  
Over a sea of sound doth float.  
Ah! come nearer, that still clearer  
I may treasure the sweet measure.  
Whence the music—who began?  
Never heard by ear of man:  
Only an echo sweet and low  
Reacheth the ear of man below.  
Only an echo—shall the sound  
Somewhere by earnest soul be found?—  
In a world far off, and yet so near  
That echo can reach the listening ear.

---

## THE BRIDGE.

Parted, united, there they stand,  
Those massive piers, on either hand;  
Ever the water flows between,  
Only one arch above is seen,  
Each to each gives his strength to bear  
Burdens which both together share.  
If Time shall loose the well-knit stone,  
Both will suffer, not one alone.

The cruel flood which rushes down  
 Some day may break the keystone crown.  
 Ah! shall a stronger Builder's hand  
 Those ruined piers on either strand  
 Bring together, that once again  
 The perfect arch may bear the strain  
 Of flood beneath or crowd above,  
 Built with the massive strength of love?

---

## THE DOOR.

*Per angusta ad angusta.\**

See! one pursued by hated foes runs down  
 A narrow street and seeks an outlet there,  
 But tall grey houses rise up everywhere,  
 And meet his gaze with unrelenting frown.  
 Urged by his mighty need, he knocks and waits  
 At a closed door, while nearer through the air  
 The cruel shouts surge on, until despair  
 Well-nigh has seized him, then—ah, see! the gates  
 Fly open now, a brighter vision smiles  
 On the poor hunted soul, and joyous sounds  
 Of welcome reach us: we can tell no more;  
 We have not stepped across the magic bounds  
 Of that grim threshold;—still the street beguiles  
 Us, and we linger on *outside* the door.

\* The motto is taken from an old doorway at Coire.

## LINES FOR A DIARY.

See the white pages of this unwrit book,  
I bring it you to fill them for that nook  
Where Time lays up each volume ; write it clear,  
Let no dark blots deface the coming year.  
Let bad thoughts go, only record the good ;  
Judge others when in their place you have stood ;  
Yet judge, compare, for thus we daily learn,  
Only, take heed, *you* will be judged in turn.  
When impulse gives you wings, look if they're white,  
Then boldly fly, yet keep this earth in sight.  
Shun anger, well—but if you're always cool  
You lose a weapon 'gainst a knave or fool.  
The will is free, you boast it every day,  
Where there's a will should there not be a way ?  
The will 's a ploughshare, be it weak or strong,—  
Brace yours to cut the furrows deep and long.  
Gain friends each year—this is the only store  
We seem to lose, yet may keep evermore.  
If Death would rob, tell him he cannot thieve,  
Love's most our own when parting most we grieve.

All happy days too swift und noiseless glide,  
Then keep some record which may yet abide  
When days are darkened and life's lamp burns low :  
'Tis by the past we learn the way to go.  
Yet what we do is less than what we are,  
As is the light of yonder shining star

More worth to us than his swift course through  
space ;

What care we if we may but see his face ?

Go, little book, and may your owner live

As pure a life as these white leaves I give.

---

### SHALL LOVE BE CHANGEFUL ?

Shall love be changeful as the waning moon ?

Shall shadows darken this—life's highest boon ?

Change, if there be, should yet be only growth,

Love waxing stronger, fuller, than in days—

Those youthful days—of early plighted troth,

So rich in burning words of love and praise.

Deeper the love now lies, as carvèd names

Lie in the heart of oak where none may see,

Until the woodman's axe the timber claims,

And cleaving strokes the woodland secret free.

A living love, that from its first green shoot,

When summer comes sends forth the fragrant  
flowers,

And for dark days, when joyous tones are mute,

Still stores up autumn wealth in sheltering  
bowers.



No shallow stream, whose life the sun may kill ;  
No torrent with a stony bed laid bare ;  
But a deep ocean from whose waves distil  
Soft clouds that shield us from the summer's  
glare.

---

### THE RAINBOW.

There are who live amid the snow,  
For them no rainbow colours glow,  
But wandering flakes, so wild and white,  
Like aimless atoms, now alight,  
Now flutter, as some windy gust  
Drives them along in silvery dust ;  
Hither and thither blindly hurled,  
All colour, form, from this fair world  
They steal away :—Ah, blame not those  
For whom no gleaming rainbow glows,  
Their hope is gone, and chilling doubt  
Shuts them from heaven's great wonders out ;  
They left the pleasant path below,  
And, climbing, reached the barren snow ;  
Some friendly hand may yet again  
Lead them to where the freshening rain  
Falls on the pastures, and the flowers  
Smell sweeter after April showers,

And in each varied brilliant hue  
Show forth the blessing of the dew.  
Then hope shall fill their hearts again  
Who see the sunbeam paint the rain,  
And thoughts may freely upwards rise  
On that bright arch that mounts the skies.

---

## TE DEUM LAUDANT.

Be near us on the mountain side,  
Where naught can nourish human pride;  
Be near us, Thou, whose law we read  
In snowy height or humble weed.  
All speak of Thee, in various tone  
Their voices hail Thee God alone.  
“Awake, awake!” cries the glad leap  
Of torrent roused from icy sleep.  
“I wake, I wake!” my soul replies,  
And with fresh hope I lift my eyes.  
“Shake off thy cares,” the mountain calls,  
As thundering down the snowdrift falls.  
Then chill despair I fling away,  
For beams of love upon me play.  
“New life, new joy, in coming hours,”  
Whisper to me the opening flowers.  
They teach me, this is highest praise,  
Life sweet and pure which law obeys.

Truly, O Lord, thou art not far  
 From mountain top where nought doth mar  
 The tokens of Thy gracious touch.  
 The voice of men is overmuch  
 Our ears within ; a silent time  
 We need to hear a higher chime.

---

### TOGETHER.

Τῶν μάλιστα διαφερόντων ἀεὶ καλλίστῃ ἡ ἁρμονία.

God's world is very wide,  
 And two may, side by side,  
 Up the steep moorland climbing,  
 While valley bells are chiming,  
 Each view a different scene.  
 Still holding loving hands,  
 One sees the wide corn-lands  
 And those that reap and glean.  
 While, looking towards the sky,  
 One sees the wild birds fly,  
 Driven by strange unrest  
 They wheel and leave the nest,  
 Then south unerring hie.  
*Her* sight is bounded low,  
 While *his* doth wandering go

To join that wingèd band.  
His eye would fain pierce through  
The cloudy sky, to view  
That far-off unknown land.  
But oft their eyes will meet  
In love that doth complete  
Delight still new though old ;  
With hands firm-clasped they turn,  
And each from each shall learn  
New visions to behold.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK, LATIN, AND GERMAN  
QUOTATIONS IN THE TEXT.

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PREFACE TO PUBLISHED EDITION.

Page

v. *claves* —

the lock, the seal that modest books affect.  
*in formâ invalidi,*  
in the garb of an invalid.

vi. *Rogate* —

“Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall  
prosper that love thee.”

vii. *De Diis* —

Nothing but good of the Gods.

(*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, “When bad men die, let  
all bemoan ’em.” Butler’s “Hudibras.”)

viii. *Carior est* —

Man is dearer to the Gods than he is to himself.

ix. *tantâ* —

Of such grave charge she stands arraigned.

*Lenit* —

Grey hairs induce a gentler mood.

x. *de euthanasia exteriore*,

on euthanasia brought about by external agency.

xi. *Candidus* —

White-robed he marvels at Heaven’s court, still strange,  
And sees the clouds and stars beneath him range.

xiv. *Gewiss* —

Assuredly, the hardest and most cold-blooded characters must have been developed from the most sensitive, for such a nature is driven to encase itself, as it were, in a panoply of hardness, as a protection against the shocks of violent emotions, and often itself feels the burden of the armour it wears.

## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

xvii. *Γάλα* —

I have fed you with milk, not meat.

*non innoxia verba,*  
unsafe words.

xix. *valetudinem* —

illness, not idleness, was the cause.

*œstus* —

I lay aside the boxer's gloves and skill.

## TEXT.

19. *migrare vetusto* —

to vacate their ancient grove,

The forest where their sires were wont to rove.

32. *Quum de Teutonico* —

When the proud victor in the Teuton war

Deigned to alight from his triumphal car.

57. *Maturos* —

We bestow on him ripe honours.

69. *Longa dies* —

What boon then to him was long life?

84. *Proh! si* —

Faugh! if he [their patron] chanced to be pale,  
they would drink cumin to thin their blood.

109. *Quid quisque vitet* —

No man avoids with ceaseless care

All ills whereof he should beware.

111. *Fiat* —

Thy will be done.



115. *ut omnis* —

So that our worthy's life is seen by all  
As in some picture on a chapel wall.

## 120. ἀνήριθμον —

unnumbered kissing (a parody of Æschylus's ἀνήριθμον  
γέλασμα, the unnumbered laughter of the rippling  
ocean).

122. *Neuer Mond* —

Mouth that's kissed and moons that wane  
Soon are new and whole again.

132. *Ego Q. Maximum* —

When I knew Q. Maximus he was an old man and I  
a youth, but I loved him as though we had been play-  
mates; for his grave dignity was tempered by geniality,  
nor had old age affected his natural character.

142. *timeo Danaos,*

I fear the Greeks [even when they come with gifts].

## 146. πολέμοιο γέφυρα —

a bridge of war.

157. *Fuit Ilium* —

Ilium and its world-wide fame have ceased to be.  
("Gone are the glorious Greeks of old.")

## 175. πάντα ῥεῖ,

all is in a flux.

192. *quâ minime reris,*

by the way you least expect.

194. *Mulier vult* —

Woman loves to be deceived; let her be deceived.

195. *Assentatorem* —

Let them fly the flatterer, for he is a deceiver.

(A parody of Horace's *Percontatorem fugito nam  
garrulus idem est*, Fly the questioner, for he is a  
chatterbox.)

*Mulier non nisi parendo* —

Woman is not conquered but by obeying her. (Said  
by Bacon of Nature.)

197. *Tua sit* —

To thee I yield Lavinia's hand.

201. *Socraticam domum* —

He seeks to exchange the schools of philosophy for Spanish armour; alas! how fallen from his first estate!

211. *Nec vero ille* —

Nor was he great in public alone, and when all eyes were on him; at home and in private life he was still more admirable. What a conversationist, moralist, antiquary, and lawyer was there revealed!

213. *Quam tenui* —

What infirm, or rather ruined, health he suffered from! It was only this misfortune that robbed the State of a second luminary.

217. *laudator* —

a champion of the good old times when he was a boy.

235. *Οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς* —

Nor verily are we to blame, but God and tyrannous Fate.

*Una dies* —

One day will confound in ruin the universe.

236. *natura absterruit auctum,*

nature has barred their increase.

240. *Audi* —

Hear (or rather *tell*) the other side of the case.

242. *Urbem, quam dicunt Romam,* —

In my folly, Melibæus, I thought the city they call Rome was like our country town.

244. *semper* —

ever-fading as we move.

*aurea de cælo* —

let down from heaven by a golden cord.

247. *numero Deus* —

God loves odd numbers.

256. *stulti* —

a wise imitator of the fool, or rather of the uneducated.

258. μηδὲν ἄγαν,

Nothing in excess.

*fraterculus* —

to be the giant's little brother.

258. *Litteris Græcis* —

She was learned in Greek and Latin literature, and played the harp and danced too well for a lady.

259. *Quid pater Æneas* —

What a spur to ambition it is to have Æneas for father and Hector for uncle!

262. *E tenebris tantis* —

Who first couldst raise so bright a light from so profound a gloom, revealing all that makes life pleasant.

*propter amorem* —

[not so emulous of fame] as fired by love to walk in thy footsteps. . . . Thou furnishest me with the precepts of a father, and from thy apophthegms, O best of masters, even as bees sip honey from every flower of the glade, we too feed on every golden word of thine, words of pure gold worthy to live on for ever.

263. *disjecti* —

the fragments of a drawn and quartered essay.

275. *eloquium* —

the eloquence and reputation of a Demosthenes or a Gladstone (Gladstone is substituted for Juvenal's "Cicero").

*cum fregit* —

at the time his poetry shook the benches of the theatre, was starving all the while (*i.e.*, the thunders of applause that the recitation of his poetry evoked).

276. *Nil actum* —

Thinks nought is done while ought remains to do.

277. *genus irritabile* —

the touchy race of poets.

279. *numero plures*, —

more numerous, but less virtuous and honourable.

281. *Jactantius* —

The less the inward pain, the more ostentatious its outward expression.

282. *Curae* —

Small sorrows are eloquent, great sorrows are dumb.

*Et via* —

At last his long-pent grief found vent in words.

288. *immeritis* —

the innocent ponies are lamed.

295. *Te flagrantis* —

The fiery Dog-star's scorching hour

O'er thy cool waters has no power.

(Horace of the Fons Bandusiae.)

300. *arces* —

forts that crown the awful Alpine heights.

302. *et, quasi* —

and, like winners in the race, hand on the torch of life.

(Lucretius alludes to the torch-race at Athens.)

335. *ego vel* —

I prefer even Prochyta to the Suburra (a rocky island off Campania to the Fleet Street of Rome).

336. *Pone me pigris* —

Set me where trees (an ice-bound strand)

Ne'er by the summer breeze are fanned.

340. *rugosus* —

village shrivelled with the cold.

*ὅππότε πρῶτα* —

Once dead, the earth our senseless frames shall keep

In long, unending, never-waking sleep.

341. *Credibile est* —

Methinks they raise aloft their heads serene

O'er mortal errors and this mortal scene.

344. *viridi si gramine* —

if the waves were enclosed by green grass.

347. εὐτυχῶς μὲν —  
with good fortune, and yet the best of all is to see a  
parent's face.
349. *Ubi bene* —  
Where we fare well, there is our country.
- \**Ἄπας* —  
Through every air the eagle wings his flight.  
A high soul finds his country everywhere.
350. *per Alpium* —  
they follow stout-hearted over Alpine passes.
352. *Desidiâ* —  
Sluggish through inertness and fattened by the long  
cold.
353. *Inventas et qui* —  
And those who civilized life by inventions, and holy  
bards whose utterances were worthy of Christ.  
(Virgil has "worthy of Phœbus.")
355. Ὅς, καὶ θνητὸς —  
Who, though a mortal, drove immortal steeds.
362. *Ne parva* —  
Of launching my frail bark on the Tuscan deep.
363. *Quem plurimæ* —  
Who, many nations agree, was an extraordinary man.
365. *ætas improvida* —  
unwary age is befooled as far as the lips, and, though  
beguiled, is not cheated. (Lucretius, of wormwood  
administered to children in a cup besmeared with  
honey.)
367. *Tu Latine* —  
Do you teach Latin? Then it must be to very  
small boys.
371. *indignus imperio* —  
unworthy of empire if he had not been an emperor.  
(Tacitus says of Galba that, by universal consent, he  
would have been deemed worthy of empire if he had  
not been an emperor.)

374. ἡλίου —

in the beams of the setting sun.

378. *Orator* —

The orator is born, the mathematician is bred.

382. *Credibile* —

It would seem that he would have chosen himself  
such a death.

384. ἐν δυνάμει,

*in posse.*

389. *facile princeps* —

easily first among his peers.

392. *Cogito, ergo* —

I think, therefore, I am fated to die.

(An adaptation of Descartes' *cogito ergo sum.*)

*Nimium vobis* —

The human race would have seemed too powerful to  
you, O Gods, had your gifts to them been in perpetuity.

(Virgil has "the Roman race.")

393. δῶρον ἀδῶρον,

a gift that is no gift.

Καδμεία νίκη —

a Cadmeian victory? Why rejoice, O victor? This  
victory is thy ruin.

405. *Sic donec,*

Thus until.

407. Τὰ παθήματα μαθήματα,

Suffering is schooling.

410. *Palingenesis,*

Being born again.

423. *Per angusta ad augusta,*

Through straits to steep.

4 28. Τῶν μάλιστα —

Of things the most unlike the harmony is ever  
sweetest.

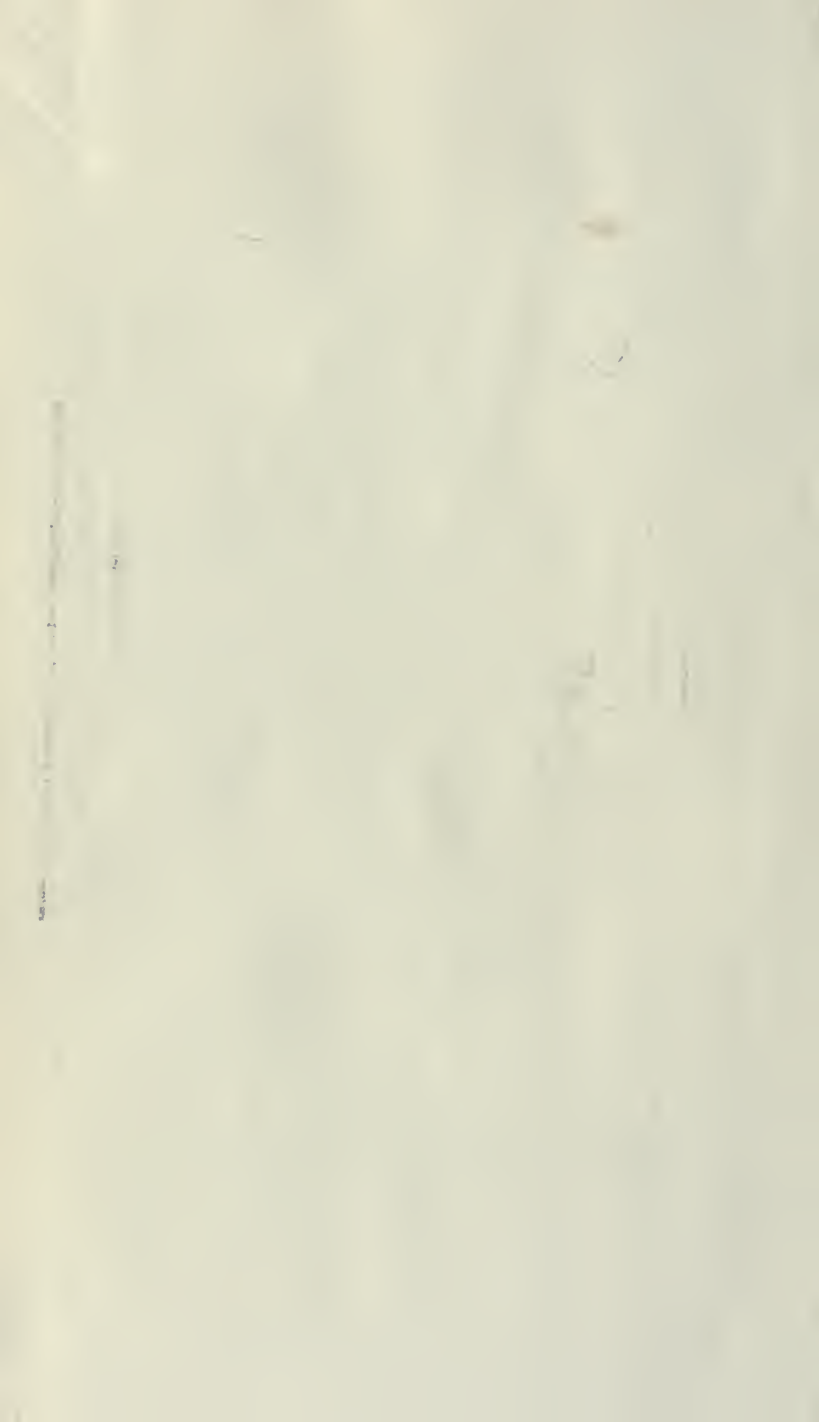












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